THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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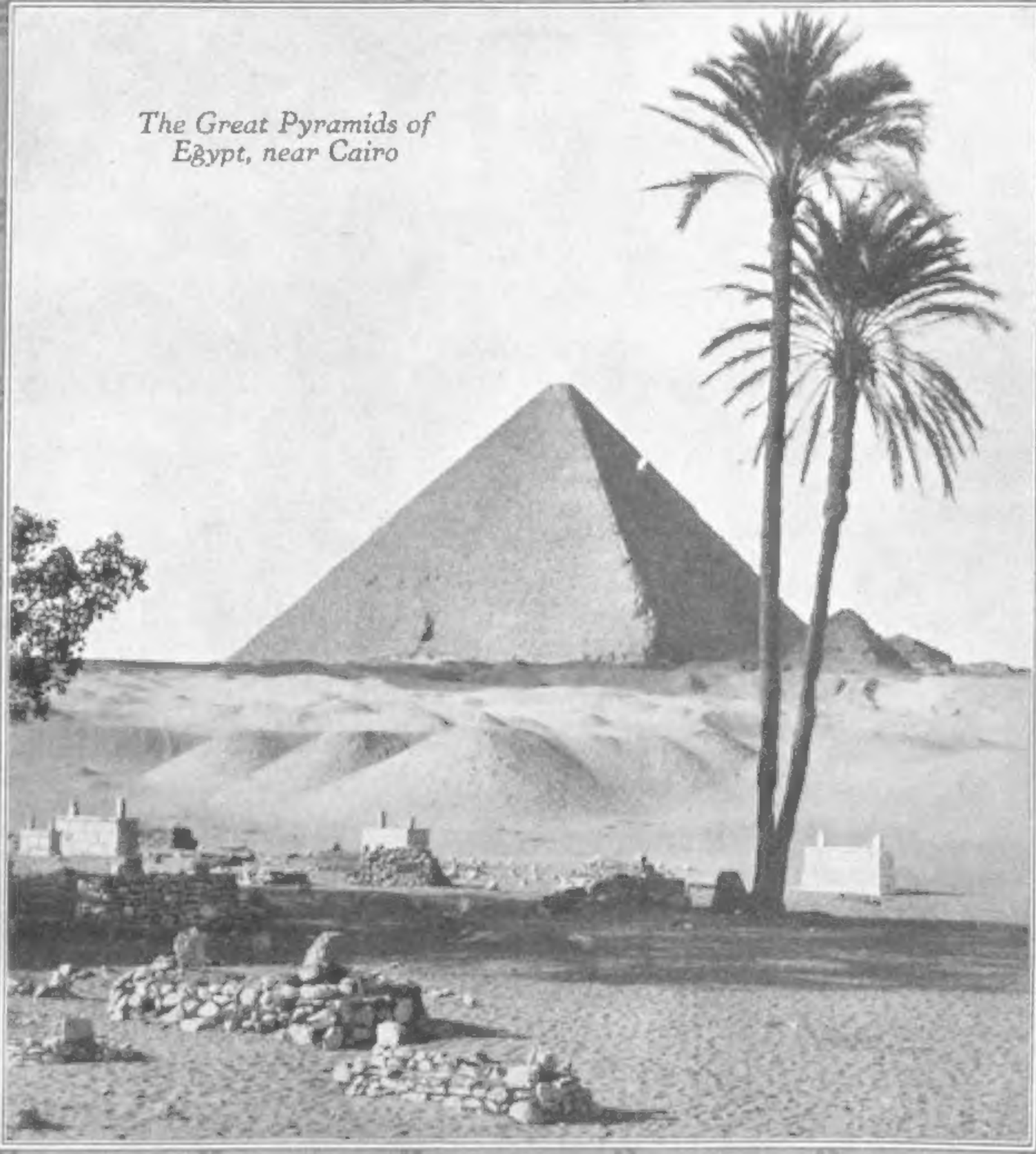
THE WAR AFTER THE WAR—By Isaac F. Marcosson



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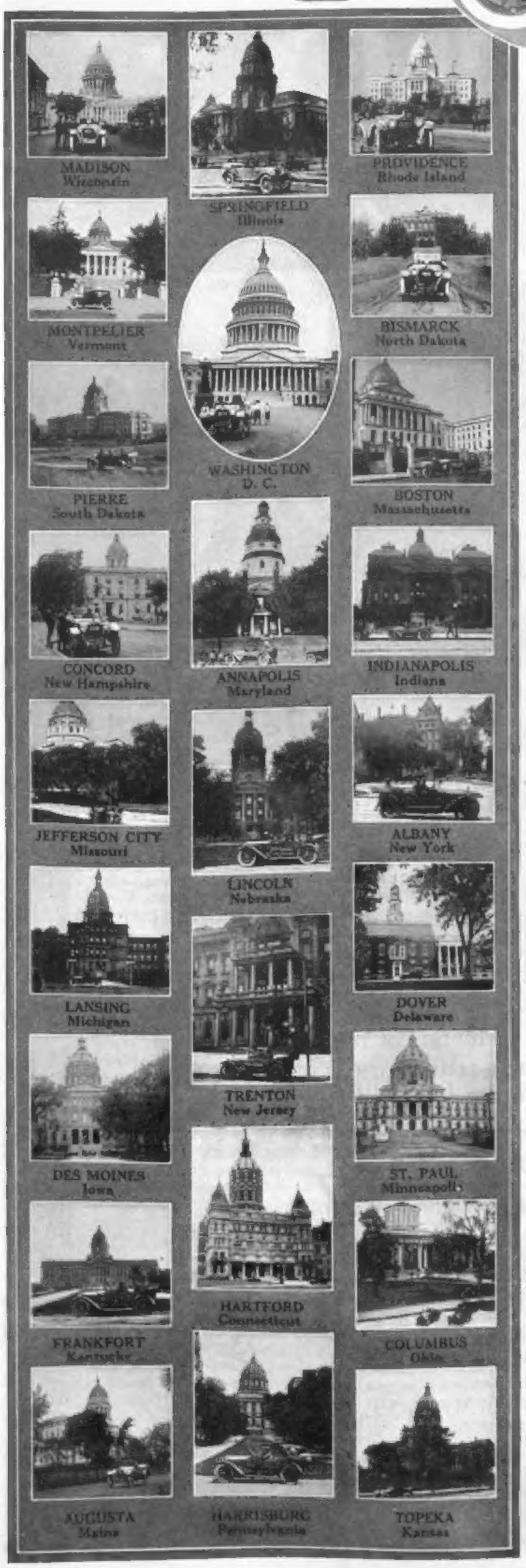
Hupmobile



Proving Its Phenomenal Pulling Power In Every State

To Good Roads Workers

The United America Hupmobile is making a 20,000-mile journey to the capitals of the forty-eight States. The purpose of the tour is to further closer union of the States, and to cement the co-operation of National and State Governments in building and maintaining good roads throughout the nation.

To the nation, this tour is a dramatic demonstration of Hupmobile versatility.

It is proving the actual road value of racing power turned into pulling power.

This car is stock and standard in the strictest sense. So certified by the American Automobile Association.

No tourist party would think of carrying the excess weight which loads it down.

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Its route has never before been traveled in its entirety.

The marvelous pulling power of its four-cylinder motor is taking it easily through widely-contrasting road conditions.

It is keeping a schedule of daily runs laid out before it started.

Which means that it is suffering no delays for repairs or adjustments.

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Hard, high hills are the battle-ground of motor car quality.

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This car, loaded for the road, climbed the winding, poorly-paved Fort George Hill, New York, on high gear.

It finished at the top, going 15 miles an hour.

Next, from Albany to Buffalo, N. Y., it demonstrated its fuel economy.

It covered the 301 miles on 15 gallons and 7 pints of commercial gasoline. Its average was 18.96 miles per gallon.

Both records are official—sanctioned, observed and checked by the American Automobile Association.

Right now in the southwest it is showing the whole nation that it is equal to the worst road conditions as well as the best.

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Racing power turned into pulling power. That tells the story.

Practically the creation of a new type of motor.

Excessive speed translated into pulling power. Into performance usually associated with 80 horsepower.

Ability to "plug" all day long under conditions that put other cars down and out.

Nothing that this United America Hupmobile may do in the way of the unusual will seem so to Hupmobile owners.

They are accustomed to extraordinary performance. They call it ordinary. They expect it. They know the phenomenal pulling power of the Hupmobile Perfected Four.

You want such power in your car.

You want power enough for any road, for any hill, in your state; in any state of the Union.

Have the Hupmobile demonstrated.

Choose the hardest hill, the toughest road, in your neighborhood.

Compare its four-cylinder high-gear performance with multi-cylinder performance.

Look at the Pictures

The 26 Capitals visited to date have taken the United America Hupmobile over all kinds of roads in its tour through all the states.

The United America Hupmobile left Washington, D. C., August 28. On October 14 it reached Boise, Idaho, the twenty-sixth capital on its route. Note the touring Hupmobile in each picture.

Though more than half the capitals had been visited, only about one-third of the proposed mileage had been covered. The tour ends at Washington, the starting point.

The Mark of Superior H *Motor Car Service*

Five-Passenger Touring Car, $1185; with Year-'Round Top, $1385; Roadster, $1185; with Year-'Round Top, $1370; Five-Passenger Sedan, $1735; Seven-Passenger Touring Car, $1340. Prices F. O. B. Detroit.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
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THE WAR AFTER THE WAR

By Isaac F. Marcosson

WHILE the guns roar from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, and the greatest armed host that history has ever known is still locked in a life-and-death struggle on a dozen fronts, another war, more potent and permanent perhaps than the one which now engulfs Europe, lurks beyond the distant horizon of peace.

Its fighting line will be the boundaries of all human need; its dynamic purpose a heroic rehabilitation after stupendous loss. It will be the far-flung struggle for the rich prize of International Trade, waiting at the end of the Crimson Lane that sooner or later will have a turning.

Embattled commercial groups will supplant embroiled nations; boycotts, discriminations and exclusions will succeed the strategies of line and trench; the animosities fought out to-day with shell and steel will have their heritage in ruthless rivalries.

How shall we fare in this tumult of tariff and treaty? Where shall we stand when the curtain of fire fades before a task of regeneration that will spell economic rebirth or disaster for millions? Will fiscal punishment be meted out to neutral and foe alike? Will reason rule or revenge dictate a costly reprisal in this war after the war?

These are the questions that rise out of the dust and din of the colossal upheaval which is rending half of the world. Directly or indirectly they touch the whole American people, regardless of rank or wealth; for the tide of war has rolled us far up on the shores of world affairs. We have prospered in the kinship of the nations. Will the ebb of peace leave us high and dry amid a mighty isolation? I went to England and France to study this problem at first hand. I interviewed Cabinet Ministers; I talked with lawmakers, soldiers, captains of capital, masters of industry, and plain, everyday business men.

Through all the travail of debt and death that rends the allied peoples runs the clear current of determination to retrieve the immense loss. War is waste; someone must pay—we among the rest. Already the guns are being trained for the inevitable commercial battle, which, willingly or unwillingly, will bring us under fire. Let us examine the plan of campaign.

But, before going into the concrete details that mean so much to our future and our fortune, it is important to understand some very essential conditions.

First and foremost is the uncertainty of the war itself. All prophecy—at best a dangerous thing—is purest speculation. No one can tell how long the duel will last; how badly the loser will be beaten; what the terms of peace will be. Yet out of these contingencies will emerge the strong hands that will redraw the trade map of the world. Whatever the outcome, the countries now fighting, especially the Allies, have definitely stated the principles that must govern—for a long time, at least—the whole realignment of commercial relations. Their way shall be the universal way.

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Lord Robert Cecil

The Military Phase of National Industries

NOW we come to the really vital point, and it is this: When the guns are hushed you will find that national and industrial defense among the warring countries will be one and the same thing. The Allies learned to their cost that the economic advance of Germany was merely part of her one-time resistless military machine. Her trade and her preparedness went conqueringly hand in hand. Henceforth that game will be played by all. England, for instance, will manufacture dyestuffs not only for her textile trades, but because coal-tar products are essential to the making of high explosives.

Thus, Competition, which was once merely part of the natural progress of a country, will hereafter be a large part of the struggle for national existence.

There is still another factor: No matter who wins, peace must mean prosperity for everybody. For the victor it will take the form of an attempted stewardship of trade and navigation; for the vanquished it will be the dedication of a terrible energy to the twin restoration of pride and product.

Now you begin to see why it is up to the United States to make ready for whatever business fate awaits her beyond the uncertain frontiers of to-morrow. Nor have we been without warning of what may be in store for us. Prohibitive tariffs, blacklists and boycotts, embargoes on mail and cargo, the exclusion from England and France of hundreds of our manufactured articles—all show which way the international trade winds may blow when the belligerents begin to take toll of their losses. Meantime, what are the facts?

Take the case of England. Thirty years ago she was the workshop of the world. From the Tyne to the Thames her factories hummed with ceaseless industry. Her goods went wherever her ships steamed, and that meant the globe. Supreme in her insularity—at once her defense and her undoing—she became infected with the virus of content. Her steel was the best steel; her wares led all the rest. "Take it or leave it!" was her selling maxim. When devices came along that saved labor and increased production she refused to scrap the old to make way for the new. Born, too, was the evil of restricted output. Moss began to grow on her vaunted industrial structure. England lagged in the trade procession.

But as she lagged the assimilative German streamed in through her hospitable door. He served his apprenticeship in British mills; took home the secrets and methods of British art and craft. He geared them to cheap labor, harnessed product to masterful distribution, and became a World Power. Before long he had annexed the dye trade; was competing with British steel; was making once-cherished British goods.

When England Woke Up

WHAT the German did in England he duplicated elsewhere. The world of ideas was his field and, with insatiate hunger, he garnered them in. He cunningly acquired the sources of raw supply, especially the essentials to national defense; for he overlooked nothing. All was grist to his mills. He pitched his tents upon debatable trade lands. His rivals called it economic penetration, because he invariably took root. For him it was merely good business.

Then England suddenly realized that Germany had left her behind in the race for international commerce. Indifference lay at the root of this backsliding. It was easier and cheaper to buy the German-made product and reship it than to produce the same article at home. Still, sloth hung like a chain on English energy. What did it matter? No forest of bayonets hemmed her in; she was still Mistress of the Seas.

Meantime Germany dripped with efficiency and ached with expansion. Her amazing teamwork between state and business, stimulated by an interested finance, drove her on to a place in the sun. The shadows seemed far away when the great war crashed into civilization. Then England woke to the folly of her blindness. The mystery of coal-tar products was shut up in a German laboratory; the secrets of tungsten, necessary to the toughest steel, were imprisoned in a Teutonic mill; and so on down a long list of products vital to industry and defense.

Even those early and tragic reverses of the war did not stir the stolid British bulk. Men fought for a chance to fight; restriction still oppressed factory output. Red tape vied with tradition to block the path of military and industrial preparation.

Then the Lion stirred; the sloth fell away; men and munitions were enlisted; the strong hand was put on labor tyranny; conscription succeeded the haphazard voluntary system. Britain got busy and she has buzzed ever since.

When the kingdom had become a huge arsenal; when the old sex differences vanished under the touchstone of a common peril; when the first khaki host swept to its place in the battle line and the gray fleets were once more queens of the seas, England turned to the task of commercial rebuilding, once neglected, but thenceforth to be part and parcel of British purpose.

Animating this purpose, stirring it like a vast emotion, was the New Battle Cry of Empire—the kindling Creed of United Dominions, consecrated to the economic mastery of the world.

But this revival was not an overnight performance. If you know England you also know that it takes a colossal jolt to stir the British mind. The war had been in full swing for over a year and the countryside was an armed camp before the realization of what might happen commercially after the war soaked into the average Islander's consciousness.

Under the impassioned eloquence of Lloyd George the munitions workers had been marshaled into an inspired working host; with the magic of Kitchener's name, the greatest of all voluntary armies came into being. But it remained for Hughes, of Australia, to point out the fresh path for the feet of the race.

Who is Hughes, of Australia? You need not ask in England, for the story of his advent, the record of his astounding triumph, the thrilling message that he left implanted in the British breast, constitute one of the miracles of a war that is one long succession of dramatic episodes. He arrived unknown: he left a popular hero.

Here is his story in a paragraph: Twenty-five years ago a raw Welsh youth landed in Queensland, Australia, with fifty cents in his pocket. He had been a school-teacher in London. The sight of the great ships had stirred him with a desire to travel; he shipped in the steerage and found himself in a new land, with his wits as chief asset. He became successively a boundary rider on the sheep ranges, a section hand on the railroad, an itinerant umbrella mender, and finally a clerk in a stationery shop down near the wharves at Sydney. At night he repaired locks to make money to buy law books. Such were the beginnings of W. M. Hughes, whose name to-day is literally a household word in Great Britain.

Into his shop drifted the sailors, with their talk of wage wrong and working grievance. Naturally emotional, these stories appealed to him strongly. He counseled and argued with them, and when the great maritime strike of the early nineties developed he was their choice for leader. Through the thick of those turbulent times this nimble-footed little shopkeeper led the ranks of burly coal heavers and stevedores. He calmed them with his courage; dazed them with his wit. He won their case and his motley crew sent him to Parliament. He became the "Brains of Labor." He saw the vision of an Overseas Empire, and round him raged the fight for the new Australian Constitution. When federation was achieved the one-time mender of parasols was made Attorney-General of the Commonwealth. Within two years he became Prime Minister.

Thanks to him, Australia was prepared for war; and when the Mother Lioness sent out the world call to her cubs beyond the seas there was swift response from the men of bush and range. The world knows what the Anzacs did in the Dardanelles; how they registered a monster heroism on the rocky heights of Gallipoli; gave a new glory to British arms.

England rang with their achievements. What could she do to pay tribute to their courage? Hughes was their national leader and spokesman; so the Political Powers That Be said:

"Let us invite the Premier to sit in the councils of the empire and advise us about our future trade policy."

Already Hughes had declared trade war on Germany in Australia. Under his leadership every German had been banished from commonwealth business; by a special act of Parliament the complete and well-nigh war-proof Teutonic control of the famous Broken Hill metal fields had been annulled. He stood, therefore, as a living defiance to the renewal of all commercial relations with the Central Powers. But he went further than this: He decreed trade extermination of the enemy—merciless war beyond the war.

The Pact of Paris

SO HUGHES came to England—a thin, fragile, under-sized man, who was both deaf and dyspeptic; but illuminating his frail body was the fire of great faith. Like Lloyd George, he moved people with an astounding trick of speech. Roosevelt is not a better phrasemaker.

With his first speech Hughes created a sensation. Before he came, commercial feeling against Germany ran high. Hughes crystallized it into a definite cry. He said what eight out of every ten men in the street were thinking. His voice became the Voice of Empire. Up and down England and before cheering crowds he preached the doctrine of trade war to the death on Germany. He denounced the laxness that had permitted the "German taint to run like a cancer through the fair body of British trade"; he urged complete economic independence of the Dominions. His persistent plea was "We must have the fruits of victory"; and those fruits, he declared, comprised all the trade that Germany had hitherto enjoyed, and as much more as could be lawfully gained.

He urged that the blood brotherhood of empire, quickened by that dramatic S. O. S. call for men across the sea and cemented by the common trench hazard, be followed by a union of empire after the war that should be self-sufficient. Behind all this eloquent talk of protection and prohibition lay the first real menace to America's new place as a world trade power. It was the opening call to arms for the war after the war.

Hughes did more than set England to thinking in imperial terms. He upset most of the calculations of the Powers That Be who invited him. They expected an amiable, able and plastic counselor; they got an oratorical live wire, who would not be ruled, and who shocked deep-rooted free-trade convictions to the core. He helped to launch a whole new era of thought and action; and the next chapter of its progress was now to be recorded under circumstances pregnant with meaning for the whole universe of trade.

The second winter of war had passed, and with it much of the dark night that enshrouded the Allies' arms. On land and sea rained the first blows of the great assaults that were to make a summer of content for the Entente cause. Its arsenals teemed with shells; its men were fit; victory, however distant, seemed at last assured. The time had come to prepare a new kind of drive—the combined attack upon enemy trade and any other that happened to be in the way.

Thus it came about that on a brilliant sunlit day last June two score men sat round a long table in a stately room of a palace that overlooked the Seine, in Paris. Eminent lawmakers—Hughes, of Australia, among them—were there aplenty; but few practical business men.

On the walls hung the trade maps of the world; spread before them were the red-dotted diagrams that showed the water highways where traffic flowed in happier and serener days. For coming generations of business everywhere it was a fateful meeting, because the now famous Economic Conference of the Allies was about to reshape those maps and change the channels of commerce.

All the while, and less than a hundred miles away, Verdun seethed with death; still nearer brewed the storm of the Somme.

These men were assembled to fix the price of all this blood and sacrifice; and they did. In what has come to be known as the Paris Pact they bound themselves together by economic ties and pledged themselves to present a united economic front. They unfurled the banner of aggressive reprisal, with the sole object of crushing the one-time business supremacy of their foes.

The chief recommendations were: To meet, by tariff discrimination, boycott or otherwise, any individual or organized trade advance of the Central Powers—already Germany, Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria have reached a commercial understanding; to forego any "favored-nation" relation with the enemy for an indefinite period; to conserve for themselves, "before all others," their natural resources during the period of reconstruction; to make themselves independent of enemy countries in the raw materials and manufactured products essential to their economic well-being; and to facilitate this exchange by preferential trade among themselves, and by special and state subsidies to shipping, railroads and telegraphs. Another important decree prohibits the enemy from engaging in certain industries and professions, such as dyestuffs in allied countries when these industries relate to national defense or economic independence.

In short, self-sufficiency became the aim of the whole allied group, to be achieved without the aid or consent of any other nation or group of nations, be they friends or foes.

Here, then, is the strategy that will rule the war after the war. A huge allied monopoly is projected—a sort of monster militant trust, with cabinets of ministers for directorates, armies and navies as trade scouts, and whole roused citizenships for salesmen.

Throughout this new Bill of World Trade Rights there is scant mention of neutrals—no reference at all to the greatest of nonbelligerent nations. Yet the document is packed with interest, fraught even with highest concern, for us. Upon the ability to be translated into offensive and defensive reality will depend a large part of our future international commercial relations.

PHOTO BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Sir Harry Verney, Mr. John Burns and Mr. Runciman, Photographed Near St. Margaret's Church, Westminster

What Will Happen to Innocent Bystanders?

IS THE pact practical? Will it withstand the logical pressure of business demand and supply when the war is ended? How will it affect American trade?

To try to get the answer I talked with many men in England and France who were intimately concerned. Some had sat in the conference; others had helped to shape its approach; still others were dedicated to its far-spread purpose. I found an astonishing conflict of opinion. Even those who had attended this most momentous of all economic conferences were skeptical about complete results. Yet no one questioned the intent to smash enemy trade. Will our interests be pinched at the same time?

Regardless of what any European statesman may say to the contrary, one deduction of supreme significance to us arises out of the whole proposition. Summed up, it is this:

Mutual preference by or for the members of either of the great European alliances automatically creates a discrimination against those outside! Whether we face the Teuton or the Allies' group—or both—in the grand economic line-up, we shall have to fight for commercial privileges that once knew no ban.

There are two well-defined beliefs about the practical working out of the pact, as a pact. Let us take the objections first. They find expression in a strong body of opinion that the whole procedure is both unhuman and uneconomic—a campaign document, as it were, conceived in the heat and passion of a great war, projected for political effect in cementing the allied lines. In short, it is what business men would call a glorified and stimulated "selling talk," framed to sell good will between the nations that now propose to carry war to shop and mill and mine.

"But," as a celebrated British economist said to me in London, "though all this talk of Economic Alliance sounds well and is serving its purpose, the fact must not be overlooked that, though war ends, business keeps right on. Self-interest will dictate the policy that pays the best." This is a typical comment.

Now we get to the meat of the matter: By the terms of the pact half a dozen important nations—to say nothing of the smaller fry—are bound to a hard-and-fast trade agreement. Business, in brief, is projected in terms of nations.

Go behind this new battle front and you find that it conflicts with an uncompromising commercial rule. Why? Simply because, so far as business is concerned, nations may propose, but human beings dispose. Individuals, not countries, do business! Being human, these individuals are apt to follow the line of least resistance. Hence, the best-laid plans for imposing international industrial teamwork are likely to founder on those weaknesses of human nature that begin and end in the pocketbook.

After the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–71, and while the Peace of Versailles was being negotiated, commercial travelers of each nation, laden with samples, filled the border villages, ready to dash across the frontier

and open accounts. Of course no one dreams that such history will repeat itself after the present war; but there are many persons in England and France to-day who contend that the business needs of peace will be stronger than the costly hang-over of wartime passions.

Trade, after all, is a Colossus that rests with one foot upon necessity and the other foot upon convenience.

Will the Allies be such valued commercial helpmates to each other? Perhaps not. When this war is over the fighting countries will be impoverished by years of drain and waste. As a result, they will be poor customers for each other, but very sharp competitors. International trade is merely an exchange of goods for goods. You cannot sell without buying, and vice versa. No groups of nations can live by taking in each other's washing. They are bound to get outside linen. When peace comes we shall have the lending and purchasing power of the world. Can anybody afford to shut us out?

Again: Can the Allies present a united front or carry on a uniform line of conduct? Will not their interests overlap and cause an inevitable conflict, even when intentions are of the very best?

France, for example, competes with England in chemicals, surgical instruments, high-speed tools, scores of things; Russia's competitors in wheat are not Germany, but Canada, India and Australia; Italy and France are rivals for the same wine markets. Russia for years has kept down the high cost of her living by buying cheap German goods at her front door and having her projects financed by German capital. Will she face bankruptcy by going hundreds—even thousands—of miles out of her way and paying more for products? England for years has made huge profits out of the reëxport of Teutonic articles, thanks to the grace of free trade and huge carrying power. Is she likely to forgo all this? In the last analysis Propinquity and the Purse are the Mothers of Trade Alliance.

Finally, will not any organized exclusion of German products, coupled with a definite and organized campaign to throttle German trade the world over, throw the business of the Kaiser's country smack into the lap of the United States? Sober reflection over these possibilities may stay economic reprisal.

On the other hand, there are many ways by which even a near translation of the economic pact into actuality may work hardship—even disaster—to American commercial interests. No matter which way we turn when peace comes, we shall face the proverbial millstones in the shape of two great alliances. One is the Allied Group, jealous of our new wealth and world power, bitter with the belief that we have coined gold out of agony; the other is the Teutonic Union, smarting because of our aid to its enemies, stinging under reverses, mad with a desire to recuperate.

Examine our trade relations with warring Europe and you see how hazardous a shift in old-time relations would be. To the fighting peoples and their colonies in normal times we send nearly seventy-eight per cent of our exports, and from them we derive seventy per cent of our imports. The Allies alone, principally England and her colonies, get sixty-three per cent of these exports and send us fifty-four per cent of all we get from foreign lands.

As the National Foreign-Trade Council of the United States points out: "Any sweeping change of tariff, navigation or financial policy on the part of either group of the Allies, and particularly on the part of the Entente Allies, may seriously affect the domestic prosperity of the United States, in which foreign trade is a vital element."

Discrimination Against Us Inevitable

WHY is this foreign trade so vital? Because, during these last two years of world upheaval we have rolled up the immense favorable trade balance of over three billion dollars. In peace time this would be paid for in merchandise. But fighting-Europe's industries, with the exception of a part of England's, are mobilized for munitions. Therefore, these goods have been paid for largely in gold.

This gold is now part of our basis of credit. When the war ends Europe will make every effort that ingenuity, backed up by trade resource, can devise to get that gold back. One way is through loans from us; the other is by exports to us. Now you see why we must maintain our foreign commerce.

Our huge gold reserve hides another menace: The war demands for our commodities, paid for with the yellow metal, have increased the cost of production; and it will stay up. This will lead to an unequal competition with the cheap labor markets of Europe when the war is over. Both groups of Allies will be able to undersell us.

Turn to the raw materials and you encounter a further danger in the economic pact. If the Allies develop their own sources, that will cut down our exports of cotton, copper and oil. If they cannot develop sufficient sources for self-supply they may, through coöperative buying outside their dominions, satisfy their needs. In the third place, they may stimulate, through tariff or shipping concessions, or by subsidies—which are much talked of in Europe to-day—a preference for their own manufactures over American products in both allied and neutral markets.

Take navigation: England controls an immense shipping. As a matter of fact, outside the three-mile limit, she practically owns the waters of the world. If she makes lower rates for her allies, or others to whom she gives preference, where shall we be in our chronic and unpardonable dependence upon foreign bottoms? Here is where we shall pay the price for neglecting our merchant marine.

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

The Right Honorable Reginald M'Kenna and Mrs. M'Kenna in Downing Street

Still another menace to our trade lies in preferential alliances between Mother Countries and their colonies, which is part of the projected program. Our next-door neighbor, Canada, has just given an illuminating instance of what may be in store for us. A Coöperative Export Association has been formed in the Dominion to get business throughout the British Empire and the other allied nations. In the circular announcing its organization it declares that "the products of Canada will be preferred against the products of her great neutral competitor, the United States, who has stayed outside of the war and has borne no sacrifice of life and money made by the allied countries."

Return to the economic pact again and you find that it continues to bristle with dangerous possibilities for us. You will recall that one of the clauses forbids the resumption of a favored-nation arrangement with enemy countries for a period "to be fixed by mutual agreement." This may be for an indefinite time.

Now the danger here lies in the European interpretation of the favored-nation idea. To quote an authority: "Most of these countries have treaties under which each must grant most-favored-nation treatment to the other; and this means that a reduction in duties granted to one country is automatically extended to all other countries with whom such treaties exist. The result is that the lowest rate in any treaty becomes, with exceptions, the rate extended to all countries."

We have the favored-nation relation with many European countries, and herein lies the possible danger: The war automatically annulled all treaties between belligerents. When the day of treaty making comes again shall we suffer for the sins of friend and foe in the rearrangement of international trade and lose some precious commercial privileges? It is worth thinking about.

Meantime, regardless of how the economic pact works out, England's policy is "Deeds, not Words," as she prepares for the time when normal life and business succeed the strain and frenzy of fighting days.

No man can range up and down the British Isles to-day without catching the thrill of a galvanic awakening, or feeling an imperial heartbeat that proclaims a people roused and alive to what the future holds and means. The kingdom is a mighty crucible out of which will emerge a new England, determined to come back to her old industrial authority. It is with England that our commerce must reckon; it is English competition that will grapple with Yankee enterprise wherever the trade winds blow.

There are many reasons why. "For England," as one man has put it, "victory must mean prosperity. However triumphant she may be in arms, her future lies in a preëminence in world industries. Through it she will rise as an empire or sink to a second-rate nation."

In the second place, as all hope of indemnity fades, England realizes that she will not only have to pay all her own bills but likewise some of the bills of her allies. Already her millions have been poured into the allied defense; many more must follow.

Hence, the restless energy of her throbbing mills; the searching appraisal of her resources; the marshaling of all her genius of trade conquest. Dominating all this is the kindling idea of a self-contained empire, linked with the slogan: "Home Patronage of Home Products." The war found her unprepared to fight; she is determined that peace shall see her fit for economic battle.

Speeding Up British Industry

THIS is what she is doing and every act has a meaning all its own for us. Take industry: Forty-eight hundred government-controlled factories, working day and night, are sending out a ceaseless flood of war supplies. The old bars of restricted output are down; the old sex discrimination has faded away. Women are doing men's work, getting men's pay, making themselves useful and necessary cogs in the productive machine. They will neither quit nor lose their cunning when peace comes.

I have watched the inspiring spectacle of some of these factories, have walked through their forests of American-made automatics, heard the hum of American tools as they pounded and drilled and ground the instruments of death. What does it signify? This: That quantity output of shot and shell for war means quantity output of motors and many other products for peace. You may say that quantity output is a matter of temperament and that the British nature cannot be adapted to it; but speeded-up munitions making has proved the contrary. The British workman has learned to his profit that it pays to step lively. High war wages have accustomed him to luxuries he never enjoyed before, and he will not give them up. Unrestricted output has come to stay.

Five years ago the efficiency expert was regarded in England as an intruder and a quack; to use a stop watch on production was high crime and treason. To-day there are thousands of students of business science and factory management. In the spinning districts girls in clogs sit alongside their foreman listening to lectures on how to save time and energy in work. Scores of old establishments are being reborn productively. There is the case of a famous chocolate works that before the war rebuffed an instructor in factory reorganization. Last year it saw the light, hired an American expert; and to-day the output has been increased by twenty-five per cent.

The infant industries, growing out of the needs of war and the desire of self-sufficiency, are resting on the foundations of the new creed. "Speed up!" is the industrial cry, and with it goes a whole new scheme of national industrial education. The British youth will be taught a trade almost with his A-B-C's.

Formerly in England the standardization of plan and product was almost unknown. For example, no matter how closely ships resembled each other in tonnage, structure or design, a separate drawing was made for each. Now on the Clyde the same specifications serve for twenty vessels. England has gone into wholesale production; and what is true of ships in the stress of hungry war demand will be true of scores of articles for trade afterward. The old rule-of-thumb traditions that hampered expansion have gone into the discard, along with voluntary military service and the fetish of free trade.

Typical of the new methods is the standardization of exports, which have increased steadily during the past year. In a room of the building of the Board of Trade, down in Whitehall, and where the whole trade strategy of the war is worked out, I saw a significant diagram, streaked

(Continued on Page 57)

An Experiment in Gentility

By DANA BURNET

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT McCAIG

A VERY bored, very languid young man, clothed in a dark-purple dressing gown, sat reading Aristotle's Ethics in the attic chamber of a Sixth Avenue boarding house. Occasionally, at the turning of a page, the young man would glance with whimsical sadness toward the chair which served him, in his hours of plenty, as a clothes rack. The chair was empty now, with an emptiness calculated to strike dismay into the boldest heart. Strip a gentleman of friends and fortune, and he may still smile. Steal his clothes, and he is helpless!

Edward Peabody Van Dine was a gentleman. Only a certain familiarity with the situation prevented him from experiencing those extremes of melancholy which the lack of raiment imbues in the genteel soul. This was not the first time that Mr. Van Dine's sagacious if somewhat high-handed landlady had entered his attic chamber—in the dead of night—to take hostage for his board bill, long overdue. Mrs. Tuppet, the landlady, was a creature of the most exquisite practicability, who never confused business with sentiment or permitted sentiment to interfere with business. When Mr. Van Dine was in funds, which was usually the first week of the month, Mrs. Tuppet displayed an almost motherly interest in his welfare. When out of funds Mrs. Tuppet stole his clothes.

She did this, however, in such a firm, disinterested spirit of commercial justice that Edward could not find it in his heart to reproach her. Hence, when such crises arose, he merely donned his purple dressing gown, opened Aristotle's Ethics, and waited patiently for Time to fetch him the first of the month.

It was six o'clock of an April afternoon, the second day of Edward's captivity. The weather, which had shared his melancholy an hour since, was now turned fine. A light breeze coquetted with the window curtain and wafted, to Edward's nostrils, entrancing odors from Fanchini's table-d'hôte restaurant next door. Edward rose and shut the window. As he did so an envelope fell from the interior of the Ethics and fluttered to the floor. Edward regarded it with a mournful eye.

"Oh, my Philistine uncle," he murmured, "do you tempt me in my nakedness?"

Then with a faint sigh he picked up the envelope and drew forth the inclosed letter, which he read for the second time that day:

My dear Nephew: In reply to yours of the twenty-fifth instant, would say that you will receive your allowance on the first of the month as usual, and not an hour sooner. I cannot upset the terms of your father's will simply because some vulgar woman has abducted your clothes.

When you grow tired of playing the fool come to my office and I'll give you a respectable job managing real estate.

Very cordially yours,

E. CUTHBERT PEABODY.

P.S. You are an ungrateful young scamp. E. C. P.

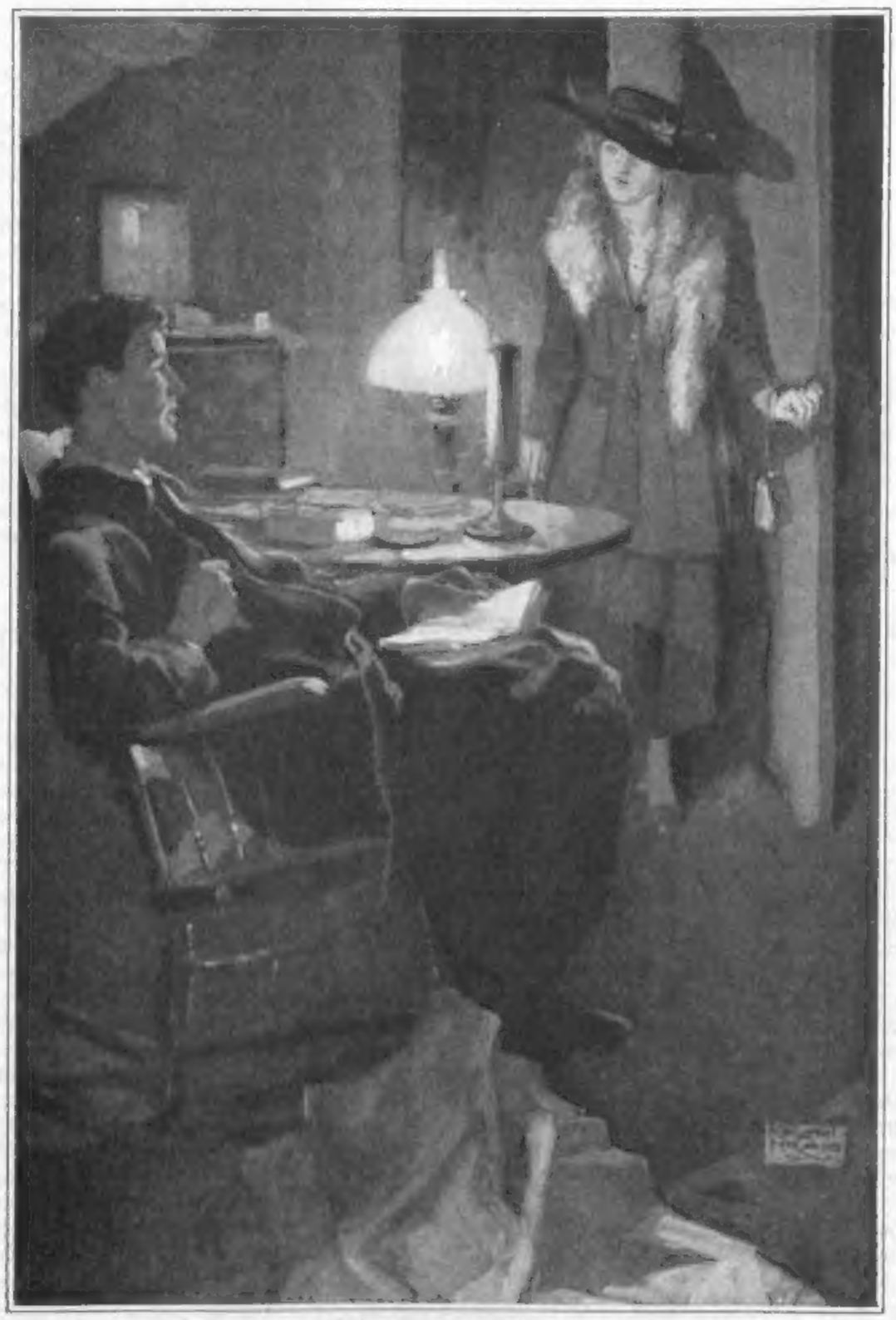
"The old chap is really very fond of me," said Edward with complacence. Going to his dressing table, which also served as writing desk and bookrack, he rummaged among his things until he found a fountain pen and a sheet of note paper. Then, making a support of Aristotle, he scrawled a reply to the Philistine uncle.

Dear Uncle Cuthbert: I asked for gold, and you offered me respectability. To a man without his trousers there is something pathetically ludicrous in the contemplation of respectability. Is it a cloak to hide one's nakedness? Is it food to put into one's mouth? No! Then out upon respectability.

The fact is, my dear uncle, that I am not playing the fool, but the wise man. For instance, I am living in an intensely interesting boarding house, where almost anything might happen, and where nothing ever does—a combination irresistibly fascinating. I have for company a highly profitable old gentleman named Aristotle, whom I suspect of being a philosopher; and directly across the hall from me is a young woman who works in a department store. Could anything be more to the human taste?

As for my assuming the managership of your extensive properties, I am entirely too fond of you—and you of me—to risk affection upon the rocks of business enterprise. Besides, I should probably ruin you.

I am quite happy with my beggar's inheritance, even though at times it fails to relieve me of embarrassing



"By Jove, Maisie, You're Superb! I'm Proud of Myself"

circumstances. But with the assistance of Aristotle, a box of soda crackers and my faithful calendar, I shall await the first of the month in a spirit of beatific resignation.

Your affectionate nephew,

E. P. VAN DINE.

He sealed and addressed this letter; then, going to the door, peered up and down the dingy hall. As he did so a girl came out of the room opposite and stood gazing at him. It was the young woman who worked in a department store. Edward drew the purple dressing gown a little closer about him and bowed ceremoniously.

"Do you happen to be going downstairs?" he asked in his agreeable, cultivated drawl.

"Yes," replied the girl, and added quite deliberately: "I'm goin' down to buy my supper."

Edward winced slightly.

"Would you mind posting this?"

"Not at all!"

"Thank you very much."

He gave her the letter, nodded pleasantly and retired into his prison tower. The girl looked after him with a little tight-lipped smile.

"Mrs. Tuppet has pinched his clothes again," said she. "It's now or never ——"

Somewhat later, Edward, sadly consuming soda crackers, was startled by a knock that, despite its timidity, evidently was intended for him. He went to the door and opened it. The young woman who worked for her living, and who could afford, therefore, to buy her supper, stood upon the threshold.

"May—I—come in, Mr. Van Dine?"

Edward considered this hesitating request with self-possession. "I should be very glad to have you," said he, "but perhaps it would be well to reflect that this boarding house is conducted by Mrs. Grundy in person ——"

"If you mean Mrs. Tuppet," replied the girl with a smile that disclosed a row of very beautiful white teeth, "she's downstairs pressing a genaman's trousers."

"Do come in!" said Edward hastily.

The girl entered the room and sat down in the chair that should have been a clothes rack.

"I don't know what you'll think of me, Mr. Van Dine ——"

"I never think anything of anybody," said Edward serenely, "until I am forced to. So don't worry yourself on that score."

"I—I got a business proposition to make to you, Mr. Van Dine."

"But, my dear Miss ——"

"Jones."

"My dear Miss Jones, I am not a business man. Therefore, it is quite impossible that you should have business with me. Is that clear? I find," continued Edward with a disinterested air, "that it is best to be frank about such matters. Will you have a soda cracker?"

The young woman did not reply. Instead, she gazed with inexpressible admiration, with speechless longing, at this purple-robed member of the species known as the "genaman."

"It really is beautiful!"

"The soda cracker?"

"I mean your voice—the way you speak."

Edward regarded her with indignant eyes, in which there gleamed not a little suspicion.

"Ah," said he, "you are interested in elocution?"

"Oh, no, sir! I mean—yes, sir."

"Come," said Edward not unkindly. "Out with it. I can see that you are bursting with some project or other."

The girl blushed vividly, which increased the somewhat bedraggled prettiness of her person to a point of real beauty.

"It ain't—it isn't what you'd call an ordinary project ——"

"My dear Miss Jones, I am not an ordinary person. In fact, I am quite extraordinary. So don't stickle at unconventionalities. Had you intended to shoot anyone?"

"No, sir, I—I'm engaged to be married."

"Humph! That *is* serious, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"But why should you come to me?"

"It's like this," said the girl, looking steadily at the floor. "You see, he's a genaman ——"

"Ah!" said Edward.

"And I'm not ——"

"Nonsense! Of course you are. Does he say ——"

"Oh, no, sir. William wouldn't say anything now. He's too much in love. It's the—afterward—that I'm afraid of. He's got such elegant manners!"

"No doubt. But how can I help you?"

"Oh, sir, if you'd only give me a few lessons! I'll pay for them. I've got some money saved. I'll pay—five dollars a week."

"Lessons!" exclaimed the amazed Edward. "Lessons in what?"

"In manners," said the girl, "and—langwidge."

"But I am not a dancing master, or even a professor of English ——"

"You're a genaman. That's all I care about."

"My dear Miss Jones, do you mean to say that you wish to intrust me with your education?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't say sir; it flatters me, and I dislike to be flattered. May I ask what position your William enjoys?"

"He's a clerk in Holmann's Department Store."

"And if you are to marry him you love him very much, I suppose?"

The young woman looked at Edward with the calm and disillusioned gaze of one who earns, by soul-wearying labor, the munificent bounty of eight dollars a week.

"I don't know what love is," she said frankly. "I took William because I thought there was somethin' to him. It's a chance, but a pretty good one. He's smart. He don't drink. And with me to push him ——"

"Quite right," said Edward. "Every man needs pushing. I have an uncle who would have done very well if he

had been pushed. As it is, he has merely accumulated a million dollars ——"

"Will you give me the lessons?"

"I can't see why you need them."

The young woman smiled shrewdly.

"I wouldn't dare marry a man who could look down on me," she said.

"In other words, you consider that your success in life depends upon an equality of elegance with William?"

"It depends upon my knowin' a little more than he does about the things he knows best."

"Miss Jones," cried Edward in delight, "you are a philosopher!"

"Oh, I've got brains, if that's what you mean. That's why I came to you. It isn't that I want to be stuck up or put on airs," she continued earnestly. "I'm not that kind of a fool. I've got to make my own way, like any girl who has been born poor, and I don't want to be held back by not knowin' how to pronounce my words. I went through the high school, but they don't teach you anything useful there! What good are hist'ry and algebra to a girl that has to earn her livin'? What I needed was somebody to teach me how to dress and speak like a lady. The way I figure it, the only thing that keeps a girl down is her manners. If she's refined she can go anywhere; if she ain't she can marry a duke and still be a nobody. Now you know why I came to you, Mr. Van Dine."

"Miss Jones," said Edward, "you are a clever girl. You interest me. For that reason—which you will recognize as a purely selfish one—I will help you."

"Oh, Mr. Van Dine," said the girl, quite overcome.

"There, there! No gratitude, or the bargain's off! When shall we begin?"

"I thought you might—have supper with me ——"

"My dear Miss Jones ——"

"My name is Maisie."

"Very well, then—Maisie, answer me this. How can I take you to supper in a dressing gown?"

"I didn't ask you to take me to supper. I said have supper with me—in my room. I cook my own meals, you know."

Edward gazed reflectively at the soda crackers.

"Your invitation is most tempting, I confess. But I fear the original objection still holds good. I will be frank with you, Maisie. The fact of the matter is that Mrs. Tuppet has stolen my apparel."

"I knew that."

"You knew? Ah, clever girl!"

"But, Mr. Van Dine, you can get your clothes easy enough by paying what you owe ——"

"Maisie, the peculiarity of payment seems to be that one must possess funds. Now I ——"

He paused in astonishment. Maisie had opened a small black bag which she held in her hand, and from its mysterious interior had extracted three five-dollar bills.

"Here," said she, "here's three weeks' pay in advance. It's for the lessons."

Edward smiled his whimsical smile.

"What a precious little financier you are, to be sure. Of course I won't take your silly money. Put it away! My allowance will arrive in a day or two. We'll begin the lessons then."

Maisie did not appear in the least perturbed. She leaned forward and dropped the bills into Edward's lap.

"Take it as a loan," said Maisie. "You can pay me back any time. I've bought supper for two, and if you don't eat your share I'll be out my investment."

Edward laughed outright.

"Maisie," he cried, "you'll be in a million before you're thirty!"

Mrs. Tuppet, peremptorily summoned to Edward's room, was requested by that gentleman, in a tone of cold reproach, to return the clothes which she had removed for reasons essentially mundane. Mrs. Tuppet refused.

"Now, Mr. Edward, sir, you know 'tain't the first of the month yet. If I give up the clothes, where's my security?"

"My dear Mrs. Tuppet, do you mean to intimate that I owe you a sum of money?"

"Now, Mr. Edward, sir, you know very well ——"

"Pardon me, my mind is occupied with other matters. How much do I owe you, Mrs. Tuppet?"

"Ten seventy-five, sir, as you know very well. The seventy-five is for mendin' and pressin' ——"

"Mending and pressing! This is luxury, Mrs. Tuppet. How many times have I told you not to mend and press? You are incorrigible! Here, take this, and bring me the change!"

So saying, Edward thrust the three five-dollar bills into Mrs. Tuppet's hands. The worthy woman trembled, turned pale, stared at her boarder in dazed surprise and waddled—there is no other word for it—waddled hastily out of the room.

A quarter of an hour later Edward, dressed in his rejuvenated clothing, presented himself at Maisie's door. He found her cooking a species of sausage in a pot that bubbled merrily over a small stove which was attached by means of a rubber tube to the gas jet. A table set for two occupied the center of the room. Maisie in a gingham apron, and with a very pretty color in her cheeks, advanced to welcome her guest. She had planned her greeting with painstaking care and, as a result, bungled it most lamentably.

Edward stood gazing rudely at her outstretched hand, which was thrust forward on a level with his chin.

"Oh, no, no," he said, "not like that! It's all well enough to shake hands with me, but don't make a field day of it. The first thing you must learn," he added severely, "is never to pose. Now we'll try that again."

He fell back a few paces and then came forward, smiling politely.

"Good evening, Miss Jones. Nice of you to ask me."

Maisie placed her hand in his and replied, with a remarkable imitation of his tone:

"Awfully glad you could come."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Edward. "Where'd you get that?"

Despite the solemnity of the occasion, Maisie laughed.

"Oh, I'd planned to say it. I—I got it out of a book."

"Never take things out of books. Literary conversation does not become the human tongue. But your inflection was quite good—quite good indeed. Can you always laugh like that?"

"Usually."

"You laugh very well. That's a godsend. Do it as frequently as possible, especially when you are talking about something you don't understand! Now let us summarize the first lesson. What are the essentials of refinement, Miss Jones?"

"Never pose," replied Maisie promptly, "and always laugh in the pinches."

For a moment Edward attempted to preserve his professorial dignity, then he grinned.

"You'll do! You have wit, which is the main thing. Personally I am averse to the use of slang, but I cannot deny that it has its moments. Nevertheless, remember not to overdo it! Moderation is the soul of gentility. Are the sausages done?"

"I think so."

"Let us waive the doubt and have at them. I have lived on soda crackers for days."

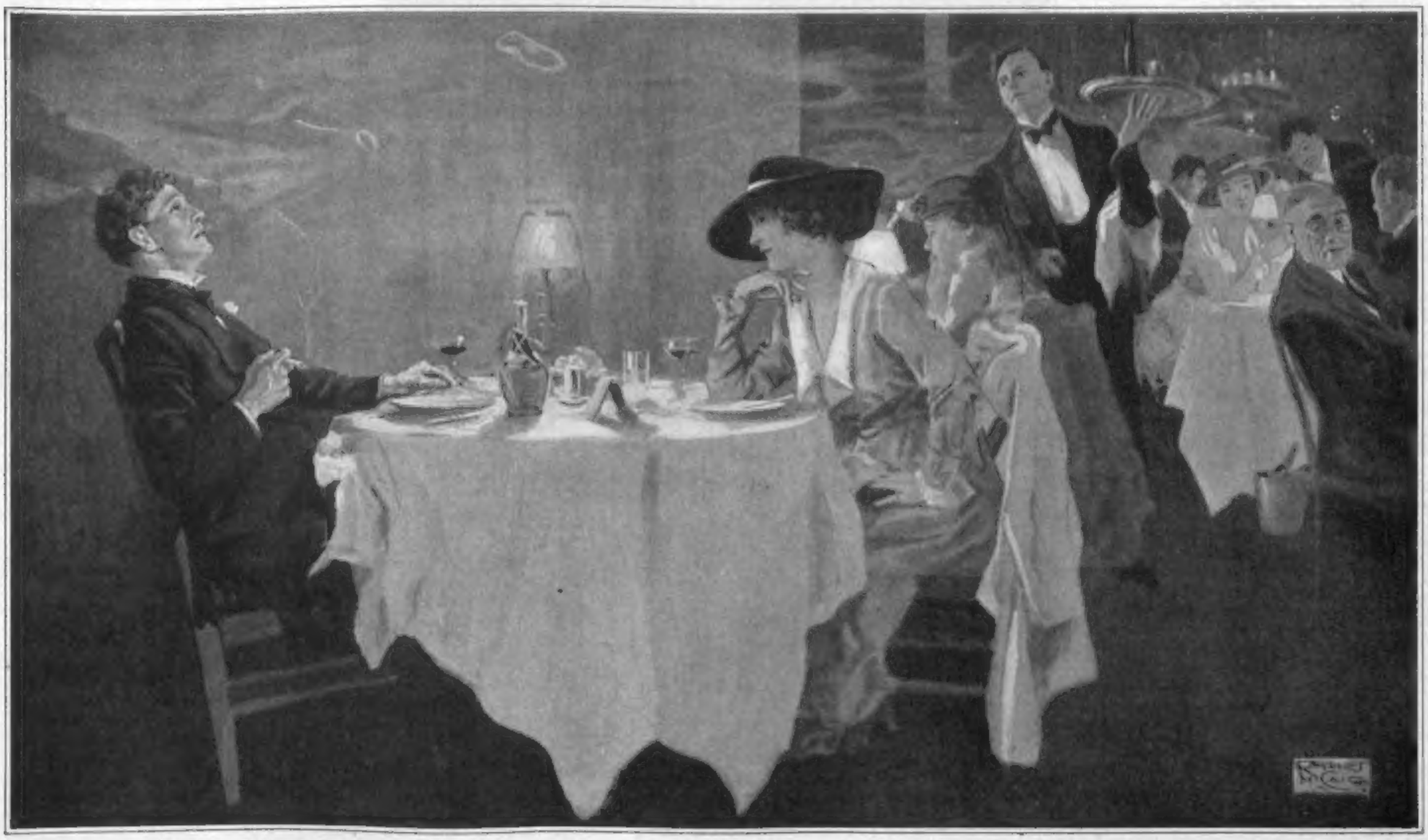
The meal began forthwith, Edward consuming sausages, bread and potatoes with genuine enthusiasm; Maisie warily studying his deportment at table and eating but little. This Edward noticed and bent upon her one of his stern professorial looks.

"The worst of bad manners," said he, "is not to eat one's own dinner."

"Oh!" said Maisie, and dutifully attacked a sausage. Presently Edward looked up from his plate.

"We should converse," said he, "in a lively, entertaining manner about some dull and uninteresting subject. Have you seen any of the current plays?"

"I go to the movies now and then."



"What of it?" He Asked Finally. "You'll Have to Educate Him, That's All. Perfume Upon the Handkerchief is No More Than Ignorance ——"

"That is very vulgar," said Edward, "and therefore quite fashionable. One should never be fashionable. It isn't good form."

"Isn't it?" asked Maisie humbly.

"Don't say 'Isn't it?' Say 'Indeed!' or 'Quite so!'"

"Quite so," echoed Maisie with such excellent mimicry that Edward beamed upon her.

"You are a promising young woman. I have a great mind to treat you to an ice-cream soda at the corner drug store."

"Charmed, I'm sure," said Maisie with a slight gasp.

"Maisie! Bring me that book!"

"What book?"

"The book from which you abstracted that 'Charmed, I'm sure.' You know very well that it's hidden somewhere about this room."

Maisie blushed and looked defiantly at Edward; then she rose and, going to her couch, removed a paper-covered volume from beneath the pillow. This she delivered to her tutor with a sigh of regret.

"It had a lot of points in it," she murmured.

"Points!" said Edward. "No doubt. But you would have pricked your fingers on them."

He read the title of the book aloud:

"Cultivated Conversation, or Points on Social Etiquette."

Unexpectedly Maisie began to cry.

"Oh, please don't laugh at me! If you only knew how hard I've tried! If you only knew how much I wanted to be—a lady!"

Edward stood up, frowning and rapping on the table with his knuckles.

"Stop that! No tears! I won't have my class work interrupted in this unseemly manner. Now listen to me. There is one thing I had forgotten to tell you ——"

He paused with such dramatic effect that Maisie gazed at him in breathless expectation.

"A lady," said Edward, "is judged by her instincts, not by her pronunciation. Your instincts are essentially fine. Do you suppose I would have bothered with you if you had not been a lady?"

"Oh, Mr. Van Dine!"

"Come along now. I have an extraordinary thirst for soda water."

Said Maisie as she put on her hat:

"I shall never be able to pronounce *extraordinary* the way you do."

"That is a detail," said Edward. "What is far more important is that you are wearing plain black boots."

The education of Maisie proceeded with astonishing rapidity. Her days, alas, were devoted to that first necessity of civilization, the making of money; but her evenings were devoted to Edward and to Edward's exercises.

The exercises varied from the reading of Aristotle to dining at Fanchini's, from standing through Farrar's Carmen to classroom lectures on the importance of simplicity in dress. But in all circumstances, however grave or frivolous, the relation of master and pupil was admirably maintained. Edward became never too warmed by Fanchini's red wine, never too intoxicated with the golden voices of the opera, never too moved by his pupil's strangely blossoming beauty, to permit a fault of speech to pass unnoticed, a single *gaucherie* to go uncorrected.

The change in Maisie was remarkable. Her soul expanded under the spell of Edward's teaching, like a flower touched by the sun; and when the soul blooms the flesh is beautiful.

The world—for several years past—has admitted, with a sigh of regret, that young women who work in department stores have souls. Persons professionally interested in spiritual salvage have even spent money to save these souls. But they do not need saving; they need sunning.

Maisie had found the heavenly reflection in Edward's honest countenance. The whole personality of the man, so true, so complete in itself, filled her with a sense of satisfaction, of pride in the human kind, so that she faced her own spirit with ever increasing self-respect.

"Tell me," said Edward one evening as they sat eating one of Fanchini's little dinners of which he was so fond, "has your William noticed the change in you?"

Maisie picked up a salad fork and began to trace designs upon the cloth.

"Don't do that," said Edward sharply. "It betrays a wavering intelligence. Well?"

"I—I'm afraid he has."

"Afraid?"

"Yes, you see ——"

"Go on," said Edward impatiently.

The genuine candlelight, which was one of Fanchini's chief attractions, betrayed the look of embarrassment in Maisie's blue eyes.

"He thinks I'm just—putting it on. He told me the other day that I was stuck up ——"

"Abominable phrase! What did you reply?"

"I told him that gentlemen did not perfume their handkerchiefs."

"Good heavens!" said Edward. "You don't mean to say that William does?"

"Yes," said Maisie faintly.

Her tutor blew a ring of cigarette smoke toward the ceiling and watched it with reflective gaze.

"The Way I Figure It, if a Girl's Refined She Can Go Anywhere; if She Ain't She Can Marry a Duke and Still be a Nobody"

"Well, what of it?" he asked finally. "You'll have to educate him, that's all. Perfume upon the handkerchief is no more than ignorance ——"

Maisie shook her head.

"He likes it."

"Maisie! Are you becoming a snob?"

"No, I'm not. It's only that I see things differently. I used to admire William. Now I feel sorry for him. He's like the diamond he wears in his tie—all paste and glitter. He couldn't be educated—because he doesn't want to be."

"Have you tried him?"

"I've spoken to him about the diamond and the handkerchief."

"You have done nothing, then, but hurt his feelings, which is stupid. I'm ashamed of you, Maisie. I'm even a trifle disappointed."

Tears came to Maisie's eyes. She leaned across the table, one hand held out to him.

"Oh, please don't say you're disappointed. I didn't realize—I didn't think. I'm not a snob, really."

"Prove it! Give William another chance! Try him fairly! Use your wit—and your sympathy! Don't condemn a man for the diamond in his necktie!"

"I will do what you ask. I promise."

"Very well. And now, I've a little scheme which I have been thinking of for some time. It's a scheme to test our experiment in gentility."

"You mean to test me," said Maisie.

"Exactly. I have an uncle," continued Edward, "who in spite of his money is a very decent old chap. He is—what I fear I shall be forced to call—an aristocrat."

"I should be frightened to death of him," said Maisie.

"In which case," replied Edward, "we should see whether you were educated—or merely veneered. I myself am in no position to judge."

"I won't be tested," cried Maisie, suddenly furious. "I'm not a piano or a prize kitten. I won't meet your old uncle!"

"He is not more than forty, I believe. We will dine with him here, a week from to-night. Read this!"

Edward took a letter from his pocket and tossed it across the table.

"You shouldn't throw things," said Maisie maliciously, but she picked up the letter with eager fingers. The letter was as follows:

Dear Uncle Cuthbert: I want you to dine with me next Saturday evening at Fanchini's, in Sixth Avenue. In order to allay any false suspicions which may arise in your mind I will say at once that the invitation is extended in a spirit of abstract affection and from the most exalted motives. I promise not to mention trousers if you will promise not to mention real estate.

Miss Jones is dining with us, so be as respectable as you like. Women, I have noticed, are invariably flattered by a white shirt bosom. I suppose it is the mirror-like sheen of the starched linen that attracts them.

I am sure that you will enjoy Miss Jones. She is charming.

Your affectionate nephew,
E. P. Van Dine.

The letter fell from Maisie's finger tips. She sat looking at Edward with starry eyes.

"Am I really—charming? Or is that just one of the things that men say to each other?"

"As far as I am able to decide," said Edward judicially, "you are charming. Uncle Cuthbert may have a different notion. We shall see."

The following Saturday at six thirty P. M. Edward was aroused from his contemplation of the Ethics by a distinct sound of puffing, which seemed to proceed from the stairs.

A moment later there came a thunderous knock at the door. Edward promptly deposited Aristotle upon the dressing table and, rising, admitted to his attic chamber the Philistine uncle.

The figure that crossed Edward's threshold was one to please a woman, satisfy a man and hypnotize a tailor. Uncle Cuthbert was neither tall nor short, neither fat nor thin, but rather an amiable compromise of all dimensional extremes. He had the leanness of good breeding, combined with the stoutness of good living. His square shoulders were well set back, his waist was smartly noticeable, his chest billowed just enough above it, his military mustache was slightly turned up at the ends, his dark hair—becomingly tinged with gray—was brushed straight back from his forehead. His evening clothes, which he wore with genteel unconsciousness, formed a perfect background for his own bodily perfection.

So lesser miracles are born
The greater wonders to adorn.

Uncle Cuthbert was a person who, though royally clothed, seemed to exude an honest pride in man's primeval nakedness.

"My dear uncle," said Edward as they shook hands, "you grow more military looking every day. I suppose it's the fashion, with the world at war."

"Don't joke about serious matters, my boy. It's high time that all Americans grew more military looking. We're too devilish fat about the waist."

"Not I," said Edward. "And my diet is better than a war."

"What is it?"

"Aristotle and soda crackers."

"Bah!"

"Oh, don't worry! I'm not going to force it down your throat. I've ordered a steak at Fanchini's ——"

"By the way, my dear boy, who is Miss Jones?"

"Didn't I tell you?"

"No."

"She's the young woman," said Edward innocently, "who works in a department store."

"Works in a —— Edward, is this one of your infernal jokes? Why should I dine with a shopgirl?"

"Why shouldn't you? She's extremely intelligent, quite witty, very good to look at and—what you would call—a lady."

"The deuce she is!"

"I vouch for her. You see, I knew you had a theory that work coarsened women. Well, no doubt it does;

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THE SALESMAN WHO LASTS

Character the Corner Stone

By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

A TRAVELING man sat in a country store down South, waiting to see the proprietor. He passed the time watching two clerks serve customers. One was a tall, gangling fellow, a regular cracker, who cut off three pounds of side meat for a little girl, weighed it, wrapped it in about a pound and a half of paper, and tied it with a quarter of a ball of twine. The other was a short, alert, red-headed chap. Measuring out six yards of calico he tore off just the right amount of paper from the roller, wrapped and tucked his parcel neatly, used just the right length of twine, and made a tidy job.

"John, how long have you had that little fellow out there?" asked the visitor, when the merchant invited him into his office. "What's his name, anyway?"

"You mean Charley Harris? Oh, he's been clerkin' round here quite some time. Ain't you-all never seen him before?"

The visitor quietly wrote the name in a notebook. Two months later the country clerk got a letter from Atlanta offering him a job on the sales force of a big manufacturing concern. The interested visitor proved to be sales manager of the company. He is one of the most successful men in his line in the United States, because his organization is made up of picked employees. His men are capable, because he is constantly on the watch for good recruits. Without speaking to Charley Harris, he had decided that Charley was promising material for a road salesman. This conclusion was subsequently borne out by the new man's record.

"What led you to hire him?" he was asked.

"I liked the way he tied up a bundle," replied the sales manager.

"Was it because he economized paper and twine?"

Scouting for Extra-Good Salesmen

"NOT at all! I'll explain it to you. By the way he tied up a bundle I saw that he was a thinker. When you get up in the morning you wash, shave and dress. If you're a thinker most of your motions will be automatic, and everything will be done the quickest and best way. Why? Because sometime, somewhere, you took up each thing, thought it out, found the best way to do it, and made it a habit. Now if you're not a thinker, probably you'll do each thing differently every morning, do it haphazard, waste time and energy, get all fussed up just dressing yourself—because nothing has been thought out in the first place. Methods like this stick to a man all day long, in his work or play. I saw that Charley Harris had thought out tying up bundles, and that was something fine to start on. The other fellow hadn't, and there was nothing to him. When Charley came up here to work I asked him about that other fellow; and it was just as I expected—he'd left the store and gone scraping turpentine.

Many sales managers complain of the increasing difficulties of getting and keeping good men. This executive seems to have no trouble. He finds salesmen of the most astonishing ability, by his system of hunting in unexplored places for recruits. No matter where he goes, his eye is always open for men in other positions who show undeveloped ability as salesmen, and out of the pages of his little notebook he could select to-morrow several dozen recruits who might be brought in, trained, and set to work selling with the best men in his organization.

This man is noted for getting hold of salesmen who last. They are a contrast to the specialty drummers, who can sell once over territory, the star performers who work by clever stunts, the June bugs of salesmanship generally. Very few of his rookies are impressive to look at when first caught. They come from small-town shops, country stores, factories, offices and even peddlers' routes. Their clothes do not fit, and they do not know what to do with their hands But every one of them has something upon which to build, something that the sales manager discerned when he entered their names in his little book as future possibilities. That something comes near to being the quality called character.

He ought to know something about character, this sales boss, for he himself has it; but he did not know this until Fate ground him through the little red mill of failure and misery. He was born with selling ability. From boyhood it was natural for him to trade and bargain. To decide what he wanted from Mr. Hardcase, and then, by subtle methods, plant these ideas in Mr. Hardcase's head—who believed all the while that he had made up his own mind gave the salesman a sporting thrill, much like that which comes to the true fisherman who plays a big, wily trout. It was a matter of pride with him to sell goods without ever asking a customer to buy.

Going on the road soon after leaving school he sold goods until he was twenty-five, with steadily increasing success and income. Then he started drinking, in his self-confidence, and rolled straight downhill in a jiffy, and for six years was almost a tramp. Employers would not keep him, relatives turned their backs on him, and everybody agreed that he was a hopeless case—all except his sister, who stood by him until he reformed, and the basis of her loyalty was interesting.

"I believed in you, because I knew that whatever you did you did with your whole heart," she said, after he had rehabilitated himself. "As a boy you played with all your might. When you got into business you worked with all your might. When you drank you devoted all your energy to trying to become a drunkard. But I knew the energy and enthusiasm were still there, and I felt that when you started on a new path you would follow it as you had everything else—and you did."

This experience not only gave him his deep understanding of the fellows who slip and fall, but taught him the value of character in selling.

His old house took him on the sales force again when he came back, but assigned him to difficult territory, full of competition, and so situated that it was inconvenient for merchants to buy from him, because other concerns were much nearer with their stocks. Apparently his house conceded that he had come back, but was doubtful whether he would stay. He said nothing, however, but went into his territory and began to work. There was some advantage in working harder than competitors, so he got out at six in the morning and stayed up nights, until there were no more merchants to talk to.

"I want your business," he would say to a merchant. "To get it, I must work for you. Our line is only one of many that you handle. You haven't time to keep posted on our live sellers! Trust me to make money for you by stocking the articles and quantities you ought to have. I'll work for you like a partner and make good all my mistakes. Trust me until I fail you, that's all I ask!"

On that basis, with his thorough knowledge of goods, he started a growing business in the hard territory. Soon it became clear that selling was more than a fascinating game—it was service to the dealer, and beyond that, service to the public. It put a premium on honesty, on unselfish regard for the other fellow's interests, on farsightedness. It taught him to rely on man stuff in selling, rather than on the shrewd maneuvering of the sales genius, and it gave him an instinct for dormant man stuff in the men he managed later. He had an instinct for undeveloped character in a subordinate, and he could bring it out.

The Rocking-Chair Test

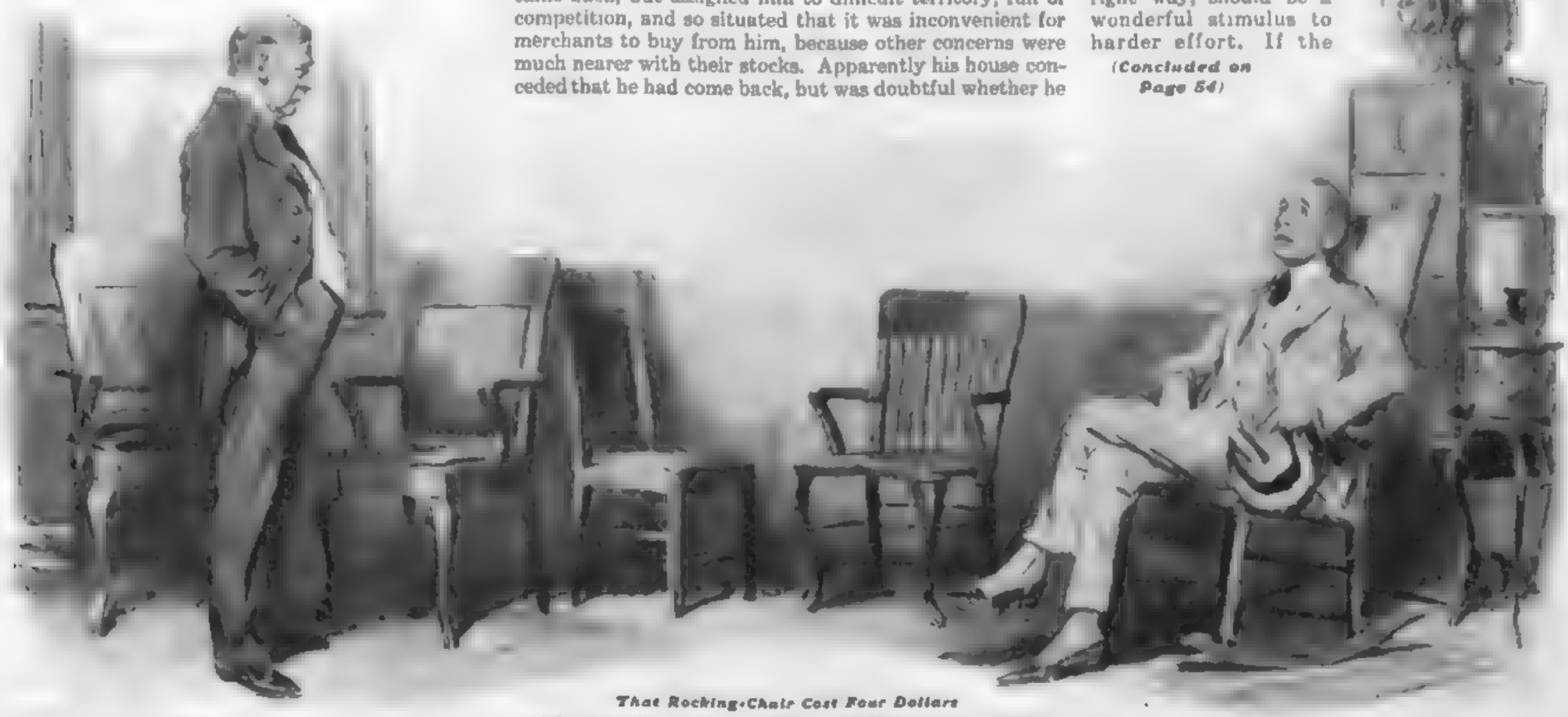
ONE of the first things he did, when he became sales manager, was to send out and buy a rocking-chair. Before he interviews a candidate for the sales force the janitor brings this rocking-chair into the office and places it in a peculiar position. To reach it, a visitor must walk round several ordinary chairs. About one candidate in five spies that comfortable seat and takes the trouble to reach it. Then he will almost inevitably rock himself out of a job. He settles back lazily, looks at the ceiling instead of at the manager, loses whatever alertness he may have had, loses the ability to talk well, even about himself. Part of this sales manager's ritual in interviewing a candidate is systematically to discourage him in every way, to determine whether his self-confidence will last.

The rocking-chair candidate is easily discouraged, as a rule. He sees the difficulties in selling goods when certain drawbacks are pointed out, agrees that the salary is too small to start on, and decides that this isn't the kind of work he had in mind anyway. In some cases he actually apologizes for having come in to ask for a job! That rocking-chair cost four dollars and seventy-five cents. It has saved thousands of dollars that might have been expended in trying out unfit men in the sales organization.

After a candidate starts, the manager has other tests. There are two very critical periods in a salesman's career, this manager says: When he gets his first rise in salary, and when he has a surplus of money.

This boss watches a beginner closely, scanning the daily reports of his sales, waiting impatiently for the time when he can increase the new salesman's salary. For an increase, taken in the right way, should be a wonderful stimulus to harder effort. If the

(Concluded on Page 54)



That Rocking-Chair Cost Four Dollars and Seventy-five Cents. It Has Saved Thousands of Dollars

I O U

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

BELIEVE me or not, it wasn't the seventy-five fish that hurt. I have often been touched for that much money without bleeding internally, and if I have luck I expect to be touched for a lot more. I have had enough bees put on me to stock an apiary; one stinging more or less is nothing whatever in my young life, but I liked Dudley W. Fowler—liked him a whole lot; and it was finding out that Dudley wasn't real folks that hurt me. He was welcome to the money, but I hated to change my opinion of him. Did you ever feel that way about a fellow?

Then, again, I owed Dudley something; the town of Brownsville owed him something; and, though his method of collecting wasn't exactly what it should have been, we were disposed to let him get away with it, until —but that's the story.

Brownsville has always been baseball crazy. We have never had a league of our own to cheer for; so we have adopted the whole bunch, majors and minors. Every time a World's Series comes along there is a riot outside the office of the Sentinel, with arguments and fist fights, and everything that they have in New York or Chicago. We read the sporting papers, and we feel as much interest in the big fellows as if we lived in their towns and saw their games.

In the fall of 1912 we were pretty well stirred up over the approaching World's Series between the Red Sox and the Giants. One afternoon late in September, when we were figuring what McGraw ought to do to win, Archie McNutt came rolling in from Pleasanton.

Pleasanton is the cool summer nest of the idle rich, north of here, in the mountains. It hasn't a daily paper or a Chamber of Commerce, but it has nine garages and two country clubs, and golf is about as far as Pleasanton goes in the sporting line. Archie McNutt is one of their leading citizens, on the links and elsewhere, and he hasn't been entirely spoiled by the money his father left him.

He listened to our conversation for a while, humped down behind the wheel of a long, narrow roadster, and then he said he didn't see how we could milk so much excitement off the end of a telegraph wire.

"I would rather," says he, "watch two scrub teams battling on a sand-lot for a keg of beer than read the returns on the hottest World's Series ever staged. . . . Why don't you organize a team of your own and have something to get excited about?"

"Oh, we got plenty of players," says Harley Freeman, "but they ain't any teams to play with, 'less we go outside the county."

"Is that so?" says Archie. "I'll get up a team and go against you."

"You forget we ain't got any golf clubs," says Old Man Sherwood. Archie overlooked the sarcasm.

"Tell you what let's do," says he: "Let's have a little World's Series of our own, the first team winning four games to claim the championship of the county. Donate the gate receipts to charity."

"Hold on!" says I. "If Pleasanton wins you can do anything you like with the gate receipts. If we win the boys can split up the dough. They ain't squeamish about their amateur standings."

"Any way you like," says Archie. "All I want is two weeks' time to get my men in shape."

They voted me the manager of the Brownsville team, with authority to go ahead and get one together. Jack Jamieson helped me a lot. He was in the American Association for two years before he decided to quit baseball and go into business. He was still a cracking good man behind the bat, though not so fast on his feet as he used to be. Jack looked over the volunteers for the different positions and picked the best of the talent that offered. We had outfielders galore, and infielders all over the place, but we seemed to be up against it for first-class pitching. Plenty of the Brownsville boys thought they could pitch, when all they had was a roundhouse curve or a fast straight ball. Jack tried out all the candidates before he made a report.

"I guess we'll have to take Charlie Nobles," says he. "He's got more than any of the others, which ain't saying a whole lot; but he may be able to put it over on a team of reformed golf players."

The first game of the championship series was played on our home grounds and was a painful surprise to Brownsville. Archie McNutt pulled a lot of rah-rah boys on us, including a young pitcher that would have been trying out with Detroit if his dad hadn't owned an automobile factory. This pitcher's name was Sassman; he was wry-necked and knockkneed and left-handed, and he pitched baseball as hard as if he depended on it for his daily bread. We only got two runs off him, while the Pleasanton boys were walloping Charlie Nobles all over Recreation Park. The final score was eleven to two, which made us feel pretty sick.

That night Jack came over to my place—the De Luxe Billiard and Pool Parlors—and we held a council of war in the private office.

"Nothing to it!" says he. "Nobles ain't good enough for these college athletes. All he's got is a groover, and they laid for it and murdered it. If we don't pick up a real pitcher somewhere they'll take four straight from us."

Well, that wasn't any news to me; but where were we going to get this twirler? I didn't know; Jack didn't know—and just then there was a knock at the door and in walked Dudley W. Fowler. He was a tall, slim, good-looking chap in those days, not more than twenty-three or twenty-four, with the nerve of a burglar and a smile that warmed you in spite of yourself.

"Ah, gentlemen," says he, taking off his hat, "something tells me that I'm the man you're looking for."

"What told you we would be looking for anybody?" asks Jack, short and snappy.

"My friend," says Dudley, "it was the same thing that told me you've been some catcher in your time. I never laid eyes on you before this afternoon, but I know a real ball player when I see one. You loomed up in that company—believe me!"

"Well?" says Jack. "What of it?"

"If you had a pitcher to work with you," says Dudley, "you could beat these dudes from Pleasanton. A good curve ball would make suckers of 'em."

"Well?" says Jack.

"Oh, nothing," says Dudley, "only I've got a good curve ball—among other things. I hate to talk about myself," says he, reaching into his inside pocket, "but you might glance over these newspaper clippings. Fowler, that's me—Dudley W. Fowler. I could use a job in my business right now, and you could use a winning pitcher. How about it?"

"Sit down," says Jack, "till I look these over."

That was how Dudley W. Fowler came to Brownsville.

II

THE newspaper clippings said that Dudley was considerable pitcher, and they didn't give him any the best of it at that. Jack took him out to the park the first thing in the morning to see what he had in stock, and by eleven o'clock the old boy was back again, all lathered up with good news and enthusiasm.

"He's a wiz!" says Jack to me. "Got everything a pitcher ought to have—a grand curve ball, a swell fast one with a hop on it, and control till you can't rest. Darned if I can figure how he's managed to keep out of the Big Leagues with all that stuff. I'm going to cover a bunch of that Pleasanton money they were shoving under our noses yesterday—that's how good I think he is!"

The schedule called for two games a week—Tuesdays and Saturdays—alternating between the towns. The second game was played in Pleasanton, and the automobile crowd unbelted their idle bank rolls and bet us to a standstill, giving us odds of seven to five. That was because they saw poor old Nobles out there, pretending to warm up. I left Charlie on exhibition until Harley Freeman flashed me the signal that all our money was down; and then Nobles came back to the bench and Dudley went out to unlimber a few. A chill came over the aristocrats as they watched the stranger warm up. They seemed to feel that we had taken a mean advantage of them. Archie, who was playing second base for his team, tried to start an argument.

"Of course," says he, "nothing was said about barring professionals, but we understood this was to be confined to the townspeople."

"Yes," says I; "and, of course, it ain't any crime to spring a crack college battery on us, is it? This knock-kneed pitcher of yours turned down some Big League offers. Want something soft?"

"But you had Nobles warming up."

"Well, what of it? Since when has a manager had to pitch a man just because he warms him up?"

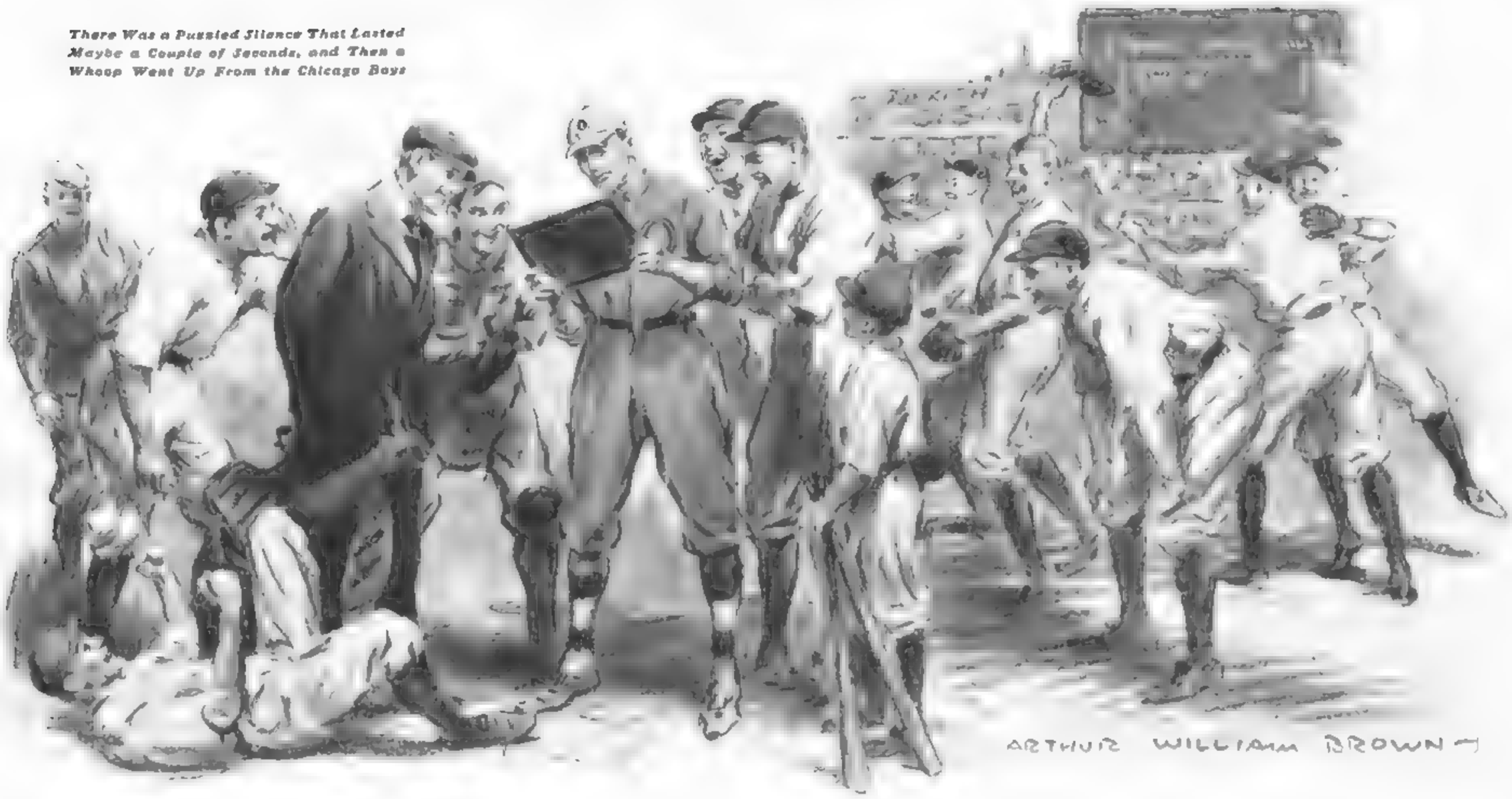
"It's sharp practice," says Archie.

"But it's going to sharpen the competition a whole lot," says I. "This won't be any eleven-to-two slaughter—take it from me!"

It wasn't. Young Mr. Sassman straightened out his wry neck and pitched all the ball he knew how, which was a lot, but the team behind him was about as much help as a sore thumb. They fielded well enough, but they couldn't do a thing with Dudley. His curve ball had them all guessing; and when they thought they had solved it he switched to his fast one and kept the ball high up and too close for comfort. Early in the game old Jack got hold of the pill with the bases full, and the three runs he drove home were the only ones scored in the contest.

That night there was a celebration in Brownsville, with Dudley W. Fowler the guest of honor. Another youngster might have puffed up a bit under all the

There Wasn't Any More Light of Welcome in His Eye Than You'll Discover in the Eye of a Dried Herring



There Was a Puzzled Silence That Lasted Maybe a Couple of Seconds, and Then a Whoop Went Up From the Chicago Boys

kind words and compliments, but he only grinned in a modest way and handed a lot of the credit to Jack Jamieson. He said a man couldn't help but pitch winning ball to such a catcher; and naturally this made a big hit with our folks, and didn't hurt Jack's feelings any, either.

Late that night Dudley showed up at the pool room and went into the private office. When I opened the door he was sitting at the table with his head in his hands.

"What's the matter?" says I. "Sick?"

"No," says he, looking up and sighing. "No. Just worried—that's all. Don't you care. It ain't any of your trouble."

"What's on your mind, son?"

"Nothing much," says he, and sighs again.

"You better tell me about it. Maybe I can help you."

"Thank you just the same. It's mighty fine of you, but—I'll get through somehow. I can ask my folks to wait a few days."

"Ask 'em to wait for what?"

He lit a cigarette and began to walk up and down the room.

"Well, you see," says he, "it's like this: My old man is in the hospital out in Denver, and he's got to have an operation. My sister wrote me about it last week, and I sent her all the dough I had—all I could spare, anyway—and I thought they could get along on that until I could pick up some more. It seems it wasn't enough. Now you've guaranteed me two hundred dollars if we win this series, and you've told me I won't lose anything even if we get beat; but we won't know for two weeks how we come out ——"

"Don't let that worry you for a minute!" says I, reaching into my pocket. "I won quite a little chunk on the game to-day, and you're welcome to any part of it."

"Thank you just the same," says he, "but I'd rather not borrow. I have a kind of a dread of getting into debt. Maybe I can struggle through some other way—hock my watch, or something."

"Rats!" says I, pulling out my roll. "How much?"

"You're an awful good guy!" says Dudley. "Got a heart like an ox, and—well, if you insist, say seventy-five. It's a life-saver to me—that's what it is—and I'll slip it to you after the series is over."

"Then or any other time is all the same to me. You're as welcome as the flowers in spring."

And I wouldn't have said it if I hadn't meant it. He could have tacked a century onto that seventy-five just as well as not.

"I'll give you my I O U," says he, fishing out an envelope and a pencil.

"Oh, never mind that! Forget it!"

"I don't want to forget it," says he, writing on the back of the envelope. "There! 'I O U seventy-five dollars. Dudley W. Fowler. September, 1912.' That's just the same as a promissory note, ain't it?" He signed his name with a lot of curlicues and flourishes, and handed the envelope to me. "Keep that as a record," says he, pouching the seventy-five fish like a hungry pelican. "Gee, you don't know what a load that takes off my mind! There's only one thing tougher than being broke, and that's having to let people know about it. The folks here have treated me so well that I'd kind of hate to have them find out that I—I ——" He stopped and looked at me.

"I ain't going to tell anybody," says I. "This is a private matter—between us two."

"You are a good guy!" says he, dropping his arm across my shoulders. "I guess I'm sensitive, because I've never had to do this before."

"When you've borrowed as much money as I have," I says, "you won't think any more of it than you do of taking a drink of water. . . . What did you say ailed your old man?"

To cut our own little World's Series to a composite box score, Dudley pitched four games for us and won them all. Archie McNutt said he'd rather lose with a team of gentlemen than import any muckers, and he had his wish. Sassman stuck to the bitter end and took his trimmings like a little man, and Dudley became more and more of an idol in Brownsville.

The last game was played on our grounds; and that night Old Man Sherwood gave the boys a banquet at the Palace Hotel and allowed several of the fans to buy in at two dollars a plate. Old Man Sherwood runs the hotel; and, as he served the regular seventy-five-cent dinner to the banqueters, he didn't lose anything by letting the players in free.

Jack Jamieson and I had a little confidential talk before we went over to the hotel. We had just finished figuring up the total gate receipts. They ran almost double what we had counted on.

"Let's see: We promised Fowler two hundred in case we won?" says Jack.

"That was the agreement—yes."

"And he won the series single-handed, you might say. What's the matter with showing our appreciation in the shape of a cash bonus? We've all won money on the side, betting on the games."

The proposition sounded good to me on account of my liking Dudley so well; so we put three hundred dollars in an envelope and took it over to the hotel—the two hundred we owed the boy and another hundred as a bonus. Jack was for having Old Man Sherwood present the dough after making a speech, but I vetoed the suggestion.

"Old Man Sherwood always gets balled up when he makes a speech," says I, "and rings in Gettysburg and the Battle of the Wilderness. Chances are he'd want to count the money out on the table before everybody, and make Dudley feel like a pauper. I'll pass him the envelope on the strict Q. T., and tell him there's a little something extra in it to show our appreciation."

The banquet, outside of the food, was a great success; and everybody made speeches. Even Jack Jamieson said a few words, to the effect that he had seen 'em come and he had seen 'em go, and that he had caught some pretty fair pitchers in his day, but never one like little old Dud, who was there a million, besides being the best of good fellers, and ought to be pitching for Mack or McGraw instead of wasting his times in the bushes.

We finally got Dudley on his feet; but he couldn't say much, except that he had done his best, and that wherever he went or whatever happened to him he should always remember Brownsville and the best crowd of real, true sports in the world—which, we took it, was us. When it was all over I took Dudley aside and slipped him the envelope.

"Here's what we agreed to give you," says I, "and a little present from the boys, on the side."

Now an ordinary roughneck ball player would have counted his dough then and there, to see how much that little present amounted to; but Dudley handled all money matters with delicacy and taste. He stuffed the envelope into his pocket without even looking at it, and kind of choked up.

"I'll bet you told 'em to do it," says he, putting his arm across my shoulders. "You are a good guy! You knew how much I needed it, didn't you?"

"Yes; but Jamieson didn't," says I, "and he was the one who suggested it."

Now if you'll believe me—and what's the use of your reading this little piece unless you do?—I never once thought of that I O U in my pocket; and if I had thought of it I wouldn't have fished it out for the world. It might have hurt his feelings—given him the idea that I was Johnny-on-the-spot—like a bill collector on Saturday night—on hand when I knew he had the coin, and taking no chances. I wouldn't choose him to think I was that kind of a man.

About noon the next day Old Man Sherwood came toddling into my place, all excited and breathless.

"He's gone!" says he.

"Gone? Who's gone?" says I.

"Why, young Fowler—Dudley."

"No!"

"Yes, I tell you: yes! I didn't disturb him for breakfast, knowin' he was up late last night; but at eleven o'clock I give him a bell or two. He didn't answer—and good reason why! He wasn't there. Bed hadn't been slept in nor nothin'! The station agent saw him hop onto the through Western Express at three this mornin' ——"

"And you're worried about his bill?" says I.

"Hell, no!" says Old Man Sherwood. "I was goin' to make him a complimentary guest anyway, 'count of winnin' some money on his pitchin'. Been a long time since I took such a shine to a youngster. Dog-gone it, I liked him, Bill, and I'm sorry he didn't say good-by—that's all."

"You've got nothing on me," says I. "He likely had his reasons for ducking out in a hurry. He'll write, or telegraph or something; see if he doesn't."

I got my letter the next day, mailed from the train. Dudley said he was sorry he had to leave in such a hurry, on account of starting West to see how his father was making it; and as for that little business matter he would take care of it as soon as convenient. The letter was signed: "Yours affectionately."

Well, that was all right. Seventy-five one way or the other wouldn't make or break me; the boy was welcome to it as long as he needed it. Jack Jamieson got a note from him too; and so did Harley Freeman, and Old Man Sherwood, and some of the others.

Evidently Dudley didn't find it convenient to take care of the little business matter, because he didn't write again. I supposed it was on account of his not being able to do much pitching in the wintertime, and let it go at that.

The weeks slipped into months and gradually we forgot him—out of sight, out of mind, like the saying goes. Whenever I opened up my pocketbook the I O U would remind me of him, and I'd wonder where he was and how he was making it. I had confidence in Dudley, and I didn't count that seventy-five as gone entirely. I expected to hear from him some day—when it was convenient.

III

WE ALL got news of him the next spring—news that tore up the town of Brownsville like a forty-two-centimeter shell. We found it in the weekly sporting papers—a paragraph saying that the Orphans had picked up a promising recruit pitcher in the person of one Dudley W. Fowler, a semiprofessional star of the first magnitude. That was all it said, but it was enough to set us running round in circles and throwing our hats in the air.

We were just as proud of Dudley as if he had been born and raised in Brownsville, and it tickled us to think that, after all these years, we were going to have a real Big League representative—someone in whom we could feel a personal interest. We wouldn't have to take a back seat any more when the cigar drummers told us how well they knew Ty Cobb and Christy Mathewson. We could lay back and wait for an opening in the conversation, and then spring it, sort of casual-like:

"Speaking of pitchers, when Dud Fowler was on our team ——"

Before we saw that paragraph in the paper we had never been able to crank up much interest in the Orphans, the general opinion being that they were just in there to round out an eight-club circuit and didn't amount to much, anyhow; but it was remarkable how sentiment changed overnight. We hadn't been able to see the Orphans as a pennant possibility, but now we couldn't see anything else; we knew that all they needed to put them in the running was one more good right-hander like Dudley. We forgot all about the Giants and the Cubs and the Pirates, and became Orphan fans through and through—we might have been a suburb of their home town, the way we carried on.

We subscribed to a lot of newspapers, so we could get full reports from their training camp, and not a word about Fowler escaped us. They were mostly good words too—they usually are before the season opens—and when the reporters spoke of him as a comer and praised his curve ball, we were as delighted as if they had said something complimentary about us.

I wrote Dudley a letter—a long one, telling him all the news of the gang, and how glad we were that he had made the grade and got in where he belonged; but he never answered it. It was mailed about the time the Orphans broke up their training camp and started North; so I figured it might not have been forwarded properly.

When the season opened we could hardly wait for Dudley to pitch his first game. Seeing that there was so much interest, the editor of the Sentinel arranged to get a telegraphic bulletin on the Orphan games, inning by inning, with the batteries; and the first time Dudley's name went up on the board the whole town closed up to watch the returns.

"Hey! Come on over to the Sentinel office. He's goin' to pitch!"

That was the word which rallied the Brownsville fans to a man. The Orphans were playing at the Polo Grounds, and Dudley was up against big Jeff Tesreau and the Giants; but that didn't make any difference to us. We stood there in the street and rooted for him while the ciphers kept going up, and when the Orphans scored three runs in the seventh inning I'll bet they could have heard us in Pleasanton.

The Giants got to Dudley for a run in the eighth, but that was all; and there was a hot time in Brownsville that night—believe me! We sent Dudley a telegram congratulating him and telling him to keep up the good work; and the Sentinel ordered a full account of the game from one of the New York papers and smeared it all over the front page under the heading: "Local Boy Makes Good!"

That was the beginning of Dudley's winning streak. He went right down the line, taking his regular turn in the box, and all teams looked alike to him. The wise Eastern critics said he was another Alexander, and the greatest discovery of the season; and every time he added a victory to his string there was a riot in Brownsville. You couldn't have told us that Dudley wasn't the greatest right-hander that ever lived—not without taking desperate chances.

It was after he won his ninth game that we began to talk about getting up a party to go over to Chicago and watch him hang it on the Cubs. I don't know who proposed it in the first place—the idea seemed to hit us all about the same time. We dug up the National League schedule and did some figuring on dates and things, and then Jack Jamieson took the floor.

"If he pitches in his regular turn they'll stick him in Monday to open the series," says he. "We could leave here Sunday night and get into Chicago in time for the game, visit round with Dudley afterward, and get back here Wednesday or Thursday. All in favor ——"

The motion carried, with a whoop and a yell. The loudest whooper in the lot was Old Man Sherwood. He said the Palace Hotel could run itself while he was gone. There were nine of us in all—Jamieson, Harley Freeman, Old Man Sherwood, Dutch Coffman, Frank Sperlock, Eddie McManus, Joe Parker, Marty Leach and me.

Some of the boys had to pretend they had important business in Chicago in order to square it with their wives; but the whole town knew better than that, and quite a mob turned up at the depot to see us off. Every man, woman and child wanted to send a message to Dudley, telling him they were pulling for him to get into the World's Series and win it. We carried enough good wishes to make us all hump-shouldered.

When we got to Chicago there was just time to send our grips to a hotel Old Man Sherwood recommended as swell, but reasonable, and pile into a couple of taxicabs. Joe Parker, who won all the money in the poker game coming over, thought a street car was plenty good enough; but the rest of us felt we might as well do the thing right while we were at it.

"We don't want Dudley to be ashamed of his friends," says Old Man Sherwood, "and we can Dutch-treat the ride, so't nobody will be hurt."

"No use in throwing money away," says Joe. "However, I'm with the gang. Let 'er roll!"

We reached the park just in time to see the beginning of the game, and there was such a crowd that we couldn't get anywhere near the visitors' bench. This was an awful disappointment, because we'd planned to be where Dudley could chat with us when he wasn't working. Instead of that, we had to sit where we couldn't even see the players on the bench. The next disappointment came when the Orphans took the field behind a pitcher that we had never seen before—a big left-hander.

"Dudley's skipped his turn," says Jamieson; "but they'll surely pitch him to-morrow. We'll just have to wait—that's all."

Well, we made the best of it, and rooted our heads off for the Orphans. There were only nine of us, but what we lacked in numbers we tried to make up in noise and enthusiasm. The Chicago fans who sat near us got sore and bawled us out—especially when the Cubs began to score their runs; but we didn't quit. We yelled just as loud when we were four runs behind as we did when the score was tied. When the game was over Jamieson fought his way down the aisle, hoping to get a chance to speak with Dudley; but he missed him

"What's on Your Mind, Jon? You Better Tell Me About It"

"It's all right, though," says he when he came back to us. "It's all right. I found out what hotel they're stopping at, and we'll drop in there after dinner and spend the evening with Dudley—take him to a show, or something."

"Maybe he'll take us to a show," says Joe Parker. "He ought to when we've come all this way just to see him."

We had dinner and slicked ourselves up a bit, and then started out to find Dudley. The clerk behind the desk said that he was in the dining room, and did we want to send in our cards?

"Let's not do that," says Old Man Sherwood. "Let's sit down outside the dining room and let him bump into us when he comes out. Surprise him—that's the stuff! Wait till he gets a flash at this bunch—he'll keel right over and yell!"

"Good idea!" says Jamieson. "We'll surprise him!"

Well, we got some chairs and lined up just outside the door, where anyone coming from the dining room would almost have to walk over us. Then everybody lit a cigar and waited. Pretty soon a crowd of young fellows came out, laughing and chatting; and the chattiest one in the bunch was Dudley, the bell cow of the herd!

He was just as slim and handsome as ever—maybe a little better dressed than when we had seen him last; but he was the same old boy, and as much at home in a five-dollar-a-day hotel as if he'd been born in one. He had the same old tricks too; we could see that. He was telling a funny story to a short, black-haired fellow that we found out afterward was Potts, the outfielder, and his arm was laid along Potts' shoulders in a way that I remembered. It was all I could do to keep from jumping up and grabbing him!

We sat perfectly still and waited for him to see us and be surprised; but he sailed by the entire Brownsville delegation without knowing it was there—breezed along so close that we could have touched him, and went on out into the lobby, leaving us feeling like a lot of parlor ornaments.

"He never saw us!" says Old Man Sherwood. "Is the boy blind, or what?"

I couldn't wait any longer, and I was the first man to reach Dudley. He was standing by the street door, pulling on his gloves, and chatting with Potts. He looked at me when I came running up, with my hand out—just looked at me, that was all; and there wasn't any more light of welcome in his eye than you'll discover in the eye of a dried herring. That was what took all the tuck out of me—his perfectly blank, expressionless stare! It paralyzed my tongue too. I couldn't think of a thing to say but "Hello there!"

"Hello yourself!" says Dudley, giving me the up and down. "You've got the advantage of me, sir. What's the name, please?"

Well, sir, if he had hit me in the face it wouldn't have jarred me any more. While I was trying to get my wits to working and my mouth open, up came the rest of the boys.

"Howdy, Dud!" says Jamieson. "How's the ole boy?"

"Never better, thanks!" says Dudley, cool as an icicle. "But what's the idea of the mob scene? Haven't you got me mixed up with somebody else—or is this a joke?"

"Joke!" says Jamieson. "Don't you know me?"

"Joke!" says Old Man Sherwood. "When we came all the way from Brownsville just to see you? Joke?"

"Brownsville?" says Dudley, rubbing his chin. "Brownsville. . . . Oh, you must be mistaken. I never heard of the place in my life."

That was a knockout for fair; it landed on every man in our party.

"Never heard of it!" says Harley Freeman. "Say, didn't you pitch for our club last fall, and ——"

Dudley shook his head.

"Not me," says he. "Must have been someone that looked like me."

"And you don't remember us?" About six of the boys spoke at once.

"How can I remember you when I never saw you before?" says he.

Then he turned to his new friend.

"I don't know what this is all about, Pottsey; but if we want to catch the first act of that show we'll have to be moving. These birds are playing hooky from their keeper; let's go before they get violent."

Before anybody could lift a finger, he was through the doorway and out on the street, with Potts after him. We stood and looked at each other, with our mouths open. I suppose there was a funny side to it, but it didn't appeal to us just then.

"Well, I'm damned!" says Old Man Sherwood. "Come on, boys! Let's be gettin' out of here. I got to have room to say what's in my mind!"

We made our escape from the place somehow and stood on the street corner, blinking at the electric lights. Some of the boys began to rave and tell what they'd do to Dudley if they ever met him in a dark alley, but all the talk was knocked clean out of my system. I was sick—downright sick. I'd wasted a lot of friendly feelings on a rat, and it was a shock to find out how much rat he was.

"Listen!" says Joe Parker when the conversation calmed down a bit. "I bet I know what ailed him. I kept kind of in the background, but I think he got a flash at me when he came out of the dining room. That's why he said he didn't know us."

"A flash at you? Why, what's he got against you, Joe?"

"Nothing," says Parker, taking out his pocketbook; "I've got something against him. A little matter of fifty bones. I guess he thought I'd come to collect it. . . . Here's his I O U. Want to see it?"

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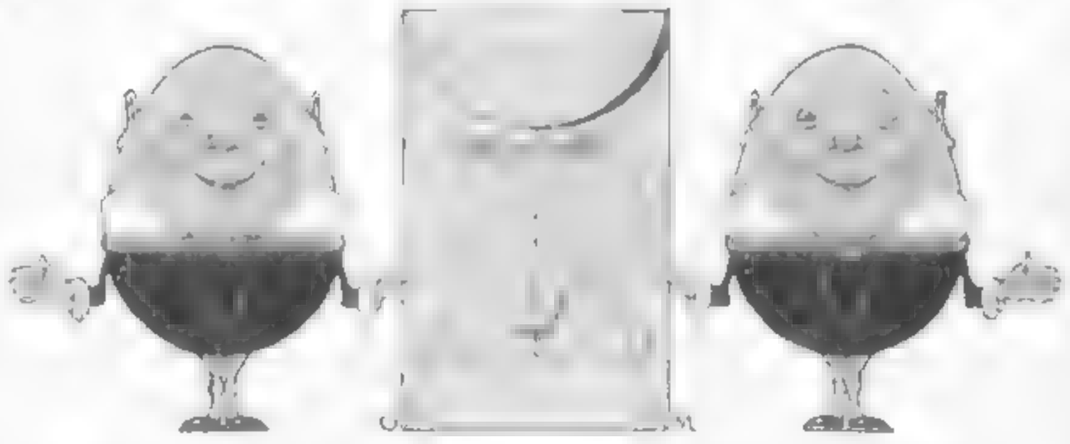
The Egg and the Pay Envelope

How the War Affects the Little Red Hen

By JOHN MAPPELBECK



DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

YOU'LL be hearing a good deal about the price of eggs when this article appears. You always hear something about the price of eggs from the middle of November to the end of January, for then they are scarce, and prices rise, and housewives protest, and there is much talk of investigations to find the speculators who are supposed to be responsible for it all. You know the whole series of events—it has become a sort of fixed annual feast.

But this year the uproar is going to be louder than usual. For, as early as September, the wholesale price of storage eggs in New York rose to thirty cents a dozen, which is a record for that time of year, and Uncle Sam reported a million cases less in storage than last year. This indicates that before the winter is over the wholesale price may rise to forty cents in the great consuming centers along the Atlantic seaboard, with consumers paying forty-five to fifty cents a dozen. As strictly fresh eggs sometimes retail for double the wholesale price of storage eggs during the season of greatest scarcity, it is easy to see that this commodity will arouse wide popular interest when the time comes for it to occupy the center of the stage.

A generation ago people took eggs with some allowance for the ways of a hen. The average American family either kept hens or knew hen nature, and understood that in the dead of winter the egg layers took a vacation. Cold storage had not been developed to help distribute the big summer output of eggs through the winter, so the scarcity was accepted as part of the general scheme of things, and folks ate something else for breakfast.

But a new generation has arisen that knows neither the hen nor her ways.

Hundreds of thousands of city dwellers in the big industrial centers of the East are under the impression that she is a continuous performer, like a munitions factory. So, when the price of eggs soars in midwinter, they make no allowances whatever, and immediately appeal to the district attorney to put somebody in jail for robbing the sacred American breakfast table.

Things have been happening to eggs ever since the European war began. In fact, before the war, Germany's efficient hand was detected in the world's egg affairs. The world's balance of eggs has been upset, and the disturbance this winter is more than national—it is international.

In the United States the little red hen of the Corn Belt did her part faithfully. She laid her eggs on schedule through the spring and summer, and they were gathered up, traded in for groceries, shipped to the cities, and started for cold storage. But something intervened. The usual supplies were not put away in the coolers, and before summer ended the country had begun drawing on its decreased storage surplus. What intervened was prosperity. It was prosperity that upset the European balance of eggs before the war. All round the seven seas, for better or for worse, the little red hen and the pay envelope are closely tied together.

All the World Greedy for Eggs

IN DEALING with eggs one must be satisfied with very round figures. What the little red hen actually lays in the United States is conjecture, because farmers do not accurately report her activities to the census man. The number of eggs marketed is different from the number laid, and even when the product gets into the distributing trade it is hard to get complete figures on the number sold and stored. As for figures of foreign countries, they are diversified estimates of consumption, exports, and so on, reported in dozens, in scores, in great hundreds, in tons, in money value, and so on.

The little red hen of the United States lays maybe twenty billion eggs a year. About one egg out of every three is eaten on the farm, and the other two go to market. Fifteen per cent of all the eggs taken to market are spoiled on the way. The farmer's wife keeps them too long, or in a warm place, or they get cracked in transit. The yearly loss from these causes has been estimated at from forty to fifty million dollars.

From fifteen to twenty per cent of the eggs marketed go into cold storage, something like two or three billions, while the rest are eaten fresh. The proportion of storage eggs depends on how much money people have to spend for fresh eggs. If times are slack the coolers fill up, but if times are good the storage surplus will be smaller.

Half of our national output of eggs comes from ten Corn-Belt states, standing in this order of production for that section: Missouri, Iowa, Ohio, Illinois, Kansas, Indiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Nebraska.

The great manufacturing states of the East produce hardly one egg in every ten that they consume. Missouri's output of a billion and a half eggs a year, the largest of any state, would not supply New York City alone, for the metropolis eats about two billion eggs a year, of which from two to four hundred millions are cold storage. An egg in the East is worth almost twice as much as one in the Middle West, and so inevitably the bulk of the Corn Belt's eggs begin traveling toward the Atlantic seaboard almost as soon as they are laid. If it were not for the Corn Belt, eggs would be classed with automobiles, east of the Ohio River. And if there were no prosperous Eastern market, eggs in the Corn Belt would be worth hardly five cents a dozen.

This same tendency of the egg to seek the pay envelope occurred in Europe during normal times, and is best illustrated by the trade in England and Germany.

England was a rich, industrial, comfort-loving country. All the poorer farming countries to the east and southeast sent her their surplus of eggs. John Bull produced about two and a half billion eggs at home and imported as many more. The poorer nations shipped him eggs of different qualities, for various purposes. Denmark studied the demand for fresh, guaranteed eggs, and put her shipments on such a basis that the Danish system of collecting, marking and marketing is the best in the world. Her shipments ran to half a billion yearly. Germany, France, Austria, Italy and Belgium also shipped upward of a billion fairly good eggs into England. Russia sent three-quarters of a billion eggs that were fit for the breakfast tables of poorer English consumers, if plentifully seasoned with pepper and salt. Still cheaper grades of eggs for cooking, confectionery and industrial use were sent by Egypt, Morocco, Turkey and the southern countries round the Mediterranean. A few odd lots of eggs dribbled in from the British colonies.

But about five years ago Germany began to figure conspicuously in John Bull's egg supply. In the old days, when she was poor and philosophical, Germany sent her eggs to the British market, because she was too thrifty to eat them at home. But when German efficiency began to make her rich, and provided everybody with a job, and fattened up the pay envelope, the nation felt warranted in eating eggs. Her consumption rose rapidly until it reached three and a half billions a year, and as she produced only one billion at home it was natural for her to reach out and intercept John Bull's supply. Being nearer Russia, Austria, and other egg-producing countries, the shipments were diverted to her. France and Belgium also began to prosper, and reached out for the fine breakfast eggs of Denmark. By the beginning of fatal 1914, Western Europe was in active competition for all the available eggs of poorer countries, and shipments were made from Asia, Africa and South America, to meet the fancy prices paid.

When it comes to food supplies, John Bull has always expected great things of his colonies. These expectations have been realized in staples like grain and meat. But not on a luxury like eggs! He turned to Canada, which had formerly sent him from thirty to fifty million eggs a year. But Canada was enjoying industrial prosperity, consuming her eggs at home, and importing odd lots from places as far away as New Zealand. Our last tariff revision took a duty of five cents a dozen from eggs, admitting them free. It was predicted that the markets of the United States would be flooded with cheap Canadian eggs. Nothing of the sort happened, however, because Canada had no eggs to spare and was already buying twelve millions yearly from us. It was the same with other British colonies—they had none to spare.

The world's balance of eggs ran so short during the three years preceding the war, and was so radically adjusted to meet new demands in busy European manufacturing countries, that everybody went scurrying about the globe in search of eggs. And then it was discovered that the world's balance was extremely slender. Europe turned to the Orient. China had a vast output of eggs and was too poor to eat them herself. But most of them were dried and shipped to other countries for industrial purposes, as modern equipment for handling, storing and shipping them was lacking. Japan was prospering industrially and not producing enough eggs for herself. Hot countries like India do not figure as producers of eggs for export, and the United States had almost none to spare.

In fact, when Europe began looking round for eggs, and the admission of eggs duty free led our own importers to investigate supplies in other countries, it was discovered that the world's exportable surplus of this luxury was very slender. During the past two or three years we have heard much in the United States about imports of eggs from China, Siberia and other regions, as well as about our export trade in eggs to Europe and South America. Actually, however, our trade both ways is trifling compared with our whole output and consumption. We have not enough eggs to take care of our own needs in prosperous times, and the shipments to and from other countries are largely in the nature of adjustments in the national egg balance—when we have a surplus in spring we sell a few thousand cases abroad to accommodate nations that are passing through the period of scarcity, and vice versa.

Contributions From Russia and Siberia

EUROPE found only one region with important producing possibilities. That is Siberia, which is an agricultural region, in many ways corresponding to our Corn Belt. It might be compared to the Corn Belt of a generation ago, for its vast resources are only beginning to be developed.

Siberia's output of eggs must be enormous. For in normal times she sells about three billions to Western Europe, and these are said to be only the fit survivals of a crude traffic system. Siberia has few cold-storage plants or refrigerator cars for handling perishables. Eggs are transported in ordinary freight cars for fifteen hundred miles, decaying through warmth in summer and spoiling through freezing in winter. When they arrive in Russia they may wait for days, in unprotected warehouses, to be sorted; and the result is that only forty per cent of the original shipments are fit to market, and those are of medium grade. If Siberia also consumes fresh eggs at any such ratio as we do, and these exports can be compared to our fifteen per cent put into storage, then her total producing capacity must far exceed our own, and the possibilities for making money by carrying on the trade with modern equipment are staggering. The Russian Government had sent experts to the United States to study and adopt our methods, and the English and Germans were building cold-storage plants in Siberia, when the war began.

For several years before the war Europe conducted a vigorous uplift campaign on the egg, trying to secure a more favorable international balance. It was found that the little red hen in most countries had been doing her part. She laid the eggs. Shortage and high prices were due largely to human carelessness.

Our Corn-Belt output of eggs comes from ordinary farm flocks. The ten-thousand-dollar hen, carefully manicured, may lay a few fancy eggs for millionaires' tables, but for the great American breakfast table we must depend on the self-supporting barnyard hen. She forages most of her food, takes her chances with "varmints," finds a nest in some dark corner of the manger, and lays her egg. When laid, it is fresh. But few farmers regard her as an individual. Nobody knows just how many hens are round the barn, or which are the layers, and the eggs are gathered up occasionally when mother goes to town, to be traded for groceries. It is here that fifteen per cent of the crop is lost through spoilage, to be detected when the eggs reach market and are graded.

Europe found practically the same conditions. In England, the barnyard hen was not being kept on farms to

anything like the extent warranted by the acreage over which she could roam, and so John Bull was buying half his eggs abroad. In Germany, conditions were even worse; for the Germans had never been much of a poultry-keeping nation, nor great consumers of eggs, until their recent prosperity; and the barnyard hen was absent to such a degree that nearly three eggs were bought in other countries for every egg produced at home. In Hungary, the Balkan States, and other countries with plenty of hens, there was delay in gathering the eggs, which caused much spoilage. Most of the egg-consuming countries lacked adequate cold-storage facilities for keeping eggs over from the season of laying to the season of scarcity.

A general egg uplift was started. Egg circles for gathering the product, cooling it down and sending it to market promptly, were organized on lines familiar in this country. Cold storage was provided. Increase in farm flocks and poultry yards was encouraged, and in some countries the governments distributed well-bred birds to farmers. Much publicity was given the egg and poultry questions, and conditions had begun to improve everywhere under good egg prices, caused by the general prosperity throughout Europe during the two or three years preceding the war.

Then came war, almost instantly upsetting the egg balance. John Bull had to economize. Eggs were one of the first luxuries cut out of his diet. During 1915 his imports were reduced more than half. The medium-quality eggs eaten by wage earners were not obtainable, because Russia was not able to ship them; and even the traffic in fancy eggs from Denmark was crippled by lack of shipping facilities or demand.

Germany suffered even more, losing her supplies from Russia, Italy and adjoining countries. The Belgian poultry industry was practically wiped out by war, and that of France also suffered. But even had it been possible to secure regular supplies, eggs would have suffered, for consumption is based on prosperity, and grim war economies made it impossible for the mass of people in warring countries to buy them. This was shown in a striking way in Canada, where the people, to meet the cost of war contributions, have stopped eating eggs to such an extent that our northern neighbor has had a surplus for export to England, almost since the war began.

In the United States, conditions have been just the opposite since the beginning of our war prosperity, following the placing of munitions contracts in this country early in 1915. General business throughout the big Eastern egg-consuming states improved, and well-paid factory workers demanded eggs for breakfast. During the hard times following the outbreak of war, in the fall of 1914 and the subsequent winter, demand for eggs fell off sharply, and storage holdings carried by egg operators had to be sold at a loss. But steady work at good wages affected the egg market, as heat affects mercury. Last summer the East was so busy that few factories were able to shut down for their midsummer overhauling.

No Eggs Like April Eggs

THIS activity was felt directly in the egg market. Holdings of storage eggs, put away for winter use, were drawn out to be eaten as early as August, in quantities that broke all past records. The demand for eggs in the East has been so great, and so heavily backed with money to finance the storage deals, that egg-producing sections in the Middle West complain of being unable to hold enough storage eggs at home for their own winter use. This winter will undoubtedly see very high prices for eggs of every grade—perhaps records will be broken. High prices tend to reduce consumption. But it is not likely that eggs will go back to normal prices while the East is earning big wages. Before anything good happens to eggs, something bad must happen to the pay envelope.

The system by which storage eggs are put away every year is interesting, and not so well understood as it should be. The little red hen of the Corn Belt starts her rush season as early as March if the weather grows a bit mild along the southern border of her territory. During that month she sends about seven per cent of the annual storage supply into the coolers. But April is her month of months. She lays more eggs then than at any other period, and they are of better quality. Forty-two per cent of the storage supply goes into the coolers then, and April eggs are the trade standard for all that is best and most dependable. They come in with a smaller percentage of spoiled stock, because the little red hen has not yet turned her thoughts to setting, and the average April egg, taken out of storage in August, is apt to be of better quality than the average freshly laid August egg. In May, twenty-five per cent more of the storage supply is put away, and in June, twelve per cent, making a total of eighty-six per cent for the four months. Then the little red hen's crop season is practically over. She takes time to rear a brood of young chicks, and along in August and September has a leisurely molt. While she is growing a new gown of feathers there is always a rise in the price of fresh eggs. If this price goes high enough some of the storage stock will be withdrawn for early use.

Storage eggs begin to come out in September and October, as a rule, and the heaviest withdrawals are made from November to January. As late as February, and even March, there may be a fair stock of storage eggs in the coolers, but operators usually hurry to close out the last of their holdings before the heavy laying season begins again.

There is a persistent popular belief that eggs, as well as other perishable food articles, are carried in cold storage for a year or more, and that storage food may be of almost any age. But the average period of storage for eggs is less than six months from the time they are put away, which would bring the April egg out before Christmas. A simple banking principle prevents carrying eggs over from one season to another. For last April's eggs will have accumulated such storage, interest and insurance charges by next April that they could not be sold in competition with the cheap fresh eggs then coming into the market. This principle empties the coolers much more surely than any law imposed by legislation.

Storage eggs are a straight, clean banking proposition up to the limit of the loan that bankers are willing to make on them. Beyond that limit they become a speculative commodity of exceptional liveliness, full of potentialities for loss or profit. One year with another, the margins of profit made by operators seem to be reasonable, and the effect of storing is to increase the price to the producer, during the period of heavy laying, and to reduce prices to the consumer, when fresh eggs are scarce. Occasionally there comes a year like the present, when the egg and the pay envelope meet, and then operators clear handsome speculative profits.

Speculators begin thinking about next winter's storage eggs as early as Christmas. They watch the weather and the market, to determine if it is best to hold the previous season's eggs or close them out. If it looks as though spring might come late there may be a comfortable profit in hanging onto stocks until February, or even March. But if spring comes early and the little red hen can land one body blow on Mr. Speculator—good night! He may have to sell his remnants at a loss of from five to ten cents a dozen, and they will move with difficulty in competition with the fresh eggs coming in.

Financing Storage Eggs

WHILE he is trying to get out of the deal with a whole skin, however, and even under the depression of loss, all his thoughts turn hopefully to the coming April eggs. Optimism is always a strong element in the egg man's make-up in spring. About that season the bankers are apt to lecture him on his follies of the past season in paying too much for eggs, and to warn him that if he exceeds a certain price this spring he will regret it next winter. But no amount of conservatism seems to dampen the true egg speculator when April is in the air, and probably this is a wise provision in his temperament. For anybody who follows the joys and sorrows of the egg speculator through a number of years will agree that he needs plenty of optimism to stay in that business.

Presently he will be making contracts for April eggs. The price will range from perhaps fifteen cents a dozen delivered unsorted at Chicago, to nineteen or twenty cents delivered in New York, graded and packed for the coolers. The egg crop comes in with a rush and is bought up in a hurry. Figures showing its extent each year are difficult to obtain—it is only lately that comprehensive figures of eggs in storage have been gathered.

The operator puts away April eggs that cost him twenty cents a dozen. By the time he takes them out of the cooler next winter, to sell at maybe thirty cents, he will have to meet additional expenses. There is storage, which runs from one and a half to two cents a dozen from April to January, the rate being governed by the amount of space taken. Very few eggs are bought outright for storage by the cold-storage warehouses themselves—they simply rent space to others. Insurance will come to perhaps three-quarters of a cent a dozen. Then there is interest, for the owner of cold-storage eggs borrows on his holdings, getting money from a bank or a warehouse according to the season, to the price of eggs, to the plentifulness of money, and so on. He makes the best bargain he can, and he gets from ten cents a dozen upward, on which he pays six per cent, or more, interest. With this money he buys another block of eggs, to borrow again and buy, till by good management he makes a thousand dollars suffice for the ownership of maybe several thousand dollars' worth of eggs.

Stories of enormous profits on storage eggs are heard in a year of high prices, like the present one. And the public, paying high prices for fresh eggs in winter, always assumes that speculators must therefore be making fortunes out of storage stock. Of course the two are quite separate commodities, and fresh eggs cannot be made a basis for speculation, because they are eaten as soon as possible after they are laid. Again, when fancy fresh eggs are retailing at sixty cents a dozen, good storage eggs may be had for thirty-five cents a dozen.

The operator in storage eggs is something like the speculator in the stock market—he plays for a rise in prices. The bank lends him money on the loanable worth of his eggs, as it does on securities, and he finances the speculative risks with his own money. When his eggs come out of storage they will have accumulated charges of from six to eight cents a dozen, and very often, as the market goes from one year to another, he has to use very good judgment and not a little plain guesswork to get his stuff out and to sell it at a time when it will net him a profit of two or three cents a dozen. Like every other line of business there is a good deal more in the way of risk and loss than appears on the surface.

An Old-Fashioned Ode

By James Stevens

WHO lights them, Toil—your altar fires?
Where are your sons, your mighty men?
How have you held their strong desires
To build a world with spade and pen?
Who worships round your dusty throne,
Queen-mother of the weak alone?

Grim thunder rolls o'er crimson waves
And mates with frenzy on the shore—
Sweet music to the lords and slaves,
The makers of the mad uproar.
Behold them in the battle's glare,
While all around the dead eyes stare!

Behold them now! Are these your sons,
Who spray the earth with fire and steel?
They worship Death; no soldier shuns
The symbols that his faiths reveal,
But meekly swears allegiance there
To those who make the world's despair.

The awful loveliness of war
Bewilders men; its deadly light
Pours forth from evil, and the star
Of Truth sinks downward in the night;
While rulers tilt their brimming bowls
And drink to all departing souls.

And, Toil, you're not a lovely thing!
Your stiffened joints, your awkward hands,
Your droning voice—too harsh to sing
And only fit for dull demands—
Hide all the treasures that you hold
For those who do—not as they're told.

But you, grim mother, still will reign
When peoples fling the sword away
And then return, with all their pain,
To you who lost them for a day;
And when they see so much is gone
Your sons will wonder what they've won!

For war can boast of daring deeds,
Of fame that grows with millions killed,
Of massacres and smothered creeds;
But you alone can plan and build!
They talk of wars for liberty
When only you may set men free.

Aye! You're a cold old cruel thing,
And hold your sway in grimy state;
Yet they must know you who would sing,
And they must love you who'd be great,
That they may reach your hidden mirth,
Old sturdy mistress of the earth.

SUPERPARENTS

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT McCAIG

MARGARET STOWERS was married, but she gave the impression of being still a girl; not just a girl, but a woman in whom the girl survived. Her figure was young and so supple that she was not yet concerned for her waistline. She had frank gray eyes, set wide apart, an honest every-day mouth, censored of that charming but meaningless softness peculiar to the strictly ornamental woman, as if she would not smile just to please but only in case something occurred really worth a smile. She undoubtedly inherited her nose from a workingman, a very good upstanding nose, a sort of fortification in her placid countenance, behind which she must have done some thinking above the ordinary feminine skirmishing with the issues of life. She wore very plain clothes, the kind usually worn by the thrifty wife of a business man in a small and unfashionable village. But if she added a bow or a ribbon, it always stuck out as if she had thought it—a bright thing she might have said, if she had said it—never a concession made to the prevailing mode in bows and ribbons.

I cannot say what first attracted my attention to her in the village circle where we met frequently. Possibly it was her reticence, or it may have been the impression she gave of being definitely satisfied about something, of having somehow outwitted regret and the prevailing unhappiness. This is a rare expression in the modern woman. As a rule their eyes are filled with the fleeting images of ghosts that will not be laid, of desires and keen despairs which keep them talking incessantly, as birds fly backward and flutter their wings to lead the hunter away from the brood they hide. Margaret was the only woman I ever knew who could sit in the company of a dozen other women without fluttering her wings or throwing up conversational dust to hide her real thoughts. She was not conceited; she was contented. She did not listen because she knew and did not care. She enjoyed being with her kind as one might enjoy walking abroad on a gusty day filled with the changing weather of sun and rain. Thus she used to come to the little neighborhood tea parties and sit by the hour, silent, basking in the presence of other people. But whatever bow she happened to be wearing that day always stuck up like the iridescent feathers upon the breast of a bird.

"Baxton and I Said Our Farewells That Night Under the Grape Arbor in the Garden"

Everyone liked her and no one feared her enough to talk about her. This was why I remained so long in ignorance of her story. No one knew it—she gave it to me herself one day as we sat together in the village park. I do not know why, unless it is that one sometimes confides most in a new friend who has not been tried and who has, therefore, never betrayed a confidence. In any case, I have since verified the truth of the story. I have copied it as nearly as possible in her own words, not so much because the narrative is remarkable but because it records an original and courageous solution of a very grave problem in American life.

"When I was a child," she began, "we lived in Milltown, where there is a big cotton factory. It is an ugly little village with red, sun-baked streets lined with cottages, nearly all built exactly alike with spinster-legged verandas.

"We lived in one of these houses. Father was a poor man. He kept the only drug store in the place. Mother was a plain woman. That is to say, she was a serious woman," Margaret qualified with a smile. "She had a firm expression, wore plain clothes and was always busy doing her own work and taking care. That gives you an unornamental expression which may be mistaken for homeliness. It was not until later that she proved to be a very handsome woman. I was their only child, not bright, nor pretty; just a good little thing, they say. I was obedient, and I believed in mother and father as the very oracles of my faith. Most children feel that way toward their parents at first, before they begin to think. I revered father more. This was because of mother's attitude—not to him, for she dealt with him as she would have done by any other duty, but when she talked about him she enhanced him. My earliest recollections are of keeping discreetly effaced, like a little gamin in the peanut gallery, while I eavesdropped mother when she told of father's many virtues and of how he had got on in the world. 'When we were young, Sally,' she would say to Mrs. Stowers, our next-door neighbor, 'boys and girls were not afraid to marry and face poverty. And that was the right way. Joseph was earning thirty dollars a month when we married. But we managed to keep out of debt and even to save a little. Now just look at Joseph! He's got a business of his own!'

"Sometimes I was so thrilled with the portraits mother drew of father that I would slip out on the street and watch for him. And when I saw him coming home I beheld a kind of demigod. He was never the little, stoop-shouldered, bald-headed man who kept the drug store down the street. He was a hero endowed with all the glamour of romance, and it was a tremendous feeling to have him for my father.

"I remember all this the more clearly because of what happened afterward. At that time I know the ambition in our family was that father might save enough to put in a soda fountain with a marble top and a mirror, so his customers might see themselves in it as they rolled up their eyes and sucked their lemonade through straws. Mother said she knew he would do this, because he always did what he set his head to do. I do not think she suspected at the time that father had his head set on something else behind the screen in the back of the drug store. But with the prescience of an adoring child I used to think that, considering the importance of the thing, he was very absent-minded about the soda fountain.

"At the age of ten I was no less sure of my own future than mother was of the fountain. It is only the rich who do not know what they will do, or how they will live. Because they can afford to choose, they are always choosing and discarding one choice for another. The poor know from the first what they will do—that they will work at whatever work they find. I remember hearing a Sister of Charity once say the greatest blessing she had was the consciousness that life held no changes, no surprises for her. That she knew what labors she would perform, and even the very prayers she would say every day of her life. It is the same with poor people. They are born confirmed in the vows of poverty. So," Margaret went on with a peaceful sigh, "I knew when I finished the eighth grade in the public school I should go to work in the factory. The boys and girls did that every year. The factory was the place where we took our university training in the business of living

"When I was old enough I knew that I should marry Baxton Stowers, and that we should live in one of the spinster-legged cottages as father and mother had done. This was the only part of my future of which they were ignorant. Baxton was far from suspecting it himself. He was a great awkward boy then, with no thought of me in his mind. He was already at work. And Mrs. Stowers told mother her son was ambitious and that she thought some day he would hold a position in the factory."

Margaret was silent for a moment with a thoughtful air, as if she considered how she should begin a new and entrancing chapter.

"Do you happen to know anything about the courtships which go on endlessly between little boys and girls?" she asked, looking up at me.

I shook my head, preferring to deny whatever suspicions I had concerning rudimentary love affairs.

"Not the kind of little puppets who attend the same dancing classes and merely mimic elder lovers, but real children who have no standards in the matter except to exercise their own instincts," she went on. "Baxton and I used to fight like little dusty sparrows in the street. Then he outgrew me and scorned me and went off with the boys of his own age. But I never despaired of him. I used to watch for him and make faces at him as he passed by. If he retorted by pelting me with the core of the apple he'd been eating, I was indignantly encouraged. When he finished the eighth grade and went into the factory he washed his face and seemed to settle down. I settled down too. Mother lengthened my skirts and I no longer made faces at him over the fence. I used to sit on the veranda, so as to make sure he'd know I didn't and wouldn't see him when he came home in the evening. I was in my last year at the public school when he seemed to realize dimly what his relation to me was and must be. He began to offer shy and unwilling attentions. He did not wish to be in love, but he was. I am sure that which I seem to have known from the beginning came upon him as an overwhelming surprise. This is the true nature of love, if you leave it to develop naturally like the growth of young bodies. We were in love and engaged to be married without his mother or my parents ever suspecting the interest we had in each other—which is also the nature of parents.

"About this time something happened. Father had been leading a double life. Instead of saving to buy the soda-water fountain he had mortgaged everything he possessed for money with which to make experiments. Mother was in a great state when she learned this. But before she had time to adjust herself to the impending disaster father succeeded in doing what he was trying to do. He discovered a new remedy for an old complaint. It was a constitutional tonic, which had been a hair restorer when he took hold of it and revised it for the inside rather than the outside of man. He sold the formula to a patent-medicine firm for a very large sum and for a royalty besides.

"Before the wind of our good fortune filled my sails I was packed off to a fashionable boarding school. Mother was changed in the twinkling of an eye. Her one thought was to get me out of Milltown. I remembered afterward something she said to father: 'We can't be too thankful, Joseph, that this change came in our fortunes before Margaret ever worked for even a day in the factory. It might have been awkward for us all if she had!' Father looked at her mildly and made no reply. He always looked at mother that way, and he left the affirmative always to her.

He never seemed to get her point of view. But he invariably supplied her with the means to hold it.

"Baxton and I said our farewells that night secretly, under the grape arbor in the garden. He kissed me, and I promised to be faithful to him. As we stood close together in the moonlight we could see the shadow of mother's stout figure move across the drawn shade of the living-room window, and we could see the hunched-up shadow father made in his chair beside the table. Mother was preparing for my departure early the next morning. If they could have known what was going forward outside in the garden, I do not know what might have happened. They were arranging my future as if they owned me, body and soul. I was planning it, too, as if they had no more claim upon me than strangers. The relation between parents and their children at this age often consists in mutual misunderstandings, in which both are justified by nature. But if the parents win out, they presume upon the sacred rights of youth. And if the daughter, say, wins, she is that sharper-than-a-serpent's-tooth child referred to in King Lear.

"I was placed in one of those schools designed to fit a girl for a social position, not to meet the real issues of life hand to hand, because, you understand, these had been bought off. My clothes were a trifle too expensive and I had too much money to spend, because mother did not know that the rich affect simplicity in bringing up their young daughters. My thoughts were still holden by love, and it did not occur to me that the change in our fortunes could make any difference in my choice of a husband. I was so unsophisticated, so naturally plebeian as that.

"Mother and father moved to Atlanta, and father purchased a handsome house there. I spent two summers abroad and did not come home while I was in this school. Mother said it was best for me to remain away until they were properly established. She was busy forming the right social connections, and she must have been very obvious in her methods, being a simple woman at heart. But as she was obviously very well off, this did not matter. My heart never ceases to ache for her when I think of what she must have endured, the spite and ridicule she must have excited, to get where she was going. But she left nothing undone, and she did it all for me. Her love was changed to just ambition for my future. During my last year at school I had a letter from her. It was written in her Milltown chirography, which was the only thing she never could change—the awkward, childish handwriting of an illiterate woman. But she had accomplished the uttermost American folly in her stationery. This bore a highly embossed coat of arms in the left corner. 'You will be glad to know, dear Margaret,' she wrote, 'that I have at last traced your father's family back to a knight connected with King James' court. It is such a comfort to know that my daughter is really descended from gentlefolk. I spent a lot of money to prove it, but I do not begrudge the expense.' She skipped father, as if he were a dropped stitch among my ancestors. She rarely mentioned him in her letters.

"I have observed that the less Americans know of their ancestry, the farther back they must go to find the family crest. If we had been a trifle more plebeian in our origin, mother would have had to chase back as far as Alfred the Great to find a proper ancestor for father.

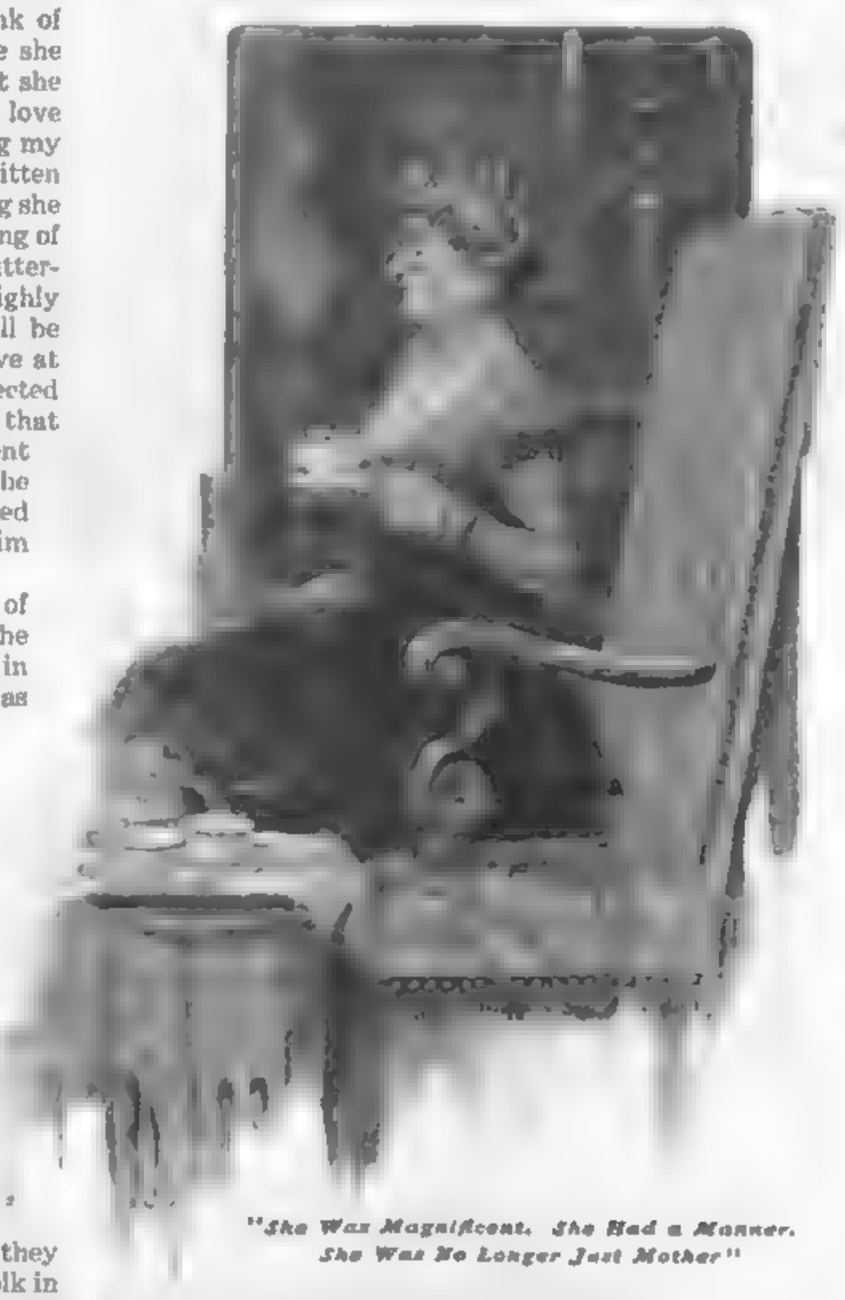
"When I came home late in October I was not so confused by the fine house, the retinue of servants and all the other evidences of our changed estate as I might have been. I had two years of preparation for this lift in the scene. I was still in the wings, however, a poor little star with no gifts at all for the part I was to play.

"I do not know why," Margaret went on after a smiling pause, "but the mind seizes upon little things by which to make contrasts. We used to keep a flock of ordinary hens in Milltown and two old mongrel roosters. In those days an egg was an egg to mother, whether it came out of the nest of the Dominique or that of the little old blue hen. She required only that it should be reasonably fresh. Now she insisted that our breakfast eggs should be descended only from White Leghorn fowls and that they should be registered. She invariably examined the yolk in her egg cup every morning to make sure it was sufficiently blond in color. If it was too deeply golden she suspected that an ordinary, little, black-hen's egg had been put off on her. Then she would call for explanations.

"She was the one factor in the situation absolutely incredible to me. She was magnificent. She had a manner. She was no longer just mother. She was the dowager director of my life and my acts. She had a coiffure. She had developed a figure and wore wonderful gowns. She did nothing at all, and she was very busy answering notes, dispensing charity, keeping stupid committee appointments, attending club meetings, and going, going all the time to this function or that luncheon. She never referred to Milltown. Milltown no longer existed. She had erased forty years of her and father's life and my childhood, as if they had been a period of penal servitude. More than once, during the first weeks after I came home, I was on the point of asking her if she knew how well Baxton Stowers was getting on in the factory, where he now had the position of paymaster. But upon reflection I decided this was no time to reveal my interest in Baxton. I was vaguely uneasy. When you have never fought for anything you are afraid of the first skirmish. You know that after that you'll stick to your colors, but you dread that first flash of arms. I was like that. I was most awfully afraid of what would happen presently in our house when mother knew that I was already engaged to Baxton Stowers.

"The one familiar object in my new home was father. And that was what he was—an object, something which belonged in the attic of past days which had been left by mistake downstairs in the too splendid present. He was the same little, withered, stoop-shouldered man who kept the drug store in Milltown. His hair was a thinner fringe round his bald head, his beard was grayer, but otherwise he was the very same father for whom I used to stand and wait in the dusty street before our dingy little cottage. He had an office now in one of the banks downtown. He was a director in this concern, a sort of lay figure, I imagine, kept for the capital he could invest. He knew nothing about banking, or any other business except that of drugs and chemicals. But it was mother's idea that he should become a banker. The medicine which made his fortune had a fanciful name, which was father's *nom de plume*. Apparently he had no connection with its manufacture and sale. I doubt if anyone in Atlanta knew he had made his fortune by changing a hair restorer into a spring tonic for the nervous system.

"When mother was not present he was very affectionate in his shy way. Sometimes he would go into the big drawing-room with me, look about, and then seat himself gingerly upon the edge of one of the fine chairs. He looked then like an old garment scandalously out of place. He was ill at ease, like a workingman who finds himself in a very clean place where everything is delicate and beautiful. Poor father! For so many years he had the grime of the drug store on him, he smelled of asafetida for so long in his drug clothes, that he could never get over the feeling of soiling the drawing-room chairs if he really sat down firmly and leaned back in them. He was always praising mother, a thing he used never to do. But now he had the same admiration for her that she had for him long ago in Milltown. To hear him, one might have supposed that she alone had wrought this great and splendid change in our fortunes. The only part he had in it really was that he was ever ready to give her another check when she wanted more money. This seemed to afford him a sort of fatuous pleasure, as if he could never get used to the fact that he could do it over and over and still have more to give her. I do not think he did anything else in the way of business, though mother was always explaining his absence to our friends with the excuse that 'bankers were such busy men—never had a moment to spare for pleasure.'



"She Was Magnificent. She Had a Manner. She Was No Longer Just Mother"

"Late in October she gave the reception which marked my début into society. It was a very grand affair, as if she had bought it and her guests at the most expensive place where society and entertainments are sold. I was more at ease upon this occasion than she was. She had so much at stake that she could not be comfortable, but because of my very indifference I produced the right impression of poise and assurance. This affair brought things to a climax in my mind. I realized that I was sailing under false colors before mother, and that I was about to place myself in a false position to Baxton. I could not afford to enter society as a marriageable girl. Everything and everybody seemed to accuse me of this long deceit. I thought I would tell father first and leave him to break the news to mother. But something warned me that he was incapable of facing such an issue with her, that he would refuse to do it.

"The morning after the ball mother innocently precipitated the issue. She was seated at the breakfast table when I came down, with the morning's mail piled beside her plate, two or three papers and many nice little notes. She held up to the light the only one which was not nice looking, a cheap envelope with enough sheets inside to require double postage. Her head was tilted back and she was staring at the address in the far-sighted way she had when she tried to read without her glasses.

"'Margaret,' she exclaimed, 'here is a letter for you, and it's from somebody in Milltown!' As if she said: 'Here's someone trying to give you the smallpox!'

"'It is from Baxton,' I exclaimed, seizing it hastily as I took my place at the table.

"'Baxton! Who is Baxton?' she asked, astonished, and as if she had never heard the name before.

"'Don't you remember him? His mother, Mrs. Stowers, lived next door to us in Milltown,' I answered with studied calmness, though I felt my face burning as if the gaze she bent upon me was a hot fire.

"'The boy who worked in the factory? I remember him,' she said coldly. I knew that she was still staring at me, though I kept my own eyes lowered.

"'You should remember him. His mother was your best friend,' I returned.

"'What on earth does he mean by writing to you, Margaret?' she demanded.

"'We are engaged to be married,' I answered steadily.

"There was a moment of frightful silence, then I lifted my eyes to her face. It was as if I beheld great and formidable forces. I seemed to see whole battalions rushing through her thoughts, deploying, flanking me, surrounding me.

"'I should have told you long ago, mother. I was wrong to keep you in ignorance of our plans,' I began contritely.

"'Long ago!' she repeated. 'How long has this silly affair been going on?'

"'Since before I went off to school. I should have told you. I see that now,' I answered, shaken by the cold fury of her gaze.

"'Margaret!'

"'Yes, mother!' I returned tremulously.

"'Give me that letter. I will answer it myself!'

"'I can't do that, mother.'

"'I forbid you to answer it then. This must stop here and now. What were you thinking of to involve yourself with a common factory hand!'

"'When you married father he was just that!' I returned hotly.

"'A man in the lowest walks of life, with no connections, no education ——'

"'Baxton has attended the night school for two years. He knows more than I do!' I interrupted.

"'Planning to marry a man who gets his education in a night school!' she cried.

"'He is a brave, honest man, making his own way, just as father made his,' I cried.

"'Don't be a fool, Margaret. Everything is different now,' she put in.

"'Love and honor are the same, and I've heard you praise father many times for the struggle he made when he worked for wages in this same factory ——'

"'For a salary,' she corrected.

"'You called it wages then. And Baxton is really getting a salary himself now—he's paymaster,' I returned.

"'The girl is mad!' she cried, lifting her hands in despair as if she called upon heaven to witness this sorrow.

"'I love an honest man, if that is madness,' I said, refusing to take heaven into my confidence.

"'It means ruin if the people we know ever hear of this scandal,' she went on tragically.

"'It is not a scandal, mother, and they are bound to know it, for we are to be married soon.'

"'You shall not commit such a folly. I will speak to your father about this!'

"We heard steps in the hall and father entered the room. He stared first at mother, then at me, as he advanced and seated himself at the table. Mother rang for his coffee. He looked timidly at his eggs, as he always did, stirred his coffee, laid a piece of toast on his plate and waited. He was like a little old child who feels that something is amiss and dares not make a move until he knows which way the

"'I am Earning Four Times as Much as I Ever Earned Before, but it is Not a Drop in the Bucket Compared With What We Spend—and Never Save!'"

wind blows. When he could bear the strain no longer he looked up at mother and said:

"'What is the trouble, my dear? Are the eggs wrong again?'

"'No! It's your daughter Margaret. She's planning to commit a crime, nothing less!' mother answered.

"From my earliest recollection, when I committed a fault, that seemed to establish a nearer relation between father and me. I was always his child, his daughter then, as if in my transgression she distinguished clearly the lineaments of father's nature, not hers.

"'Margaret—a crime!' exclaimed father, regarding me in mild surprise.

"Then mother began and told him all she had discovered of my perfidy. She was eloquent, she sobbed, tears flowed down her cheeks, and I did indeed feel like a serpent's tooth as she went on. Father kept his eyes fixed upon me. I lifted mine beseechingly to him from time to time.

"'After all we've been through, after all I've suffered and endured here to establish her among the right people! She could marry almost any eligible young man in this city, and she chooses a common fellow from Milltown. It is monstrous!' she exclaimed.

"The horror of it did not seem to take hold upon father. He continued to cover me with his gaze like a deep shade.

"'You must exercise your authority, Joseph. You must forbid this marriage,' mother began again.

"'But, Maggie, we can't forbid love,' he answered simply.

"'Joseph!' mother exclaimed.

"'Father!' I cried. Springing from my chair, I rushed round the table and flung my arms round his neck. 'You do understand,' I sobbed.

"'Yes, yes, my dear, I understand,' he replied, fidgeting, 'but your mother knows best. I leave the whole matter with her.'

"'But I love him, father,' I insisted.

"'Yes, I suppose so. He is a very nice young man. I have been surprised to see how he's come out and gotten on,' he said.

"'See!' shouted mother. 'You have seen him then?'

"'Yes, quite frequently, in fact. He comes into the bank every time he's in town,' he admitted.

"'Then you knew, you've known all along what was going on?' mother exclaimed, looking at us as if she had discovered at last that she was in a den of thieves.

"'I did not know, Maggie. I may have had my suspicions, but I would have told you if I had known anything definite,' he answered, rising and leaving the room.

"At the same time mother swept majestically out through the opposite door. I was to learn that, whenever she was very angry, she suffered a reversion to type—she took to the kitchen, and the servants took refuge wherever they could.

"This was the beginning of a long struggle. In the end I won only because mother discovered that she could do nothing with me. I flatly refused to become a débutante. So finally it was arranged. Baxton was given a position in father's bank. We were married in December, and we were to live with father and mother. This was our first mistake. It is unnatural and pernicious for young married people to live with any other people, however near and kind they may be. At first we were very happy, as young lovers must be. Baxton worked hard at the bank and won the respect and good will of his employers. We entertained each other with plans for the future. We wanted a home of our own, just a modest little house. Baxton would save for that. We even drew the plans of this house, which was to be somewhere in the suburbs, where lots were cheap. We were to have a garden, too, and Baxton would come home in the late afternoon and water the lawn.

"But we reckoned without mother. She had only changed her tactics. She did not relinquish her ambition for me. Instead of being a marriageable girl in society I was to become a prominent young matron. To this end Baxton must join a club—two clubs, in fact—and she contrived that. We weakly yielded without realizing the consequences, as so many young people do yield in like conditions. I was so grateful to mother for giving in to my marriage that I fell in with her social plans, although this meant the spending of much money for clothes which Baxton did not have to spend. She spent it for me. When I held back, feeling vaguely ashamed, she would say:

"'Why not? The fact that you are married makes no difference. You are still our daughter. We have a right to keep you in comfort.'

"So we were kept not only in comfort but in luxury. We spent more in a month than Baxton earned in six months, and we saved nothing in spite of the liberal allowance I had from father.

"'Why should you worry about that? Why should you wish to save? You will inherit a fortune,' mother said one day when I ventured to express my misgivings on this subject.

"I was always going somewhere, or helping mother entertain at home. I never had time to do anything else, and there was nothing else to do. All the right things were done by the servants or the *modistes* and the milliners. There was no diversion, because diversions were the only business we had.

"The strain began to tell on Baxton first. He must have felt it all along, unused as he was to such a life. It was not the long hours at the bank, where he insisted upon working very hard, nor the late hours we kept, but it was something else, a deep indignity he suffered in his self-respect.

"We had been married nearly a year when we first looked each other in the face and admitted the truth. We had returned late one night from some affair at the club. Baxton dropped wearily into his chair before the fire, looking, as he always did, like a savage in his evening clothes. I went over, sat upon a low stool and leaned my head against his knees.

"'Do you realize, Margaret, that I've never bought a frock for you since we were married, and that I couldn't afford to buy one you could afford to wear? The only things I've ever given you were corsage bouquets and theater tickets,' he said, touching the embroidered bodice of my gown.

"'I have everything I need, Baxton,' I answered, not realizing what he meant.

"'You have too much, dear. We both have. It is not decent, and it is not honest,' he said slowly.

"I lifted my head and stared at him.

"'We are objects of charity, Margaret, kept by a private fund. We have the freedom of this house, but it is not ours. We have not paid for it, or one single thing in it. I did not pay for these clothes I am wearing, or for yours. I don't pay for the food we eat, or for the servants who serve us. It is all wrong,' he finished with a sigh.

"'But, Baxton, you are no idler. You work very hard,' I offered.

"'I do; harder than I ever did in my life, and every time I think of all this—the way we live—it drives me like a spur. I am earning four times as much as I ever earned before, but it is not a drop in the bucket compared with what we spend—and never save!' he answered.

"'You are tired to-night, dear, and morbid. We know many other young people who live the same way,' I argued.

"'Yes, we do. There are a lot of fine young fellows in this town who have been pauperized by their parents. Look at the Hansons! When Arthur Hanson married he was earning a hundred dollars a month, enough for them to have lived comfortably. But his people would have them keep up their social relations, and young Hanson

(Continued on Page 73)

TO THE LAST PENNY

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

He Would Pay With Love What His Father Had Paid For Love

VIII

MR. THOMPSON went in for etchings, and Tommy had to stop, look and listen. He was not bored, because his proud delight at Mr. Thompson's versatility kept him awake. There were so many evidences of a wide interest in the nonmoney-making things of life in this home that Tommy found himself free from the oppression of his burden. Mrs. Thompson was away on a visit to her people and the two men dined alone.

Over the coffee in the library the talk finally drifted to Mr. Thompson. From that to Mr. Thompson's experiments at the factory was a short step. Tommy had learned that Mr. Thompson's "Experiments" were at work in the experimental shop and in the selling department, and that not all of them were young men. Then Mr. Thompson talked about his advertisement in the New York newspaper.

"I received many answers. I should have thrown yours away if you had not given your age. It was too smart-Alecky. It didn't mean anything—except the truth. Not knowing you I was not sure it was true. I can't stand puzzles, so I sent for you."

"I'm glad you did. It saved my life," blurted Tommy.

"Don't exaggerate, Leigh," admonished Thompson calmly.

"I didn't," said Tommy. "But I won't." He couldn't tell Mr. Thompson, first, what had compelled him to look in the Herald; nor, second, how he had taken it for granted that his own answer would bring him employment.

"Do you want to tell me about it?" asked Thompson in a matter-of-fact voice that nevertheless, in some curious way, showed sympathy—in advance.

Tommy's eyes clouded with the pain of struggle.

"I—can't, Mr. Thompson," he answered.

Thompson's eyes did not leave Tommy's.

"They called you Tommy at college?"

"Yes, sir—everybody," answered Tommy.

"It is not always a recommendation. A diminutive nickname is apt to keep a man young. But there are degrees of youth, and superficial affection often has a babying effect. I'll call you Tommy hereafter."

Mr. Thompson said this in a musing voice. It made Tommy laugh, until Mr. Thompson said seriously:

"A secret is hard on concentration, isn't it?"

Tommy started. He couldn't help it. Mr. Thompson went on:

"It makes the result of the concentration test I applied to you the other day all the more remarkable. At your age, with your imagination and the habit of introspection that an untold secret begets, it was unfair to make the test even more difficult by trying to divert your mind with all that farrago about the magical virtues of the number seven. Crossing out all odd numbers after one and seven is the common test. I have improved it, I think. I must have concentrated imagination, if I can get it. You did very well. Of course you are no wonder, Leigh ——"

"Certainly not!" interrupted Tommy indignantly, before he stopped to think that it was not an accusation.

Thompson smiled. "But you did well enough to justify me in keeping you—for a while longer, at all events."

"Yes, sir."

"Now you must continue to study our work. Discover what you want to do; then make sure it is what you really want. Then try to convince yourself that it isn't. When you know, tell me. Do you want more money?"

"Yes, I do, but I won't take it," answered Tommy very quickly.

"Very well," said Mr. Thompson, regarding the incident as closed. Tommy was perfectly sincere in his resolve not to accept unearned money. Nevertheless, he felt a little disappointed at Mr. Thompson's prompt acquiescence. Then Tommy realized more than ever that the joy of telling the truth is in the instant acceptance of the truth by your hearers. It is what makes it important for words to mean the same thing in all minds at all times. If "no" always meant "no," there would be much less trouble in this world.

Tommy resolved to find out which part of the business appealed to him the most, and then he would tell Mr. Thompson. Then there would be more money to send home every week. He had sent so little! But he had paid off the fifty dollars he borrowed to pay for his transportation to Dayton.

"Where do you live?" asked Mr. Thompson.

Tommy told him; told him all about Mrs. Clayton and all about Bill and Bill's carburetor mania. When Mr. Thompson spoke it was not to refer to anything that Tommy had said.

"Don't know much about the selling end of the business, do you?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Would you like to learn? Think before you speak."

Tommy thought. At length he said:

"Yes, I would, very much."

"Think you'd like it?"

Tommy's habit of being honest made him discover that he could not answer either yes or no truthfully. So he decided, as usual when in doubt, to tell the truth. Better to be considered an ass than a liar—easier and safer.

"I wasn't thinking of that. I was thinking that in the shop I can learn only what a mechanic thinks of the product, and what the shipping departments think of moving it away. What the buyer thinks, I don't know. So I don't know whether I'd like to be a salesman."

"They get good money. You'd like that. Think again before you answer."

Tommy thought. To him money meant only one thing: Not what one hundred thousand dollars, for instance, might buy for him, but what seventeen thousand dollars—no more, no less—would do for his soul's peace.

He answered Mr. Thompson slowly:

"I don't know which is the greater pleasure—doing work you really love for fair pay, or making more money out of work you neither like nor dislike. I—I don't know, Mr. Thompson," he finished, and looked at his chief dubiously.

Mr. Thompson stared into space.

"That's so," he said at last in a perfunctory way.

Tommy felt he had hit no bull's-eye, but he was neither sorry nor angry. He bethought himself of his bedroom where he could do his thinking unstimulated and undepressed. He arose and said:

"I've had a very nice time, Mr. Thompson, and you don't know how grateful I am to you, sir."

The Money Must Go to New York. It Was as Much as He Could Save in Thirty Weeks

"Yes, it's bedtime," said Mr. Thompson absently. Then he came back to Tommy.

"Tommy," he said, "if you ever feel like coming to me to tell me what an ignorant ass you think you are, do so. I'll agree with you, and, perhaps, after I listen to your reasons I'll even raise your salary on the spot. If you get lonesome walk it off; don't come to me. But Mrs. Thompson will introduce you to a lot of nice young people ——"

Tommy shook his head violently.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Thompson. But I'd——" He floundered till a ray of light showed him the way out. He finished: "I'd be more than glad if Mrs. Thompson would let me call once in a while so I could tell her what I think of her husband."

Tommy smiled what he thought was a debonair smile. He wasn't going to know nice young people who some day might read in the newspapers—— And, anyhow, he wasn't in Dayton to have a good time, but to sweat seventeen thousand dollars' worth.

"I see I can't do a damned thing for you, young man," said Thompson evenly.

He accompanied Tommy to the door. He held out his hand. "Remember, when you want to tell me that you are not only an ignoramus, but an ass and, to boot, blind, come up and say it. Good night, Tommy!" And he shook Tommy's hand firmly.

"All I know," thought Tommy to himself on the way home, "is that he is the greatest thing that ever came down the pike."

He thought of the day when he could feel that he owed nothing and dreaded nothing.

He fell asleep thinking he ought to look into the selling end of the business.

IX

TOMMY found, after his dinner with Mr. Thompson, that the responsibility of learning the business by doing his own studying in his own way did not weigh so heavily upon him. There were times, of course, when the slowness of his own progress was not comfortable, but he learned the most valuable of all lessons—to wit, that you cannot turn raw material into finished product by one operation in one second.

He now divided his time between the general business office in the Tecumseh Building and the office at the works. In the morning he was with the selling force, listening to the dictated replies to all sorts of correspondence or to the explanations and pointers of men who looked after the merchandising of the company's product. But his own interest in the psychology of selling was not personal enough. He couldn't bring himself to feel that in selling for the Tecumseh Company he was pleasing Thomas Francis Leigh quite as much as the company. Of course it would please him to succeed; but he acknowledged to himself that the pleasure would not be because of the selling, but because of the success. He could not project himself into his imaginary auditors, for the wonderful possession of another's ears with which to hear his own voice was not to him what it is to the born pleader.

He began to think that selling did not come natural to him, but he kept on listening to the salesmen, grasping their point of view and at times even sympathizing with it, but always feeling like a buyer himself—an outsider. This gave him the buyer's point of view—an invaluable gift, though he not only did not know it but felt sorry he had it. To conceal part of the truth, to be only technically veracious, to have a customer say "You did not tell me thus and so when you sold me that car!" was an apprehension he could not quite shake off. All he could conceal was one thing, and in his introspective moments at home he almost convinced himself that his secret, by making it difficult for him to become an enthusiastically unscrupulous salesman, was interfering materially with the success of Thomas Francis Leigh!

His afternoons he spent in his information bureau, or wandering about the shop asking the various heads of the mechanical departments what they were doing to correct one or another of the parts of the motor that seemed to be regarded by customers as sources of trouble. When they told him the customers were to blame, and that no car is utterly foolproof, he refused to abandon his buyer's point of view. He would argue, with the valor of ignorance, against the mechanical experts—and learned much without being aware of it.

At home evenings he did not talk, but kept from brooding on his own troubles by listening to Bill Byrnes. The young mechanic soon outgrew his feeling of pity for the New Yorker's profound ignorance, and then developed a friendship that rose

almost to enthusiasm—Tommy listened so gratefully to Bill's monologues.

On this evening Bill told Tommy that everything was wrong with the work. Tommy was dying to ask for details, that he might sympathize more intelligently, but Bill had not seen fit to enlighten him, and not for worlds would he ask point-blank. So Tommy contented himself with looking judicial and told Bill:

"This carburetor business is becoming an obsession with you. Give it a rest and then go back to it fresh. When you get a hobby and ride it to death ——"

"Grandpop," interrupted Bill, unimpressed by Tommy's octogenarian wisdom, "the moment I see a carburetor that suits me, no matter whose it is, I'll have no more interest in the problem than I have in the potatoes in the neighbors' cellars."

Tommy was not sure that Bill was deceiving himself. He, therefore, observed cynically: "All signs fail with inventors that don't invent."

Bill became so serious that Tommy felt he had hurt Bill's feelings. Before he could explain his words away Bill said slowly:

"Let me tell you something, Tommy. You don't know what I've gone through." He hesitated, then he went on reluctantly, as though the confession were forced out of him: "My father was a mouth-inventor!"

"What was he?" asked Tommy puzzled.

"A mouth-inventor I call him. He always knew what ought to be done by machine. He had mighty good ideas, but he never got as far as building a working model or even making a rough drawing. My mother used to tell him to go ahead and invent and he'd promise he would. But all he ever did was to talk about the machine that ought to be built, until somebody else did it and copped the dough. Then he would tell my mother: 'There, wasn't I right?'"

Bill's face clouded and he stopped talking—to remember.

"Didn't he ever finish anything?" Tommy meant to show a hopeful loyalty to his friend's father.

"Yes, he finished my mother," answered Bill savagely. "He got so he would talk in the shop, and the men would stop their work to listen to him, for he certainly had the gift of gab. He cost the shop too much, and so my mother had to support him and us kids. She invented regular grub for all of us and it wore her out."

Bill paused and stared absently at Tommy, who tried to look as sorry as he felt and feared he wasn't succeeding. Bill started slightly, like a man awakening from a doze, and went on quietly:

"Even as a kid I was crazy about machinery. I wanted to be a mechanic and she hated the idea of it, but when she saw I was bound to be one she simply would talk to me by the hour about the same thing—to do my inventing with my hands instead of with my jaw.

"She's dead and he's dead. I take after her on the matter of regular grub, but I haven't got my father's nose for discovering what's needed ahead of everybody else. I don't seem to be as interested in a brand-new machine as in a better machine."

"The company would pay for any improvement you might make," suggested Tommy.

"I'm not so sure," said Bill, who was inventor enough to be suspicious.

"Oh, shucks! Mr. Thompson is a square man," retorted Tommy.

"He's like all the rest. All business men are nothing but sure-thing gamblers, and they never make their gambling roll big enough. Take the case of the Tecumseh carburetor. It used to be a fine carburetor."

"Isn't it still?"

"In a way. You see, the oil companies can't supply the demand for high-grade gas, so that much of what you get to-day is so much poorer than it was five years ago that the old carburetors couldn't work well with it. Now the carburetor is one of the principal things the advertisements call attention to in the Tecumseh." Bill permitted himself a look of disgust.

"What's the answer?" asked Tommy.

"To be able to use bum gasoline. I've been working on this at odd times."

"Why not at all times?" asked Tommy with a stern frown.

Bill could see by Tommy's face that Tommy would remain unconvinced by any answer he might make. So he resorted to sarcasm.

"You see, dear Mr. Leigh, when you work with the company's machine in the company's shop in the company's time, the company has a claim on your invention. Oh, yes, I could tell you a thousand stories of fellows who ——"

Bill's voice grew so bitter that Tommy broke in:

"You make me tired, Bill. If you get to think that everybody's a crook, you'll find everybody not only willing but delighted to do you. Do you know why? Because everybody that you take for a crook will take you for one too."

"And if you talk like a kid, everybody will take you for a kid and take away the nice little toy so you won't hurt yourself by being independent."

"I bet if I went to Thompson ——"

"Yes, he'd smile like a grandfather, and pat you on the head and tell you to stick to the office-boy brigade where you belong and kindly allow his high-priced experts to earn their wages. By heck, if I had a little time and a little shop of my own ——"

"Well, you have the shop ——"

"And no machinery."

"What machinery do you need?"

"Well, I have to get a generator. I'm dickering for one, but I am shy the fifty dollars. I tried the self-starter generator, but it doesn't do what I want. So there you are—mouth-inventor."

Tommy saw Bill's despairing look and asked:

"Can't you borrow one from the shop?"

"No."

"Fifty dollars," mused Tommy, "isn't much. You're making your three and a half a day ——"

"Yes, but I've got a sister who—well, she isn't right. My father's fault." He paused and corrected himself. "No, it wasn't. Just her luck. When she was a baby my father thought of something, and he yelled to mother to tell her. And mother was frightened and dropped Charlotte. The fall did something to her. Anyhow, she's got what they call arrested development. She will never be able to amount to anything. So, of course, I —— Well, it takes a big bite out of the pay envelope"; and he smiled defensively.

"Of course," agreed Tommy with conviction. Then he irrepressibly held out his right hand toward Byrnes and said nonchalantly:

"Say, Bill, I've got a hundred I'm not using."

"Keep it," said Bill shortly.

"It's yours," Tommy contradicted pleasantly.

"Then keep on keeping it for me," said Bill, and rose. He went toward his own room so quickly that Tommy did not have time to pursue the subject further. At the threshold Bill turned and said: "I'm much obliged, Tommy."

"Wait!" said Tommy, going toward him. But Bill slammed the door in his face and locked it.

He Would Argue, With the Valor of Ignorance, Against the Mechanical Experts—and Learned Much Without Being Aware of It

It came to Tommy that Bill, too, had his cross to bear, and it was not of his own making—the sister for whom he must work, about whom he never talked. Yet Bill had shared his secret with Tommy, and Tommy couldn't share his with anybody! The more he thought about it the more he liked Bill. And the more he liked Bill the more he desired to help Bill in his experiments with the carburetor. It was a man's duty to help a friend. Tommy told himself so and agreed with himself.

He did not know that while his sense of duty was undergoing no deterioration the equally strong desire for recreation, for something to make him forget his own trouble without resorting to cowardly or ignoble devices, insisted upon making itself felt. Then the thrilling thought came to him that besides helping Bill he was helping an inventor to do something useful, something that might be the means of accelerating the accumulation of the seventeen thousand dollars he needed. That made the loan strictly business, he thought, with the curious instinct of youth to cover the outside of a beautiful impulse with sordid motives, deeming that a more mature wisdom.

He had been sending three dollars a week regularly to his father. He had put it delicately enough: "Please credit me with the inclosed and write it down in the little black book. It's too one-sided as it is; too much *Dr.* and not enough *Cr.*" This was all that he had written to his father about his remittances. He had not asked what proportion of the debt was rightfully his. He would not stop to separate the clean dollars from the tainted, but give back the whole seventeen thousand. Nevertheless, he now wished to do something else with his mother's hundred, and the gold coins began to burn a hole in his pocket.

One night after supper he said to Bill:

"I've been thinking about our experiments." He paused to let the news sink in.

"Oh, you have, have you?" retorted Bill with the elaborate sarcasm of the elder brother.

"Yep. Now if gasoline is going to keep on becoming less and less inflammable, what's the matter with going the whole hog and tackling kerosene?"

"Oh, shucks!" said Bill disgustedly. Then meditatively: "I don't know ——"

"I do," said Tommy decisively. "No scarcity of supply and cheaper."

"Yes, and more power units; goes further and costs less. But it will be more difficult ——"

"Sure thing. That's what you're here for. The first practical kerosene auto will make a gold mine look like a pile of wet sawdust."

"You're right," said Bill. "But I've never tried ——"

"I'll help you," said Tommy kindly. "Don't talk about it; think!" This was rank plagiarism from Thompson, and he wouldn't let Bill say another word on the subject. Being compelled to do his thinking in silence made Bill grow quite excited about it. Tommy saw the desire to

experiment show itself unmistakably in Bill's face. It made him happy. He was helping someone else. Therefore, he was not thinking of himself. Therefore, the secret slept.

On the very next morning Tommy went to one of the engineers in the experimental laboratory and asked:

"Say, where can I get some literature on kerosene motors ——"

The engineer, La Grange, who had early taken a liking to Tommy, threw up his hands, groaned and cried:

"Another!"

"Another what?" asked Tommy.

"Savior of the industry."

"Is everybody trying ——"

"Everybody—and then add a couple of millions on top of that. It's worse than Mexico for revolutionists."

"I again ask," remarked Tommy severely, in order not to show his disappointment, "where can I get some literature on the subject."

"You never read the technical papers?"

"No."

"Do so."

"Got any files here?" persisted Tommy. It was evident that somebody had beaten him to the great idea.

"Yep, all of them, and several hundred tons of Patent Office Gazettes."

"Where be they?" asked Tommy pleasantly.

"In the library."

"Thank you; you are very helpful."

"Don't mention it. Say, Tommy, if you invent a kerosene carburetor, swallow it whole before you bring it up here, won't you, please?"

"I'll cram it down your giraffe throat," said Tommy, La Grange being stout and short-necked.

He spent an hour looking over the files, taking notes of the issues he thought Bill would find useful. His disappointment over finding that so many bright minds were at work on the same problem was tempered by his stronger realization of the value of a working kerosene carburetor. His profit came in his own recognition of his own ignorance. Enthusiasm isn't enough in this world. There must be knowledge. And other people existed who had knowledge, experience and brains.

He went to the downtown office for the first time keenly interested in the selling department. The more he thought about it the more important selling became. And the reason was that he was now dramatizing his own sales of his own kerosene car. He would apply only sound selling methods when the Byrnes-Leigh carburetor was put on the Tecumseh cars; therefore, he began to study sound selling methods with a more sympathetic understanding.

Mr. Grosvenor, the selling genius of the Tecumseh organization, was greatly impressed by Tommy's intelligent questions. It made him say to Mr. Thompson:

"Young Leigh has suddenly taken hold in a surprising manner, but he comes here only mornings. He'll spoil if he gets too technical I'd like to have him with me"

"Why?" asked Mr. Thompson curiously.

"Because he'll make a first-class ——"

"No, no! I mean why has he taken hold suddenly?"

"He is no fool. He instinctively reduces all his problems to the basis of Show me—not Missouri distrust, but the desire really to know and ——"

"Ah, yes, the ideal juryman," said Thompson musingly.

"I don't see it," said Grosvenor.

"The lawyers don't either, hence it is all law or all emotion with them. Well, you can't have Tommy yet awhile."

"Why not?" asked Grosvenor curiously. He, too, learned from Thompson and his experiments with human beings.

"He hasn't reported to me yet."

"But he's crazy to begin," protested Grosvenor.

"No, he isn't. It is only that something has happened. Wait!" said Thompson. "Now about the Chicago agency ——" And they ceased to discuss young Mr. Leigh.

That same afternoon Thompson rang for Tommy.

"Tommy," he said, "I want you to take one of our cars and play with it."

"Meaning?" asked Tommy.

"Whatever you like. Company's car, company's time," returned Mr. Thompson impassively.

Tommy nodded. He saw, or thought he saw, usefulness to the company. Then he thought of Tommy Leigh. This made him think of Bill. The car being company's property, the Byrnes-Leigh experiments with it also would be company's property.

"And Sundays?" he asked, and looked intently at Mr. Thompson.

Thompson stared back. Then he frowned slightly and kept on staring into Tommy's eyes.

"H'm!" said Thompson presently. Tommy would have given much to know what the chief was thinking about. It fascinated him to watch the face and to wonder what the machine within the well-shaped cranium was turning out in the way of conclusions and decisions. Then the fear came to Tommy that Mr. Thompson might think Tommy wanted to joy-ride on the Sabbath or break speed records or have fun—Tommy who wanted no pleasure whatever in life until the seventeen thousand was paid back! The boy's face clouded. He couldn't explain.

"H'm!" again muttered Thompson absently. Then his eyes grew alert and he said: "Use one of my own cars instead. Company's time, my car. Sundays, your time, your car."

Tommy's heart skipped a beat. Had Mr. Thompson guessed? It was positively uncanny. Then Tommy asked:

"Is it an old car?"

Thompson looked sharply at Tommy. Then he said: "It isn't; but it is—so far as you are concerned. I expect to have to repaint it."

Tommy hesitated.

"Do you want to tell me about it?" asked Thompson.

Tommy might have said there wasn't anything to tell. But he answered:

"I do, but I think I'd better wait."

"Very well, Tommy," said Thompson seriously. "Want your salary raised?"

"Not yet," said Tommy. Impulsively in a burst of gratitude he held out his hand. Then he drew it back.

"Shake hands anyhow," said Thompson, and Tommy did.

"Mr. Thompson, I'll tell you ——"

"Not much you won't!" interrupted Mr. Thompson. "Run along, sonny!"

THAT night after supper Tommy, who felt that his joy over the new car was almost too great to be strictly moral, told Bill all about it and saw Bill's flashing eyes at the thought of a car to experiment with, a lack that he had often bemoaned. Tommy thought Bill was entitled to some pleasure on his own account and, wishing to share his luck, he said earnestly:

"I can't stand it any longer, Bill; you've simply got to take the fifty dollars. I'll lend it to you or give it to you, or we'll go in cahoots or on any basis you want; but if you don't invent my kerosene carburetor I'll bust."

"Yes, but how will I feel if nothing comes out of it?" said Bill gloomily.

"What about my own feelings, you pinhead! I'll feel a thousand times worse than you, if that's any comfort to you. I've mapped out my selling campaign. Why, I've been selling a thousand kerosene cars a day for two weeks!"

"Yes, but ——"

"You can't be an inventor. All inventors are dead sure of getting there if you only give them time and money. And here I'm giving you capital and from four to five Sundays a month!"

"Don't be funny!"

"In the event of honorable defeat I'll sell their measly gasoline cars instead of our kerosene wonders, so I'm all right. Will you take the money, Bill?"

"Yes!" shouted Bill, and frowned furiously. "By heck, I just will!"

"Right! Are you sure you can get the generator for the money?"

"Yes, I've got him down to fifty. We'll split even on the patent."

"And your work?" said Tommy, shaking his head.

"And yours?" shrieked Bill excitedly. "Whose idea was it? I won't go on any other basis."

"You are a d ——d fool," said Tommy severely.

"So are you!" retorted Bill, so pugnaciously that Tommy laughed and said soothingly:

"Let's not hoodoo the thing by counting the chickens before they are hatched. You wait here."

Tommy went into his room, unlocked his trunk and found the little package of gold coins his mother had wrapped up. He read the faint but still legible inscription:

"For Tommy's first scrape."

In that shabby room in a strange city she came to him, the mother he had never known, who had paid for his life with her own, the mother who had loved him so much, whose love began before he was born.

"Poor mother!" he muttered. And he tried to see—in vain!—a mother's smile on her lips and the blessed light in her eyes. He could not see them, but he felt them, for he felt himself enveloped by her love as though she had thrown a warm cloak about his chilled soul. A great yearning came over him to love her.

He raised the little package to his lips instinctively and kissed the writing. And then, not instinctively but deliberately, that his love might go from him to her, he kissed it again and again, until the sense of loss came and his eyes filled with tears for the mother he now not only loved but did not wish to lose.

She had loved him without knowing him. She had planned for him—plans that had come to naught notwithstanding his father's efforts to carry them out.

"Poor father!" he said. He heard his own words. He understood now that his duty to his mother was his duty to his father. He must plan for his father as his mother had planned for him. His father must come first in everything!

(Continued on Page 69)

"A Secret is Hard on Concentration, Isn't It?"

PICCADILLY JIM

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"Guess I'll be Beatin' it," Said Miss Trimble. "'F All th' Bunk Jobs I Was Ever On, This is th' Bunkest"

XXIII

GENTLEMAN JACK had lowered his revolver and was standing waiting to explain all, with the insufferable look of the man who is just going to say that he has only done his duty and requires no thanks.

"Who are you?" he said.

"Nev' min' who I am!" said Miss Trimble curtly. "Siz Pett knows who I am."

"I hope you won't be offended, Lord Wisbeach," said Mrs. Pett from the group by the door. "I engaged a detective to help you. I really thought you could not manage everything by yourself. I hope you do not mind."

"Not at all, Mrs. Pett; very wise."

"I'm so glad to hear you say so."

"An excellent move."

Miss Trimble broke in on these amiable exchanges.

"Whassal this? Howjer mean—help him?"

"Lord Wisbeach most kindly offered to do all he could to protect my nephew's explosive," said Mrs. Pett.

Gentleman Jack smiled modestly.

"I hope I have been of some slight assistance! I think I came down in the nick of time. Look"—he pointed to the safe—"he had just got it open! Luckily I had my pistol with me. I covered him and called for help. In another moment he would have got away."

Miss Trimble crossed to the safe and inspected it with a frown, as if she disliked it. She gave a grunt and returned to her place by the window.

"Made good job 'f it!" was her comment.

Ann came forward. Her face was glowing and her eyes shone.

"Do you mean to say that you found Jimmy breaking into the safe? I never heard anything so absurd!"

Mrs. Pett intervened.

"This is not James Crocker, Ann! This man is an impostor, who came into the house in order to steal Willie's invention." She looked fondly at Gentleman Jack. "Lord Wisbeach told me so. He only pretended to recognize this young man this afternoon."

A low gurgle proceeded from the open mouth of little Ogden—the proceedings bewildered him. The scene he had overheard in the library between the two men had made it clear to him that Jimmy was genuine and Lord Wisbeach a fraud, and he could not understand why Jimmy did not produce his proofs as before. He was not aware that Jimmy's head was only just beginning to clear from the effects of the blow on the chin. Ogden braced himself for resolute lying, in the event of Jimmy calling him as a witness. He did not intend to have his little business proposition dragged into the open.

Ann was looking at Jimmy with horror-struck eyes. For the first time it came to her how little she knew of him and how very likely it was—in the face of the evidence it was almost certain—that he should have come to the house with the intention of stealing Willie's explosive. She fought against it, but a voice seemed to remind her that it was he who had suggested the idea of posing as Jimmy Crocker. She could not help remembering how smoothly and willingly he had embarked on the mad scheme. But had it been so mad? Had it not been a mere cloak for this other venture? If Lord Wisbeach had found him in this room, with the safe blown open, what other explanation could there be?

And then, simultaneously with her conviction that he was a criminal, came the certainty that he was the man she loved. It had only needed the spectacle of him in trouble to make her sure. She came to his side, with the vague idea of doing something to help him, of giving him her support.

Once there, she found that there was nothing to do and nothing to say. She put her hand on his and stood waiting helplessly for she knew not what.

It was the touch of her fingers that woke Jimmy from his stupor. He came to himself almost with a jerk. He had been mistily aware of what had been said, but speech had been beyond him. Now, quite suddenly, he was a whole man once more. He threw himself into the debate with energy.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "You're all wrong! I found him blowing open the safe."

Gentleman Jack smiled superciliously.

"A likely story, what! I mean to say, it's a bit thin!"

"Ridiculous!" said Mrs. Pett. She turned to Miss Trimble with a gesture. "Arrest that man!"

"Wait a mom'nt," replied that clear-headed maiden, picking her teeth thoughtfully with the muzzle of her revolver. "Wait mom'nt. Gotta look 'nto this. Hear both these guys' st'ries."

"Really," said Gentleman Jack suavely, "it seems somewhat absurd ——"

"Nev' mind how 'bsurd 't sounds," returned the fair Trimble rebukingly. "You close y'r face 'n' lissen t' me. Thassal you've gotta do."

"I know you didn't do it!" cried Ann, tightening her hold on Jimmy's arm.

"Less 'f it, please, less 'f it!" Miss Trimble removed the pistol from her mouth and pointed it at Jimmy. "What've you to say? Talk quick!"

"I happened to be down there ——"

"Why?" asked Miss Trimble, as if she had touched off a bomb.

Jimmy stopped short. He perceived difficulties in the way of explanation.

"I happened to be down there," he resumed stoutly, "and that man came into the room with an electric torch and a blow pipe and began working on the safe ——"

The polished tones of Gentleman Jack cut in on his story.

"Really now, is it worth while?" He turned to Miss Trimble. "I came down here, having heard a noise. I did not happen to be here for some unexplained purpose. I was lying awake and something attracted my attention. As Mrs. Pett knows, I was suspicious of this worthy and expected him to make an attempt on the explosive at any moment—so I took my pistol and crept downstairs. When I got here the safe was open and this man making for the window."

Miss Trimble scratched her chin caressingly with the revolver and remained for a moment in thought. Then she turned to Jimmy like a striking rattlesnake.

"Y' gotta pull someth'g better th'n that," she said. "I got y'r number. Y're caught with th' gooda."

"No!" cried Ann.

"Yes!" said Mrs. Pett; "the thing is obvious."

"I think the best thing I can do," said Gentleman Jack smoothly, "is to go and telephone for the police."

"You think of everything, Lord Wisbeach," said Mrs. Pett.

"Not at all," said his lordship.

Jimmy watched him moving to the door. At the back of his mind there was a dull feeling that he could solve the whole trouble if only he could remember one fact which had escaped him. The effects of the blow he had received still handicapped him. He struggled to remember, but without result. Gentleman Jack reached the door and opened it; and as he did so a shrill yapping, hitherto inaudible because of the intervening oak and the raised voices within, made itself heard from the passage outside. Gentleman Jack closed the door with a bang.

"I say, that dog's out there!" he said plaintively.

The scratching of Alda's busy feet on the wood bore out his words. He looked about him, baffled.

"That dog's out there!" he repeated gloomily.

Something seemed to give way in Jimmy's brain. The simple fact that had eluded him till now sprang into his mind. "Don't let that man get out!" he cried. "I've only just remembered. You say you found me breaking into the safe! You say you heard a noise and came down to investigate! Well, then, what's that test tube of the explosive doing in your breast pocket?" He swung round to Miss Trimble. "You needn't take my word or his word. There's a much simpler way of finding out who's the real crook. Search us both!" He began to turn out his pockets rapidly. "Look here—and here—and here! Now ask him to do the same!"

He was pleased to observe a spasm pass across Gentleman Jack's hitherto composed countenance. Miss Trimble was eying the latter with sudden suspicion.

"Thassa!" she said. "Say, Bill—I've f'gott'n y'r name—'sup to you to show us! Less've a look 't what y' got inside there."

Gentleman Jack drew himself up haughtily.

"I really could not agree to ——"

Mrs. Pett interrupted indignantly.

"I never heard of such a thing! Lord Wisbeach is an old friend ——"

"Less 'f it!" ordered Miss Trimble, whose left eye was now like the left eye of a basilisk. "Y' gotta show us, Bill, so b' quick 'bout 't!"

A tired smile played over Gentleman Jack's face. He was the bored aristocrat, mutely protesting against something that "wasn't done." He dipped his slender fingers into his pocket. Then, drawing out the test tube and holding it up, he spoke with a drawling calm for which even Jimmy could not help admiring him.

"All right! If I'm done, I'm done!"

The sensation caused by his action and his words was the kind usually described as profound. Mrs. Pett uttered a strangled shriek. Willie Partridge yelped like a dog. Sharp exclamations came simultaneously from each of the geniuses.

Gentleman Jack waited for the clamor to subside, then he resumed his gentle drawl.

"But I'm not done," he explained. "I'm going out now through that window. And if anybody tries to stop me it will be his or her"—he bowed politely to Miss Trimble—"last act in the world. If anyone makes a move to stop me I shall drop this test tube and blow the whole place to pieces!"

If his first speech had made a marked impression on his audience his second paralyzed them. A silence followed as of the tomb. Only the yapping of the dog Alda refused to be stilled.

"Y' stay where y' are!" said Miss Trimble, as the speaker moved toward the window. She held the revolver

poised, but for the first time that night—possibly for the first time in her life—she spoke irresolutely. Superbly competent woman though she was, here was a situation that baffled her.

Gentleman Jack crossed the room slowly, the test tube held aloft between forefinger and thumb. He was level with Miss Trimble, who had lowered her revolver and had drawn to one side, plainly at a loss to know how to handle this unprecedented crisis, when the door flew open. For an instant the face of Howard Bemis, the poet, was visible.

"Mrs. Pett, I have telephoned ——"

Then another voice interrupted him.

"Yipe! Yipe! Yipe!"

Through the opening the dog Aïda, rejoicing in the removal of the obstacle, raced like a fur muff mysteriously endowed with legs and a tongue. She tore across the room to where Gentleman Jack's ankles waited invitingly. Ever since their first meeting she had wanted a fair chance at those ankles, but someone had always prevented her.

"Damn!" shouted Gentleman Jack.

The word was drowned in one vast cataclysm of noise. From every throat in the room there proceeded a shout, a shriek, or some other variety of cry, as the test tube, slipping from between the victim's fingers, described a parabola through the air.

Ann flung herself into Jimmy's arms, and he held her tight. He shut his eyes. Even as he waited for the end the thought flashed through his mind that if he must die this was the manner of death that he would prefer.

The test tube crashed on the writing desk and burst into a million pieces. . . . Jimmy opened his eyes. Things seemed to be much about the same as before. He was still alive. The room in which he stood was solid and intact. Nobody was in fragments. There was only one respect in which the scene differed from what it had been a moment before. Then it had contained Gentleman Jack. Now it did not.

A great sigh seemed to sweep through the room. There was a long silence. Then, from the direction of the street, came the roar of a starting automobile. And at that sound the bearded man with the spectacles who had formed part of Miss Trimble's procession uttered a wailing cry.

"Gee! He's beat it in my bubble—and it was a hired one!"

The words seemed to relieve the tension in the air. One by one the company became masters of themselves once more. Miss Trimble, that masterly woman, was the first to recover. She raised herself from the floor—for with a confused idea that she would be safer there she had flung herself down—and, having dusted her skirt with a few decisive dabs of her strong left hand, addressed herself once more to business.

"I let 'm bluff me with a fake bomb!" she commented bitterly. She brooded on this for a moment. "Say, shut th' door 'gain, someone, and t'run this mutt out. I can't think with th't yapping going on."

Mrs. Pett, pale and scared, gathered Aïda into her arms. At the same time Ann removed herself from Jimmy's. She did not look at him. She was feeling oddly shy. She would have given much now to have been elsewhere.

Miss Trimble again took charge of the situation. The sound of the automobile had died away. Gentleman Jack had passed out of their lives. This fact embittered Miss Trimble. She spoke with asperity.

"Well, he's gone!" she said acidly. "Now we can get down t' cases again. Say!" She addressed Mrs. Pett, who started nervously. The experience of passing through the shadow of the valley of death and of finding herself in one piece instead of several thousand had robbed her of all her wonted masterfulness. "Say, list'n t' me! There's been a double game on here t'-night. That guy that's jus' gone was th' first part of th' entertainment. Now we c'n start th' sec'nd part. You see these ducks?" She indicated with a wave of the revolver Mr. Crocker and his comrade. "They've been trying t' knidnap y'r son!"

Mrs. Pett uttered a piercing cry.

"Oggie!"

"Oh, can it!" muttered that youth uncomfortably. He foresaw awkward moments ahead, and he wished to concentrate his faculties entirely on the part he was to play in them. He looked sideways at Chicago Ed. In a few minutes, he supposed, Ed would be attempting to minimize his own crimes by pretending that he, Ogden, had invited him to come and kidnap him. Stout denial must be his weapon.

"I had m' suspicions," resumed Miss Trimble, "that someth'ng was goin' t' be pulled off t'-night, 'nd I was waiting outside f'r it to break loose. This guy here," she indicated the bearded plotter, who blinked deprecatingly through his spectacles, "h's been waiting on the c'rner of th' street for the last hour with 'n automobile. I've b'n watching him right along. I was onto h's game! Well, just now out came the kid with this plug-ugly here." She turned to Mr. Crocker. "Say you, take off th't mask. Let's have a l'k at you!"

Mr. Crocker reluctantly drew the cambric from his face.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Miss Trimble in strong distaste. "Say, 've you got some kind of a plague, or wh't is it? Y' look like a colored comic supplement!" She confronted the shrinking Mr. Crocker and ran a bony finger over his cheek. "Make-up!" she said, eying the stains disgustedly. "Grease paint! Gosh!"

"Skinner!" cried Mrs. Pett.

Miss Trimble scanned her victim more closely.

"So 'tis, if y' do a bit 'f excavating"—she turned on the bearded one—"'nd I guess all this shrubbery is fake, 'f you come down to it!" She wrenched at the unhappy Jerry's beard. It came off in her hands, leaving a square chin behind it. "If this ain't a wig y'll have a headache t'morrow," observed Miss Trimble, weaving her fingers into his luxuriant head covering and pulling. "Wish y' luck! Ah, 'twas a wig! Gimme those spect'cles." She surveyed the results of her handiwork grimly. "Say, Clarence," she remarked, "y're a wise guy. Y' look handsomer with 'em on. Does anyone know this duck?"

"It is Mitchell," said Mrs. Pett, "my husband's physical instructor."

Miss Trimble turned and, walking to Jimmy, tapped him meaningly on the chest with her revolver.

"Say, this is gett'n' int'resting! This is where y' 'xplain, y'ng man, how 'twas you happened to be down in this room when th't crook who's just gone was monkeyin' with the safe. L'ks't' me as if you were in cahoots with these other two crooks."

A feeling of being on the verge of one of those crises that dot the smooth path of our lives came to Jimmy. To conceal his identity from Ann any longer seemed impossible. He was about to speak, when Ann broke in.

"Aunt Nesta," she said, "I can't let this go on any longer. Jerry Mitchell isn't to blame. I told him to kidnap Ogden!"

There was an awkward silence. Mrs. Pett laughed nervously.

"I think you had better go to bed, my dear child. You have had a severe shock. You are not yourself!"

"But it's true! I did tell him, didn't I, Jerry?"

"Say!" Miss Trimble silenced Jerry with a gesture. "You beat 't back t' y'r little bed, honey, like y'r aunt says. Y' say y' told this guy t' steal th' kid. Well, what about this here Skinner? Y' didn't tell him, did y'?"

"Are You Asking Me to Marry You?"

"I—I ——" Ann began confusedly. She was utterly unable to account for Skinner, and it made her task of explaining difficult.

Jimmy came to the rescue. He did not like to think how Ann would receive the news, but for her own sake he must speak now. It would have required a harder-hearted man than himself to resist the mute pleading of his father's grease-painted face. Mr. Crocker was a game sport. He would not have said a word without the sign from Jimmy, even to save himself from a night in prison; but he hoped that Jimmy would speak.

"It's perfectly simple," said Jimmy, with an attempt at airiness that broke down miserably under Miss Trimble's eye. "Perfectly simple! I really am Jimmy Crocker, you know." He avoided Ann's gaze. "I can't think what you are making all this fuss about."

"Th'n why did y' sit in at a plot to kidnap this boy?"

"That, of course—ha, ha—might seem at first sight to require a little explanation ——"

"Y' admit it, then?"

"Yes. As a matter of fact I did have the idea of kidnaping Ogden. Wanted to send him to a dog's hospital, if you understand what I mean." He tried to smile a conciliatory smile, but, encountering Miss Trimble's left eye, abandoned the project. He removed a bead of perspiration from his forehead with his handkerchief. It struck him as a very curious thing that the simplest explanations were so often quite difficult to make. "Before I go any further, I ought to explain one thing. Skinner there is my father."

Mrs. Pett gasped.

"Skinner was my sister's butler, in London."

"In a way of speaking," said Jimmy, "that is correct. It's rather a long story. It was this way, you see ——"

Miss Trimble uttered an ejaculation of supreme contempt.

"I n'ver saw such a lot of babbl'ng crooks in m' life! 'T beats me what y' hope to get pulling this stuff. Say"—she indicated Mr. Crocker—"this guy's wanted f'r something over in England. We've got h's photographs 'n th' office. If y' ask me he lit out with the spoons 'r something. Say"—she fixed one of the geniuses with her compelling eye—"'bout time y' made y'rself useful. Go 'n' call up th' Astorbilt on th' phone. There's a dame there that's been making the inquiries f'r this duck. She told Anderson's—and Anderson's handed it on to us—to call her up any hour 'f the day 'r night when they found him. You go get her on the wire and t'll her t' come right up here 'n a taxi and identify h'm!"

The genius paused at the door.

"Whom shall I ask for?"

"Mrs. Crocker," snapped Miss Trimble. "Siz Bingley Crocker. Tell her we've found th' guy she's been looking for!"

The genius backed out. There was a howl of anguish from the doorway.

"I beg your pardon!" said the genius.

"Can't you look where you're going!"

"I am exceedingly sorry ——"

"Brrh!"

Mr. Pett entered the room, hopping. He was holding one slippered foot in his hand and appeared to be submitting it to some form of massage. It was plain that the usually mild and gentle little man was in a bad temper. He glowered round him at the company assembled.

"What the devil's the matter here?" he demanded. "I stood it as long as I could, but a man can't get a wink of sleep with this noise going on!"

"Yipe! Yipe! Yipe!" barked Aïda from the shelter of Mrs. Pett's arms.

Mr. Pett started violently.

"Kill that dog! Throw her out! Do something to her!"

Mrs. Pett was staring blankly at her husband. She had never seen him like this before. It was as if a rabbit had turned and growled at her. Coming on top of the crowded sensations of the night it had the effect of making her feel curiously weak. In all her married life she had never known what fear was. She had coped dauntlessly with the late Mr. Ford, a man of a spirited temperament, and as for the mild Mr. Pett she had trampled on him. But now she felt afraid. This new Peter intimidated her.

XXIV

TO THIS remarkable metamorphosis in Mr. Peter Pett several causes had contributed. In the first place, the sudden dismissal of Jerry Mitchell had obliged him to go two days without the physical exercises to which his system had become accustomed; and this had produced a heavy, irritable condition of body and mind. He had brooded on the injustice of his lot until he had almost worked himself up to rebellion. And then a touch of gout came to add to his troubles. Being a patient man by nature, he might have borne up against these trials had he been granted an adequate night's rest. But, just as he had dropped off after tossing restlessly for two hours, things had begun to happen noisily in the library. He awoke to a vague realization of tumult below.

Such was the morose condition of his mind as the result of his misfortune that at first not even the cries for help could interest him sufficiently to induce him to leave his bed. He knew that walking in his present state would be painful, and he declined to submit to any more pain just because some party unknown was apparently being murdered in his library. It was not until the shrill barking of the dog Aïda penetrated his nerve centers and began to tie them into knots that he found himself compelled to descend. Even when he did so it was in no spirit of kindness. He did not come to rescue anybody or to interfere between any murderer and his victim. He came in a fever of militant wrath to suppress Aïda. On the threshold of the library, however, the genius, by treading on his gouty foot, had diverted his anger. He had ceased to concentrate his venom on Aïda. He wanted to assail everybody.

"What's the matter here?" he demanded, red eyed. "Isn't somebody going to tell me? Have I got to stop here all night? Who on earth is this?" He glared at Miss Trimble. "What's she doing with that pistol?" He stamped incautiously with his bad foot and emitted a dry howl of anguish.

"She is a detective, Peter," said Mrs. Pett timidly.

"A detective? Why? Where did she come from?"

Miss Trimble took it upon herself to explain.

"'Ster Pett, siz Pett sent f'r me t' watch out so's nobody kidnaped her son."

"'Oggie,'" explained Mrs. Pett. "Miss Trimble was guarding darling Oggie."

"Why?"

"To—to prevent him being kidnaped, Peter."

Mr. Pett glowered at the stout boy. Then his eye was attracted by the forlorn figure of Jerry Mitchell. He started

"Was this fellow kidnaping the boy?" he asked.

"Sure," said Miss Trimble. "Caught h'm with th' goods. He w's waiting outside there with a car. I held h'm and this other guy up w'th a gun and brought 'em back!"

"Jerry," said Mr. Pett, "it wasn't your fault that you didn't bring it off, and I'm going to treat you right. You'd have done it if nobody had butted in to stop you. You'll get the money to start that health farm of yours all right. I'll see to that. Now you run off to bed! There's nothing to keep you here."

"Say!" cried Miss Trimble, outraged. "D'y' mean t' say y' aren't going t' pros'cute? Why, aren't I tell'ng y' I caught h'm kidnaping the boy?"

"I told him to kidnap the boy!" snarled Mr. Pett.

"Peter!"

Mr. Pett looked like an undersized lion, as he faced his wife. He bristled. The recollection of all that he had suffered from Ogden came to strengthen his determination.

"I've tried for two years to get you to send that boy to a good boarding school, and you wouldn't do it. I couldn't stand having him loafing round the house any longer, so I told Jerry Mitchell to take him away to a friend of his who keeps a dog's hospital on Long Island, and to tell his friend to hold Ogden there till he got some sense into him. Well, you've spoiled that for the moment with your detectives, but it still looks good to me. I'll give you a choice. You can either send that boy to a boarding school next week, or he goes to Jerry Mitchell's friend. I'm not going to have him in the house any longer, loafing in my chair and smoking my cigarettes. Which is it to be?"

"But, Peter!"

"Well?"

"If I send him to a school he may be kidnaped."

"Kidnaping can't hurt him. It's what he needs. And, anyway, if he is I'll pay the bill and be glad to do it. Take him off to bed now! To-morrow you can start looking up schools. Great Godfrey!" He hopped to the writing desk and glared disgustedly at the débris on it. "Who's been making this mess on my desk? It's hard! It's darned hard! The only room in the house that I ask to have for my own, where I can get a little peace, and I find it turned into a bear garden, and coffee or some messy thing spilled all over my writing desk!"

"That isn't coffee, Peter," said Mrs. Pett mildly. This cave man whom she had married, under the impression that he was a gentle domestic pet, had taken all the spirit out of her. "It's Willie's explosive!"

"Willie's explosive?"

"Lord Wisbeach—I mean the man who pretended to be Lord Wisbeach—dropped it there."

"Dropped it there? Well, why didn't it explode and blow the place to Hoboken, then?"

Mrs. Pett looked helplessly at Willie, who thrust his fingers into his mop of hair and rolled his eyes.

"There was fortunately some slight miscalculation in my formula, Uncle Peter," he said. "I shall have to look into it to-morrow. Whether the trinitrotoluol ——"

Mr. Pett uttered a sharp howl. He beat the air with his clenched fists. He seemed to be having a brain storm.

"Has this—this fish been living on me all this time—have I been supporting this—this buzzard in luxury all these years, while he fooled about with an explosive that

"Kill That Dog! Throw Her Out! Do Something to Her!"

won't explode!" He pointed an accusing finger at the inventor. "Look into it to-morrow, will you! Yes, you can look into it to-morrow after six o'clock! Until then you'll be working—for the first time in your life—working in my office, where you ought to have been all along." He surveyed the crowded room belligerently. "Now perhaps you will all go back to bed and let people get a little sleep! Go home!" he said to the detective.

Miss Trimble stood her ground. She watched Mrs. Pett pass away with Ogden, and Willie Partridge head a stampede of geniuses, but she declined to move.

"Y' gotta cut th' rough stuff, 'ster Pett," she said calmly. "I need my sleep, j'st 's much 's everyb'dy else, but I gotta stay here. There's a lady c'ming right up in a taxi fr'm th' Astorbilt, to identify this gook. She's after 'm f'r something."

"What! Skinner?"

"'S what he calls h'mself."

"What's he done?"

"I d'no. Th' lady'll tell us that."

There was a violent ringing at the front-door bell.

"I guess that's her," said Miss Trimble.

"Who's going to let h'r in? I can't go."

"I will," said Ann.

Mr. Pett regarded Mr. Crocker affectionately.

"I don't know what you've done, Skinner," he said, "but I'll stand by you. You're the best fan I ever met and if I can keep you out of the penitentiary I will."

"It isn't the penitentiary!" said Mr. Crocker unhappily.

A tall, handsome and determined-looking woman came into the room. She stood in the doorway, looking about her. Then her eyes rested on Mr. Crocker. For a moment she gazed incredulously at his discolored face. She drew a little nearer, peering.

"D'y' 'dentify 'm, ma'am?" said Miss Trimble.

"Bingley!"

"Is 't th' guy y' wanted?"

"It's my husband!" said Mrs. Crocker.

"Y' can't arrest 'm f'r that!" said Miss Trimble disgustedly. She thrust her revolver back into the hinterland of her costume.

"Guess I'll be beatin' it," she said, with a somber frown. She was plainly in no sunny mood. "'F all th' bunk jobs I was ever on, this is th' bunkest. I'm told off t' watch a gang of crooks, and after I've lost a night's sleep doing it, it turns out it's a nice jolly fam'ly party!" She jerked her thumb toward Jimmy. "Say, this guy says he's that guy's son. I s'pose it's all right?"

"That is my stepson, James Crocker!"

Ann uttered a little cry, but it was lost in Miss Trimble's stupendous snort. The detective turned to the window.

"I guess I'll beat it," she observed caustically, "before it turns out that I'm y'r l'il daughter Genevieve."

XXV

MRS. CROCKER turned to her husband.

"Well, Bingley?" she said, sternly.

"Well, Eugenia?" said Mr. Crocker.

A strange light was shining in Mr. Crocker's mild eyes. He had seen a miracle happen that night. He had seen an even more formidable woman than his wife dominated by an even meeker man than himself, and he had been amazed and impressed by the spectacle. It had never even started to occur to him before, but apparently it could be done. A little resolution, a little determination—nothing more was needed. He looked at Mr. Pett. Mr. Pett had crumpled up Eugenia's sister with about three firm speeches.

"What have you to say, Bingley?"

Mr. Crocker drew himself up.

"Just this!" he said. "I'm an American citizen, and the way I've figured it out is that my place is in America. It's no good talking about it, Eugenia. I'm sorry if it upsets your plans, but I—am—not—going—back—to—London!" He eyed his speechless wife unflatteringly. "I'm going to stick on here and see the pennant race out. And after that I'm going to take in the World's Series."

Mrs. Crocker opened her mouth to speak, closed it, reopened it. Then she found that she had nothing to say.

"I hope you'll be sensible, Eugenia, and stay on this side, and we can all be happy. I'm sorry to have to take this stand, but you tried me too high. You're a woman, and you don't know what it is to go five years without seeing a ball game; but take it from me it's more than any real fan can stand. It nearly killed me, and I'm not going to risk it again. If Mr. Pett will keep me on as his butler I'll stay here in this house. If he won't I'll get another job somewhere. But, whatever happens, I stick to this side!"

Mr. Pett uttered a whoop of approval.

"There's always been a place for you in my house, old man!" he cried. "When I get a butler who ——"

"But, Bingley, how can you be a butler?"

"You ought to watch him!" said Mr. Pett enthusiastically. "He's a wonder! He can pull all the starchy stuff, as if he'd lived with the Duke of Whoosis for the last forty years, and then go right off and fling a pop bottle at an umpire! He's all right!"

The eulogy was wasted on Mrs. Crocker. She burst into tears. It was a new experience for her husband, and he watched her awkwardly, his resolute demeanor crumbling under this unexpected assault.

"Eugenia!"

Mrs. Crocker wiped her eyes. "I can't stand it!" she sobbed. "I've worked and worked all these years, and now, just as success has nearly come! . . . Bingley, do come back! It will only be for a little longer."

Mr. Crocker stared.

"A little longer? Why, that Lord Percy Whipple business—I know you must have had excellent reasons for

(Continued on Page 65)

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Coöperative Selling

THE Webb Bill to permit combinations of manufacturers for export trade failed in the last moments of the last session of Congress. That was largely due to lack of time, and there is excellent ground for believing the substance of the bill will be enacted into law early in the next session. But the bill encountered considerable opposition of a depressing nature.

For a good while opposition to any sort of combination comprised about two-thirds of the average politician's total economic stock in trade. This saved him much bother. He did not need to study economic law and experience. All he needed to do was denounce combination. When a bill specifically authorizing combinations for certain purposes came up, there was enough of this Bourbon anti-Trust habit and attitude to postpone its passage. But the reasons for coöperative foreign selling are so convincing that irrational opposition will be overcome.

In the normal year 1913 two-thirds of our exports were of the sort that largely sold themselves—raw materials, such as grain, cotton; and partly manufactured articles that Europe completed. One-third consisted of finished articles, embodying a large amount of American labor, and so putting American skill and labor more or less directly into competition with the skill and labor of other countries.

It is with such competitive articles that we must finally win in foreign trade if we are really going to win at all. Analysis of these articles shows that some "Trust" or other sold the larger part of them. The trade in them is highly organized and led by big concerns, such as a Harvester Trust, a Steel Trust, an Oil Trust.

Broadly speaking, only these big concerns can afford to maintain the elaborate and expensive organizations that successful foreign selling requires. Smaller manufacturers may either combine to maintain foreign agencies or keep out of the game.

Stage Money

EVIDENTLY 1916 will set a new high-water mark in national prosperity, as that is usually measured. A good many shrewd observers thought the figures for 1915 would not be matched within at least a decade; but the current year puts them in the shade. No one who valued his prophetic reputation would undertake to say that 1917 will not exceed 1916. But anybody is safe in saying we shall soon reach a peak year, beyond which there will be a decline. It is by no means exclusively a rich man's prosperity. Amiable genii are rubbing the lamp for persons in many walks of life. The following story is vouched for, though we do not feel justified in vouching for the voucher:

A skilled mechanic, employed in unusually delicate work, had been earning about eighty-five dollars a month. He was besought to accept instantly a job in a plant engaged on war contracts, at a wage of one hundred dollars. He consented, and was paralyzed on the first pay day by discovering that the pay was one hundred dollars a week; instead of a month, as he had supposed.

Exceptional, no doubt, if true. Yet to a lot of people money is coming with something like that ease. If they look upon these sudden accessions of income as a permanent thing, and pitch their living expenses accordingly, the extra income will undoubtedly prove mere stage money. Anybody who is getting any share of this boom, and not converting a portion of that share into a permanent possession by putting it aside, will deserve the disappointment that is coming to him.

A Campaign Gone Wrong

IT WAS a painfully flat campaign. Everybody says so. The Republican attack created about as much excitement as the spectacle of a man cutting a hickory log with a dull saw. This impression of it is so much a matter of common report that no partisan bias can be implied in saying it. Why a man of Mr. Hughes' known ability and experience showed so little edge as a candidate has been the subject of many learned explanations by those who sympathized with him and those who did not.

Now there are many subjects in which the public is interested; and one obvious fact is that the Republican management woefully misread the public mind. They thought it was truculently heroic, and writhing under a sense of national disgrace, when, in fact, it was merely sensible.

It saw the United States, after more than two years of world war, at peace and on as good terms with the world as could possibly be expected. In respect of the most trying issue the war had brought us, this country had imposed its conditions upon Germany, after couching them in language such as one nation seldom uses to another. Submarines were operating as we said they must. In view of that fundamental fact, whether or not we might safely have pulled a few more tail feathers out of the German eagle seemed unimportant. We were submitting to some indignities from the Allies, but a rather wide sympathy with their cause, our patent powerlessness to coerce them on the sea, and the torrent of money they were pouring into our lap left us the alternative of patient negotiation or committing a sort of moral and material hari-kari. With regard to Europe, in short, the situation was as satisfactory as could reasonably be hoped for.

The country understood that and accepted it. Impassioned oratory about a futile protest against the invasion of Belgium, an impossible prevention of the Lusitania crime, and generally imposing our own conditions upon fighting Europe—without at all fighting ourselves—simply bored the public. The campaign has shown that this country's course in respect of warring Europe has been, in a broad way, the course which the common sense of the country approves, in view of all the circumstances of the case. Whoever wins at the polls—for the votes are not cast at this writing—will probably keep that lesson in mind.

If the Republican campaign had addressed itself to domestic affairs—such, for example, as the pork barrel—and brought forward a number of constructive ideas, it would undoubtedly have found more enthusiastic response.

Bloodthirstiness

IT HARDLY becomes the United States to say much about Armenian massacres and Russian pogroms. The retort that we ourselves are doing the same thing, only on a minor scale, is too obvious. When the Turk amuses himself by butchering Christians, and the Russian satisfies an old instinct by scourging and murdering Jews, both are in just the case of the American mob that lynches and burns; and all three are obeying the impulse which thrilled the nerves of an Indian when he sank his tomahawk into the skull of a woman or child of an enemy tribe. The thing wears different clothes in different parts of the world, and its methods differ somewhat; but its soul is plain brute bloodthirstiness.

The old lying excuses have grown grotesquely transparent in the light of facts. It used to be said that lynchings were an outraged community's protest against the failure of law—its own law, by the way. But they occur repeatedly when there is no probability that law will fail. Then it was said they were for the protection of women: but it has been shown over and over that lynching does not protect women, and that as often as not no woman figures in the case. The comparatively modern substitution of burning for hanging reveals the true mob spirit, delighting in the torment of its victim; by no means particular about its victim's guilt, since an innocent man writhes as interestingly as a guilty one.

There is absolutely no excuse. It is an offense against civilization to pretend that there is one. The thing ought to be stigmatized for the corrupted savagery that it is.

Cities on Wheels

CITY people fuss more or less to get pleasant homes and offices; but such incidents of urban living are rapidly becoming unimportant in comparison with means of locomotion.

Fifty years ago, for example, New York street cars collected forty-three fares a year for each inhabitant, and that was probably much above the average of American cities. Last year Gotham street cars—operating on the surface, in Subway and on Elevated—collected three hundred and fifty-six fares for each inhabitant. Virtually every man, woman and child took a ride every day in the year. The total number of fares was almost two billions. To this must be added the occupants of a hundred thousand or so automobiles that ply ceaselessly up and down the island, millions of passengers in busses and taxicabs, and the considerable army of commuters on the railroads.

The figures simply confirm the impression that one gets by ocular sense—of a vast community in perpetual gyration. A closer investigation would show that, with the exception of infants in arms, positively nobody in New York, except while asleep, ever remains more than two hours in the same place. In other American cities, as a whole, the average may be two and a half hours.

This explains various phenomena of American life that foreigners deplore, such as the generally ephemeral character of our art and our slight interest in public affairs. We do not sit still long enough for sustained thinking and feeling. In view of our transitory habits, it seems absurd to bother so much about sanitary places of business and the architecture of dwellings, and then to tolerate the means of conveyance the typical American city offers.

A Sign Wanted

A MONUMENTAL building of severe design occupies a conspicuous street corner in the lower part of Manhattan Island. There is no sign on the building, but there ought to be one; for it is at present one of the most significant structures on the continent. If it were left to us, we should put on this building the tallest and gaudiest sign that money could buy; and the sign should read: Get Together, You Duffers!

We are selling merchandise to the Allies at the rate of some hundreds of millions of dollars a month; and, roughly speaking, whoever sells anything to the Allies must trot round to the building in question and make terms there. The old game of getting one Ally to bid against another is pretty well played out. Mostly they buy as a unit.

The other day England gave a brief and businesslike little notice that it would take over all stocks of wheat and flour in the United Kingdom at the closing prices of the day before. And the corollary of this notice is that, for the remainder of the crop year, a bureau of the British Government will buy the breadstuffs for the United Kingdom, Italy and France. About the same time England, for herself and Allies, bought eighteen million bushels of Australian wheat at a stroke. One buyer for a great part of the surplus wheat of the world is certainly a significant phenomenon.

Whatever else the celebrated Conference at Paris may mean, it certainly implies a more extensive coöperation than has ever been known. The obvious implication is that the British Empire, France, Italy and Russia are going to work together more closely than independent nations ever have in the past. What these nations have learned about coöperative buying during the war is not likely to be forgotten soon. Their coöperation may easily involve a new element in the marketing of our surplus wheat, meats, cotton, copper, petroleum—especially if there is no coöperation on our side. Copper producers have already found out how much a league of big buyers can influence prices at times.

Very probably the war will bring about bigger combinations in Europe for buying and selling than ever before known. Our ingrained political theory is that combinations are bad. We might hold a military theory that forty-centimeter guns are bad, but it would be silly to fight with Civil War artillery. We need economic organization to match Europe's.

Permanent Peace

THAT is what all the belligerents put forward as their chief object in prosecuting the war. Allies and Teutons agree in saying that Europe's vast sacrifices must be compensated by such an arrangement as will fairly insure Europe against recurrence of war for a long time to come. Without such an arrangement, no matter what else the peace compact may contain, the war will have been fought in vain.

Anybody who has read two pages of history knows that only one arrangement is likely to accomplish this object—namely, some sort of federation of European states, or of the most powerful of them, whereby international differences will be submitted to a superior court with power to enforce its decrees, in something the same way that Federal law in this country binds the several states.

A clearly preponderant quantity of Europe's military power must in some way bindingly agree to a resort to law and adjudication, instead of a resort to force. No other possible arrangement can be regarded—in the light of two thousand years of European history—as affording a reasonable guaranty of enduring peace.

And there is no good reason why such an arrangement cannot as well be made now as two or three years hence, after one side, by exhausting itself sixty per cent, has exhausted the other side eighty per cent.

Has a Farm Tenant Any Rights?

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

ADOLPH TULP—after he reformed and became director of metal working, carpentry, painting and manual training in the Fairview Consolidated Rural School; blacksmith, stage carpenter and sceneshifter in the Fairview Little Country Theater, and active in the management of the orchestra, as well as Art Director in general—became a pretty influential man with us. Any person may become influential in any community who will work willingly and intelligently at anything useful, ask for nothing, and bring to the melting pot an occasional ingot of thought.

Adolph believed fully that he had been saved from a sot's death by the Reverend Frank Wiggins, and Frank's attitude toward community service was such as to give Adolph the impression that he had been saved for and on behalf of the common good primarily, and for his own soul's sake secondarily; and in this he was not far wrong. Frank thinks, anyhow, that the two things are the same—but he is a heretic. Adolph became to our settlement a sort of devoted valet, body servant and general-utility man, like one of the old slaves of romance who died thankfully in the service of his master, and could not be driven off.

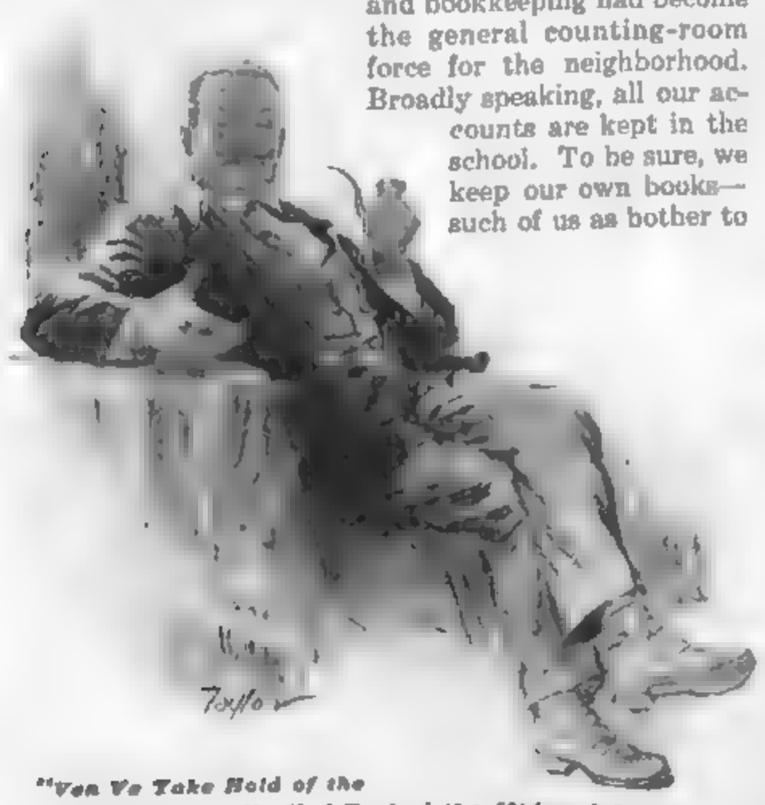
Won't it be a fine thing for the world when every community has a population made up of such people? Probably the millennium, when it comes, will creep upon us, unsuspected, in the work of a host of such humble public servants.

We think a lot of Adolph. He is the finest representative among us of German *Kultur;* and that fact brought about results. Adolph's pet vanity has been that his people in Germany are tenants of one of the Kaiser's farms. "Not effery farmer," he was wont to say, "can be a tenant to the Emperor. He must be a good farmer; and if he iss he will find the Kaiser a good landlord."

Rack-renting American Tenant Farmers

NOW my wife is a landlord. I am not. I have always worked my own farm, largely with the labors of my own hands—though I would gladly keep more hired help than I do if I could get good men. My wife's land comprises a hundred and twenty acres, which she got in the division of her mother's estate, and lies three-quarters of a mile west of our farm—too far for economical cultivation from the home place; and, anyhow, I like to keep my property interests separate from hers. It works better in the family long run. She had been leasing this farm in the ordinary Corn Belt way for years when German *Kultur*, in the form of Adolph Tulp, came in and, in connection with British tradition in Jeff Sharpe, conspired to set in motion changes in the relation of landlord and tenant in our parts which may be very important.

It came through the work of the arithmetic classes in the school. Principal Whelpley had started in by making the arithmetic pupils prepare inventories of the family property, and this had grown until the school's classes in mathematics and bookkeeping had become the general counting-room force for the neighborhood. Broadly speaking, all our accounts are kept in the school. To be sure, we keep our own books—such of us as bother to do it; but if we want to know just where we stand on the year's work or on any branch of it, or even on an individual cow or flock of poultry, sheep or hogs, we ask Tom Whelpley's kids, and they tell us—as a class exercise, mind you; and they get credits on their course of study for telling us. It's making our boys and girls into mighty sharp young people in a business way.



"Yen Ve Take Hold of the Land Kvestion Ve Haf Hooked the Midgard Snake"

There are less than half a dozen farms in the district now the owners of which won't furnish the data for the classes of the school. They don't seem to want their affairs exposed to the neighbors; but—bless you!—every farmer knows pretty well how every other farmer stands financially anyhow. And the fellows who keep their figures dark either have something to conceal, we think, or are ashamed of the fact that they keep no accounts.

School bookkeeping is the finest thing in the world for a farming neighborhood. It is more thorough bookkeeping than any farmer has time to do for himself; and the doing of the work utilizes labor that would otherwise be wasted on made-up problems in books, and turns it into education for all of us—which is really the best product of life, when one comes to think about it. Any farmer whose accounts are kept in the school can make a financial statement for Dun's or Bradstreet's on a day's notice—unless the day is Saturday or Sunday; for the counting room of the school goes on all the year round—just the same as the field studies and the livestock work.

Now my wife's tenant was a fellow named Ben Phillips, an honest chap; but we thought he was not a very good manager. He had been on the place three years, and through the school functions he and his family had made a lot of friends. So my wife was vexed when he came round in December and said he couldn't pay his rent.

"Why not?" inquired my wife. "Crops have been good, haven't they?"

"Yes," said Ben; "but I had to pay high prices for steers to feed, and the price of beef cattle was off when I shipped. I practically gave my labor to the packers, and got half price for the corn I fed and the concentrates I bought. Then, you know, I lost some hogs with cholera before the county agent took up vaccinating them; and that threw me back. Things have gone against me, Mrs. Dunham."

Well, under American tenant systems, the landlord is supposed to get the highest rent he can and send the tenant packing to another farm if he fails to pay. I was surprised to learn from Jeff Sharpe that this system is what in Britain is called by the horrible name of rack-renting. We in the Corn Belt have been rack-renting our tenants as much as we can from time immemorial—and all the time awfully sorry for the Irish, the Poles and other peasants of rack-rented Europe!

Once an Irish drill sergeant gave the command, "Prisint arms!" to an awkward squad. They came up in all shapes. "Hivins!" he shouted. "What a prisint! Three steps forrard, about face, and take a look at yoursilves!" About-facing to take a look at ourselves is a good thing once in a while, and we did it; and I hope we took at least one step forward.

The longer I live and farm, the more clearly I see that we American farmers are living under conditions of unregulated and abnormal development. Let me try to tell you what I mean. My brother, in Moline, is a doctor; and he proved to me once that the human body doesn't need the vermiform appendix—which is the little rinktum that gets diseased when we have appendicitis. He claimed in this explanation that the vermiform appendix is all that is left of some extra stomach our ancestors had when they were beasts—a stomach for water, such as camels possess, or a storage stomach for grass, or something like that; I forget the exact theory. As we developed into human beings that stomach shriveled up and became vestigial, and now is good for nothing, but is a fine summer home for germs.

Doctor Faville told us the other day at our regular schoolhouse meeting that the upper parts of the lungs are little used, because we are descended from some being like a bird—instead of a cow or a camel!—that used more lung space than we do; and this upper story is the attic, which has become abandoned in the process of development. He pleased the young womenfolks very much by asserting that tight lacing actually cuts down the amount of pulmonary consumption among women, because this method of dressing forces the air into the upper parts of the lungs by shutting up the lower parts.

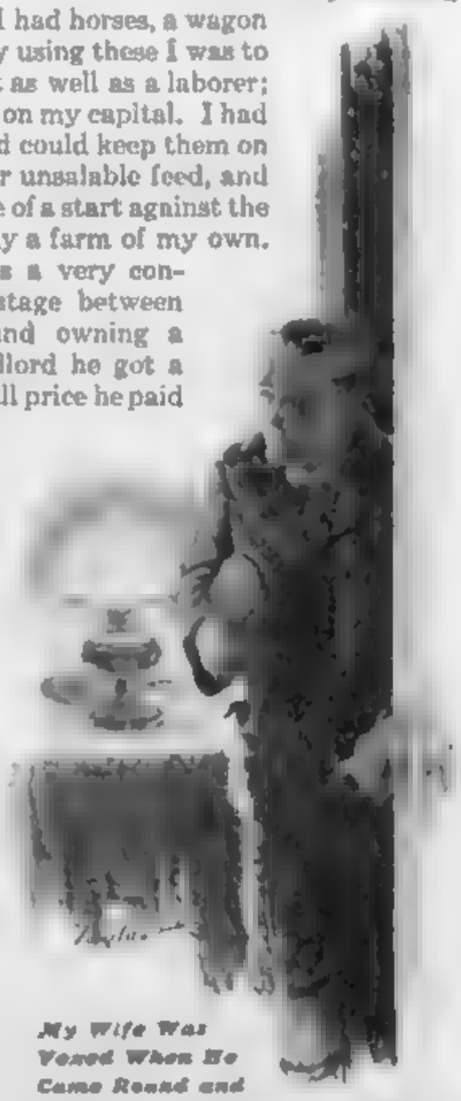
Anyhow, it seems to be a fact that these upper nooks and corners of the lungs are the favorite starting places of tuberculosis; and maybe the difficulty of filling them with air, and the lack of necessity for so doing, may have had something to do with this peculiarity of the disease. It seems to be one of the penalties of evolution that the organs of which the animal is slowly ridding itself are not only not useful for a few million years but are actually sources of danger and evil.

The Landlord's Twenty-Five Per Cent

NOW the whole business of farm landlordism and tenantry has grown up in new phases within a generation or so. We all know, of course, that the early patroons and great grantees of the Crown tried to start American life off in the American colonies on a basis of feudal tenure; but it didn't work. The people kicked the feudal landlords out and proceeded to build up a landlordism of their own, which is probably far worse in many respects than the system they fought against. But I am no historian and I feel that I am getting in over my head; so I had better illustrate my point of maldevelopment in land tenure by our own experience right here in the Fairview Settlement.

We have always had more or less tenant farming, even when land was so cheap as to be almost free. Before I was married I rented a farm for two or three years. I rented on shares. In those days the landlord's share was one-quarter of the crop. It was better for me to give a quarter of the crop to Foster Wendell than to buy land for myself—especially as I had insufficient money wherewith to buy. I could have earned almost as much by working out by the month, but I had horses, a wagon and some plows, and by using these I was to that extent a capitalist as well as a laborer; and I received a return on my capital. I had some livestock, too, and could keep them on the roughage and other unsalable feed, and thus get more and more of a start against the time when I should buy a farm of my own.

Tenant farming was a very convenient intermediate stage between laboring for wages and owning a farm. As for the landlord he got a small return on the small price he paid for the black prairie soil, and something for his labor of breaking it up, building a small house, and some sorry buildings and fences. If he asked for more than this the tenant would quit, and either go to work by the month after selling off his stuff, or would buy a farm, or move on west and become a squatter; or, after a few years, take up a claim under the homestead law. He had no cinch on the tenant, and the rent was no real burden.



My Wife Was Vexed When He Came Round and Said He Couldn't Pay His Rent

Soon, of course, rent went up to a third of

"Ve Haf Been on Dat Farm for Almost as Long as the Hohenzollerns on der T'rone"

the crop, and hung there for a long time. Then it began to take a lot of money to equip and carry on a farm; and all kinds of lease systems grew up, under which the landlord furnished more of the capital and took more of the returns.

In the beginning of our leasing system—if it can be called a system—few tenants wanted to bind themselves for a longer time than one year. Usually the owner either desired to return to the place himself in a year or so, or the tenant had in mind getting a place of his own very soon. There was no question involved of keeping up fertility. We thought at that time that manure was a bad thing for our land. The fertility seemed inexhaustible. Straw was not saved. On the contrary, we bucked it off from the tail of the threshing machine with a pole drawn by a horse; and when the machine moved away we burned it to get rid of it.

It became a motto that it was cheaper to move the barn than haul the manure away from it; and, considering the fact that most of our barns were straw stables, with a substructure of poles obtained from the timber along the nearest river, moving them when the manure got from three to five feet deep was an easy matter.

Happy was the farmer who lived on the bank of a stream, so that he could throw the manure, now so precious, down to a point where it would be washed away by spring freshets.

Ben Phillips' Defense

Thus, our whole system of agriculture was based on the mining of the soil and the neglect of fertility. As years went by most farm owners—but by no means all of them—saw the necessity of soil maintenance, and adopted methods of keeping the manure for the land; but our tenant system was too firmly established to be changed in the same direction to any great extent—and our soil is still rather rich. The one-year lease persisted; and why should a tenant for one year bother to husband straw, haul out the manure, keep livestock, and especially buy and feed rich concentrates on the place, when, in the nature of things, it takes several years for the farmer to get the full benefits of these things? If the tenant farmer is a bad soil manager it is a good deal more the fault of the landlord than of the tenant.

These things must be understood before one can see the full problem that confronted my wife and me when Ben Phillips defaulted his rent, and his case was taken up, first by Tom Whelpley, the schoolmaster, and then by Adolph Tulp and Jeff Sharpe.

My wife is a good business woman and, like most women, conservative—that is, she sticks to custom. Her idea of the relation of landlord and tenant was that when the tenant does not pay the rent it is only good business to collect the sum if possible; and in any case send him away and lease the land to another better able to carry out the contract of lease. Otherwise, she held, she was merely contributing to the support of an unsuccessful man's family, to whom she was under no obligation, moral or legal.

She is not a hard-hearted woman, but she lives up to her ideals in both business and charity; and she does not mingle the two. And I must say that she and I have agreed pretty well. We agreed when she told Ben Phillips that he would have to sell something and pay her, or give security for the debt, and get off the farm.

"It isn't right," said he. "I'll need all I have on a new place. I have been trying to make the farm richer instead of poorer, because we like the neighborhood and meant to stay on the farm as long as we could."

"Well," said my wife, "I'm sorry; but I've made my plans for that rent money, and I must have it. You could have had the place as long as you paid the rent; but I surely don't owe you anything for farming it well. You did that for your own interest, not mine."

"I've hauled a thousand loads of manure," said Ben, "in the three years I've worked your farm. The land will bring better crops for years on account of that. The next tenant will get the benefit. Why, I've bought the richness of lots of that manure in oil cake and cottonseed meal for my cattle! It don't look right for me to lose it."

"Did you buy the oil cake and the cottonseed meal for the cattle or the land?" I asked.

"I bought it for the cattle," said Ben; "but all the profits went into the manure. I'd get back what I've lost on feeding—or a part of it—if I could farm that land while the strength of the manure lasts. It may be legal, but it ain't right!"

Adolph's German Letter

My wife couldn't see that there was a lick of sense in what he said, and stuck by her guns. I couldn't see what other business course was open to her; but I could see plainly enough that the next tenant would be able to pay his rent more easily—or, for the matter of that, to pay a higher rent—on account of what Ben had done. Really, we could sell Ben's fertility to another man after collecting his rent in full from him. It made me a little uneasy in my conscience; but there was the law and there was the custom. And law and custom, I find, when sifted to the bottom, generally have reason back of them.

Sometimes, as in this case, they have the reason of a past age behind them rather than the reason of to-day. Then they are vermiform appendixes and unused lung tracts in our social evolution. That is what I meant a while ago.

I suppose it was three or four days after that when Adolph Tulp came along one Sunday, with his best clothes on, to have one of his rather frequent chats with us. Adolph is a great visitor. He knows something of special interest, seemingly, to any man, woman or child in the neighborhood whom he may happen to meet. This time, however, he was excited. He had a letter in his pocket from his brother in Germany, and a few press clippings, all of which he translated for us.

"We are all well," ran Adolph's translation; "but we have much trouble, from which we are now happily outcome. It came from the lease of the farm. Our landlord ——"

"He iss the Kaiser," said Adolph in a tone of deep respect; "but Oscar calls him only 'our landlord.' The Emperor has been misled in dis!"

"Our landlord," the translation went on, "in some way became offended, or wished to change the mode of husbandry from our ancient system, and refused to renew our lease."

"Dis," said Adolph, "iss horrible! Ve haf been on dat farm for almost as long as the Hohenzollerns on der t'rone."

I thought of Ben Phillips; but it didn't seem quite the same thing. My wife's farm was in America, you know, and the Phillips family had been on it only three years. Those things appeared to make a difference; for, though we felt indignant at the Emperor for sending the Tulp family from their farm, it never occurred to us that it might be as disagreeable for Ben Phillips and his family to be homeless every spring, or even every three years, as for the Tulps in Germany to have to move once in three centuries or so. Adolph went on with his letter:

"To leave the old farm—that, my brother, were worse than death! It is in our hearts—the old farm! It is in our blood and in our bones. So we felt: but we must leave it."

My wife looked at me as if to say that the Phillipses couldn't be so fond as that of her farm, at any rate.

"But," continued the letter, "if we could have gone in honor it would have been one thing. It seemed to be our lot to go in dishonor. That would be another and worse thing. The Emperor not only refused to renew our lease, but it was published as his words that we were to be sent away because we were incompetent farmers!"

"*Mein Gott!*" exclaimed Adolph. "The Tulps!"

"This," he read on, "we could not endure. So, with much sorrow, but also much indignation, we sued the Emperor for damages for disturbance of our possession under the lease, and also for libel."

Adolph looked at us with a strange mingling of pride and horror.

"The Kaiser!" he hissed. "Damages, und also libel! The Tulps!"

"Why," said my wife, "they certainly had their nerve! I should think an emperor would have the right to take possession of his own farm when the lease expires—to say nothing of common folks. And if I want to say that Ben Phillips is a poor farmer, I'll do it!"

"But he isn't!" said Adolph. "Ben Phillips would not, in Chermany, leave, even though you wass the Kaiserin. Listen!"

The Kaiser Compromises

"It has been a great crisis in our lives," the translation proceeded, "and we have been grieved at the things published about our suit against the Emperor. But, before the case came to trial, the Emperor's agents came to us and offered us marks"—here Adolph stopped to turn marks into dollars—"thirty thousand dollars, as damages justly due us for disturbance of our possession ——"

"And you say the lease was up?" inquired my wife.

"Yess," said Adolph, folding up his letter; "und the Kaiser also published a statement—my brother vould not take the thirty thousand dollars otherwise—dat the Tulps are good farmers."

"I glory in their spunk!" said I. "They certainly put the screws to His Nibs, didn't they?"

"But it's the King's farm, isn't it?" queried my wife.

"Yess," said Adolph; "but the rights of the man who works the farm are also in Chermany somedings."

And he pocketed his letter and went away.

"Well," said my wife, "they needn't talk to me any more about the enslaved peasantry of Europe if this is a sample of their ways over there! Better get up a movement for the liberation of the enslaved landowners!"

She said this to Tom Whelpley when he and Maude Ackerman stopped in the road, in Tom's little car, and talked to us as we stood by the big cottonwood in front of the house. The Sharpes had been to call on us and were just going away, and we made quite a little group. We were talking of Adolph's new scenery for the Little Country Theater; and speaking of Adolph in those days always led to a discussion of the victory his brother had won over the Kaiser. By this time all the newspapers had printed articles about it. You all remember it, no doubt, this contest between a farmer and the Emperor over the question of a tenant's rights in Germany.

"I wonder," said Tom, "which is better for the landlords—to have people on their lands from generation to generation, farming so well that they will sue even the Emperor if he says they are not good farmers; or to have leases like ours, which, as Henry Wallace says, are criminal conspiracies between landlord and tenant to rob the land?"

"I, for one," said my wife, "would be glad to renew my lease every year, so long as I could keep that sort of tenant."

She knew he was thinking of Ben Phillips; and that Maude Ackerman was very sorry at the prospect of losing Mrs. Phillips and Lizzie, their daughter, from the district.

"Our leases," said Jeff Sharpe, "would create riot and insurrection among the yeomanry of England. Uncle Henry Wallace told us at the Farmers' Week meetings last winter of an experience he had at the home of a farmer on a good-sized farm in England on one of his visits to the Old Country. This man paid a high rent for the land, but lived in style and kept carriages and servants."

English Tenants' Rights

"Mr. Wallace asked him when his lease expired. 'It falls in next year,' said the farmer. 'Suppose,' said Uncle Henry, 'that the duke refuses to renew it? He could do that, I suppose?' 'Yes,' said the farmer, 'he could; but I'm not afraid of anything of the kind so long as I carry on the farm according to the lease and the laws.' 'You have been making this land richer and richer,' said Uncle Henry, 'and this enrichment has cost you money. What would you do if the duke should say he wanted the land for another tenant?' 'I should sue him,' replied the farmer, 'for fifteen thousand pounds for disturbance; and I should collect the money. I should make him pay me every penny, according to well-established rules, for the unexhausted fertility there is in the land on account of my operations. It would cost him dearly. This is a free country, sir, and a tenant cannot be robbed by his landlord with impunity. We farmers are not allowed to exhaust the fertility out of the land, and should not be; but the laws and customs of the country protect us in our interest in what we have done for the land. Oh, I'm safe enough, sir, so long as I farm well.'"

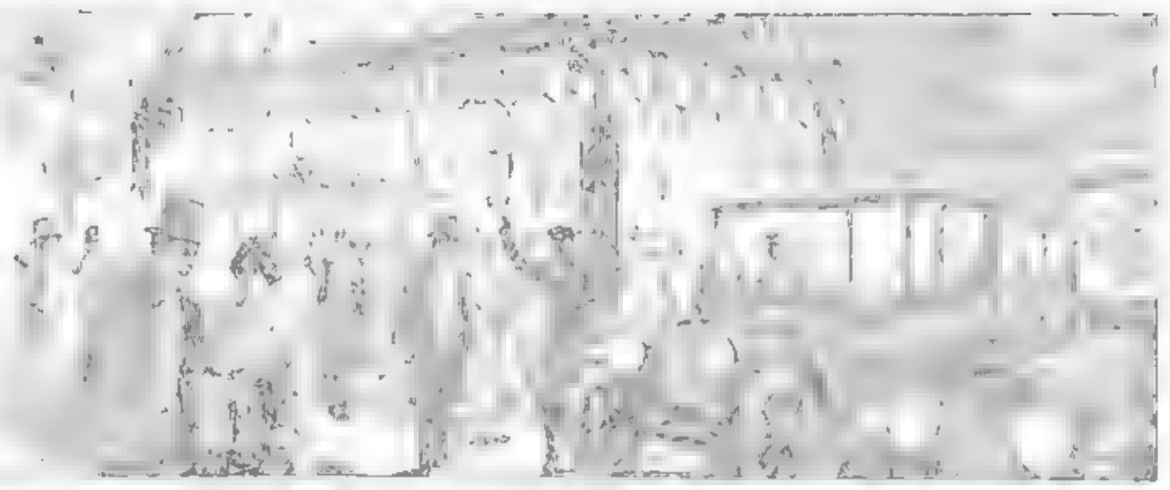
"That sounds," said I, "a good deal like Adolph's brother's story. Landlords, Lucy, seem to be an oppressed class in England as well as in Germany."

Jeff drove off with his family, and we invited Tom and Maude in for supper. They alighted rather eagerly, I thought, as if they had been waiting for the invitation. After supper Tom pulled from his pocket some papers and, turning to my wife, said:

"Mrs. Dunham, I have had the school class in farm economics make a detailed

(Continued on Page 44)

"They Needn't Talk to Me Any More About the Enslaved Peasantry of Europe"



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Campbell's Tomato Soup

Serve it plain or as a delicious Cream of Tomato—blending it with milk instead of water according to the simple directions on the label. A little American cheese grated over the surface makes a pleasing variation. Or serve it in bouillon cups with a topping of whipped cream, and slightly seasoned with celery-salt and paprika, for variety.

In any of these forms it is an attractive feature with any meal, and carries with it a feeling of agreeable warmth and hospitality.

For a change, allow Hubby to distinguish himself by producing the original "Red Rabbit" from the chafing dish. This is a popular variation of the old-style "Welsh Rabbit" and decidedly more appetizing.

Pour the contents of one can of *Campbell's Tomato Soup* into chafing-dish or double boiler. When hot add one pound cheese cut in dice. Cook until cheese is thoroughly melted and mixed with the soup. Add red pepper to taste and one egg slightly beaten. Stir well a few minutes and serve hot on crackers or toast.

For an after-theatre supper, this is a never-failing hit.

For the family supper at any time you can make a substantial and satisfying meal by combining the soup with cold chicken, breasts of birds, or cold lamb, and rice—warmed over with it in the chafing-dish.

There is practically no limit to the tempting and nourishing dishes which you can produce in this simple way by means of *Campbell's Tomato Soup.* Thrifty housewives buy it by the dozen or the case and keep a supply handy on the pantry shelf.

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Consommé
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Wingfoots put music and magic in wearisome walking.

They fill each step with a buoyant thrill. All outdoors is yours.

Wingfoots awaken the world to the real joy of walking; they open fresh miles of pleasure and health.

Nature's oldest health formula becomes an exhilarating sport. Young and old seek the Open Road.

You can tell a man on Wingfoots by his buoyancy of stride—shoulders back and uplifted chin.

He knows the great outdoors—he is friendly with fresh air.

He chooses Wingfoot heels for Happiness.

* * *

So it's *wingfooting, wingfooting* everywhere you go. On Wingfoots, the happy heels!

Just *wingfoot* light-heartedly; *wingfoot* and laugh!

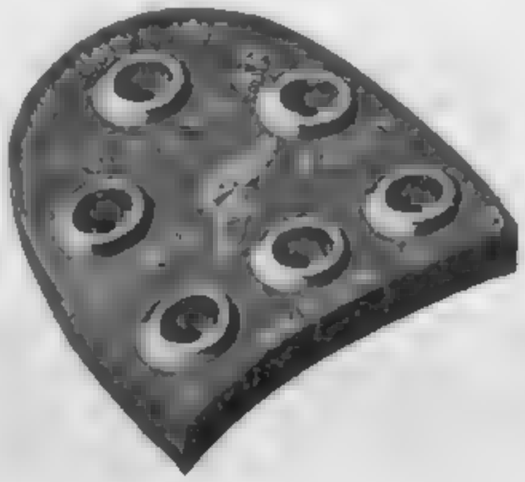
Health and Fun travel on Wingfoot Heels.

* * *

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company guarantees Wingfoots to outwear any other rubber heel. A new pair free if yours do not.

Wingfoots in black, white and tan, for big folks and little folks—50 cents—put on by shoe dealers and repair men.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio



GOODYEAR AKRON WINGFOOT HEELS

KANTLEEK

Water Bottle

Guaranteed for Two Years

WE couldn't afford to guarantee the Kantleek unless we knew it would "make good." We know it *will*, because we use only pure rubber and mould it into one solid piece by a secret patented process. No seams to open up—no cheap composition to crack and split.

It is genuine economy to buy a Kantleek, for you get a new bottle for any one that shows any imperfection within two years from date of purchase. Doctors recommend the Kantleek. See your dealer today.

For Your Little Girl

Your little girl will love this doll's bottle. We'll send you one if you enclose [illegible] your dealer's name and [illegible] Kantleek [illegible] Rubber goods. Write us today.

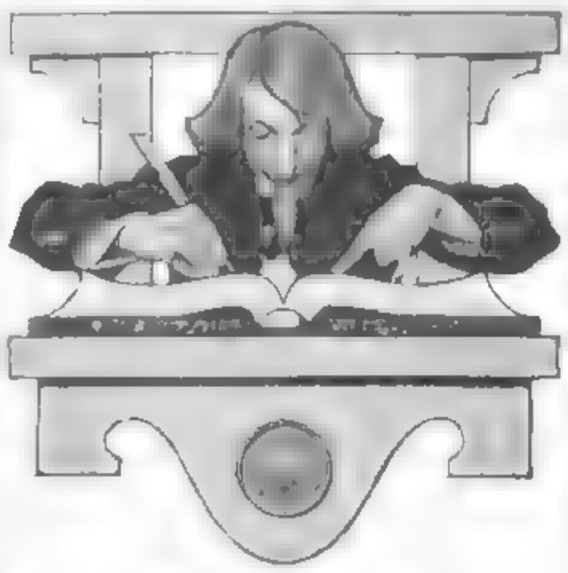
Doll's Water Bottle Actual Size

Seamless Rubber Co.

534 Congress Ave. New Haven, Conn.

We also make an extra fine line of Seamless Brand Automobile Tires and Inner Tubes—all carefully guaranteed

SENSE AND NONSENSE



The Messenger Boy

WHEN he goes whistling down the street—
His eyes are young and young his feet—
He does not know the words that stand
Like rows of flame within his hand.
He casually rings the bell
Of 42, where all is well,
And waits there in the vestibule,
Where it is hushed and clean and cool;
A careless lad, who does not guess
The words he brings bring emptiness,
Bring sorrow and engulfing tears,
And change the smooth march of the years.
The door is opened. Nevermore
Will one pass through that friendly door.
White fingers tear the envelope,
White fingers through the message grope.
There is a cry, a sound of feet. . . .
A boy goes whistling down the street.

—*Charles Hanson Towne.*

Finishing the Sentence

TWO match teams, made up of athletes ranging in color from ink black to light yellow, were playing a game to decide the Afro-American baseball championship of a town out in Southern Ohio. It was the ninth inning. Two men were out and two on bases. The score was tied. An enormous darky, a coal heaver ordinarily but now doing service as a pinch hitter, advanced to the plate.

The opposing pitcher shot the ball across.

The umpire, a little caramel-colored man, called out:

"Strike One!"

The batsman turned and glowered at the umpire.

Again the pitcher wound up and delivered the ball. It cut directly across the plate at the level of the batsman's waist and plunked into the catcher's glove.

"Two!" shouted the umpire.

The big darky dropped his bat, moistened the palms of his brawny hands, and advanced a step upon the shrinking umpire, with murder in his mien.

"Two whut?" he demanded.

At him the umpire smiled placatingly.

"Too high fur a strike!" he stated. "Dat's whut I meant to say. De count now stands one strike and one ball, Mr. Williams."

A Vacation Just Ahead

IN A SMALL town in Tennessee an old negro was the only member of his race to vote the Democratic ticket at the local election. The victorious Democrats felt that such devotion should be rewarded. So the incoming administration created a street-cleaning department, to be composed of two men—a foreman and a cleaner. The first position, very naturally, went to a white man. The other place was conferred upon the venerable darky.

Proud of his new responsibilities and quite sure in his own mind that the job, being a political job, would prove a sinecure, with plenty of pay and little to do, the street-cleaning staff reported bright and early for duty. But the Caucasian head of the department entertained different views.

All day long he kept the old man busy. Almost before one heap of rubbish had been shoveled into the cart his vigilant eye would spy another. Finally, late in the afternoon, the old darky straightened his wearied form

(Concluded on Page 31)

"Started in 1842"

The charm of a quaint old custom rests upon the cover of Whitman's Sampler box of chocolates and confections. Prettily and daintily it brings back to you the days when every little girl was expected to learn her stitches on a sampler.

And each dainty "sample" of the Whitman art in candy-making (started in 1842), which you will find inside this box, speaks no less delightful a message.

$1 a pound at the stores that have the Whitman agency, almost everywhere.

Booklet on request.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

"It keeps me warm but doesn't itch!"

Because the patented fabric consists of a thin *inner* layer of pure, soft cotton that feels so comfortable next the skin, and a thin *outer* layer of Australian Wool that keeps natural *warmth in* and *cold out*. And the air space between the layers *ventilates* the body and garment.

Duofold Health Underwear

provides all the comfort of soft cotton and the protective warmth of wool without any of its discomforts.

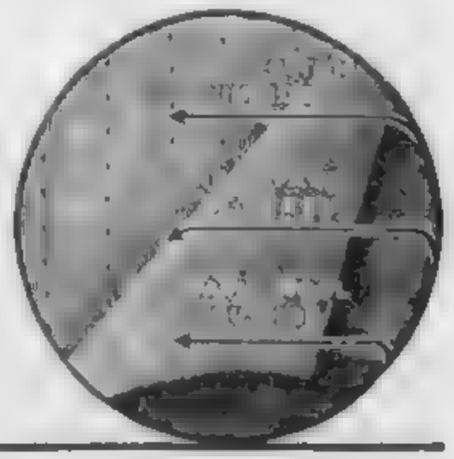
The outer layer of wool absorbs moisture from the cotton and actually keeps the garment soft, *fresh* and *dry*. Hence it never feels sticky or clammy after perspiring, and it protects against easily catching cold.

Duofold is a "find" for both those who feel the cold when outdoors and those who suffer with the heat in warm rooms or offices.

The trial of a single garment usually makes a fast friend for Duofold.

Made in Union Suits with Protected Crotch and Patented "V-H" Gusset—an added Comfort Feature. Also Shirts and Drawers.

See or 'phone your dealer. If he hasn't it, write us. Send for Sample of Fabric and Description.



Duofold Health Underwear Co.
12 Elizabeth St., Mohawk, N.Y.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
US
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Straws Show——

Motorists buy a certain make of tires for the first time because it is *sold* to them—through advertising, salesmanship or the good words of satisfied users.

But motorists *continue to buy* that make of tire only because the first tires have made good—have given satisfactory mileage and service.

Motorists bought United States Tires so consistently that, during the first seven and one-half months of this year, we sold and delivered more tires than during the entire twelve months of last year.

And motorists are *continuing to buy* United States Tires at the same phenomenal rate.

If straws show which way the wind blows, such phenomenal sales increases certainly *show where the best tire service comes from.*

United States Tire Company

United States "Balanced" Tires

When Grandfather was Courting—

the sweet-toned piano he sang his love songs by, was the famous Hallet & Davis.

A piano which greatest musicians—Franz Liszt, Anton Rubinstein, Johann Strauss—praised.

A piano which has received highest awards at international expositions.

Today the same mellow, singing tone still rings true in

Hallet & Davis Pianos

Made since 1839, in Boston, the center of musical culture, these pianos uphold highest artistic ideals, yet are sold at reasonable prices, within the means of all music-lovers.

Sent to your home—wherever you live—on convenient terms.

Do not invest in any piano until you have investigated the Hallet & Davis Piano. Send coupon for our Piano Book today.

Hallet & Davis Piano Co.
(Est. 1839)
145 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Makers of Hallet & Davis Pianos and the Virtuola "Instructive" Player Piano.

COUPON
HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO., 145 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.
Please mail me at once the Hallet & Davis Piano Book.
Name
Address

(Concluded from Page 29)

from his task and ran a blistered hand across his dripping brow. "Boss," he inquired, "ain't you got nothin' to do 'ceptin' to think up things fur me to do?"

"Nope," said the white man; "that's my job—just to boss you round and keep you moving."

"Is dat so?" said the negro. And then as he bent to his task again: "In dat case you'll be pleased to learn dat you ain't goin' to be workin' to-morrow!"

Starring in a Wreck

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, who recently deserted the spoken drama for the moving-picture game, was taking part in a film production not long ago when a member of the cast fired a revolver in his direction at close range, and the discharge from the blank cartridge burned Fairbanks' face badly, removed one of his eyebrows and temporarily closed one of his eyes.

A day or two later the victim of the mishap entered the Lambs' Club with his head swathed in many bandages. A fellow member met him at the portal.

"Good Heavens, Doug!" exclaimed the other. "What have you been doing to yourself?"

"Starring in The Wreck of the Thespians!" said Fairbanks out of the uninjured corner of his mouth.

A Serious Sonnet on Beefsteak

SOME hymn the odors of the languid rose,
Some sing the fragrance of fresh ocean air,
And mountain poets often do declare
That in their pines the sweetest scents repose;
But best of all is the perfume that goes
Afloating down the wind. Ye gods, I swear
Ambrosial odors can't with this compare!
See how the weary toiler lifts his nose!
How his soul shines out through his hungry tears!
When, as a beacon lures on roaring nights,
The meat's supernal odor gently cheers
His soul into a harbor of delights.
Oh, poets, sing the praises of beefsteak!
If more men had it fewer hearts would ache.

—*James Stevens.*

A Natural Mistake

A CERTAIN theatrical promoter who has the reputation of being rather careless in his personal habits went with a friend to witness a tryout performance of a new show in a New England town. So far as the second man was able to observe, the theatrical man carried no hand baggage.

At the hotel where they stopped for the night they had adjoining rooms, with a bathroom between. Next morning the friend, on entering the bathroom, was shocked to see the theatrical man in the act of using his toothbrush.

"Hold on, old man!" he cried. "That's my toothbrush!"

"Is it?" said the promoter. "I thought it was one somebody had left here!"

Caruso Out-Carusoed

P. J. NOON, the best story-teller in the Lehigh Valley, had a friend of Hibernian extraction who fancied himself a warbler of rare powers.

Noon, returning from New York, met his musical friend on a street in Scranton.

"Larry," he said, "when I was over in the city last week I heard Caruso sing."

"Who is this here Caruso?" asked the vocalist. "And whut can he do as a singer?"

"He's an Italian tenor," said Noon; "and, for one thing, he can reach high C."

"Reach it, can he?" said the local balladist. "And is that all?"

"Can you reach it?" asked Noon softly.

"Pay Jay," said the other, "I can tie kinks in it!"

From the Inside Out

THERE is a restaurant in New York that employs none but Irish waiters. A captain of waiters there rejoices in the name of Peter.

One night he was wrestling with the refractory stopper of a bottle of champagne.

"Say, Peter," stated a patron, "I don't believe you can get that cork out."

Peter raised a red and perspiring face.

"Mister Blank," he stated between gasps, "I'll get the dam' thing out if I have to shove it in!"

What Will Your Boy Be When He's a Man?

It's never too soon to think of this. Fame and fortune depend upon right choice of occupation. And right choice of occupation depends upon discovering early what his tastes and talents are.

So get him Structo. Many a father has found unsuspected genius in his son just through seeing him play with Structo. Structo gives his imagination free rein and full encouragement because it gives the lad things that he can make actual working miniatures with, just like the machines and bridges and skyscrapers that he sees all around him and that he is so curious about. With

STRUCTO

he can make almost anything he can think of, and make it so it works. Structo parts are practical. The gear wheels are deep-cut. Shafts are ... With Outfits Nos. 4, 5, 6, and accessory outfit No. 5A a motor will give power enough to make things run—a real miniature motor ... At the new Structo dealer where he can trade in ... Send ... Structo ... extra large free print catalog. *Be sure to mention The Saturday Evening Post and date of issue, or ... will be sent. Offer good for thirty days only.*

DEALERS: Now Structo enters upon a new stage. Parents have discovered that ... are as eager for it now as the boys themselves. So do not miss this new interest and impetus. Write us today for full proposition.

Structo Mfg. Co., Dept. 101, Freeport, Ill.

Springtex
UNDERWEAR
THE Springtex fabric is caressingly soft and warm, and so elastic as to insure perfect freedom yet glove-like fit.
"Remember to buy it—you'll forget you have it on."
Men's separate and union garments, 50c 75c, $1.00 and up
Utica Knitting Company
350 Broadway New York

New Departure Ball Bearings

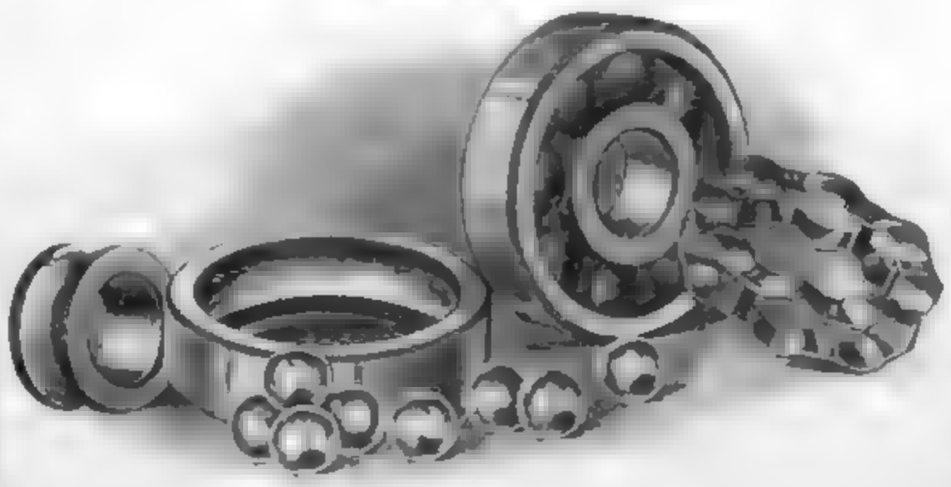
Impart strength, economy and long life to the modern Automobile

The unfailing reliability of modern motor cars has become possible through the use of efficient bearings. In proportion as the installation of New Departure Ball Bearings throughout the working units of the chassis is complete you will find the efficiency of your car increased.

Four types of New Departures provide a bearing for every load.

The New Departure Manufacturing Co.

Bristol, Conn., U.S.A.



Doing "the Impossible"

The Gordian knot is the ages-old symbol of the seemingly impossible. Alexander the Great gave it a place in legendary history when, unable to untie it, he cut it in twain with his sword.

This famous incident of antiquity has its modern counterpart in the real work of the men whose vision and unrestricted initiative brought forth the great Bell System.

In the development of the telephone, one Gordian knot after another has been met with. Yet each new obstacle yielded to the enterprise of the telephone pioneers. Every difficulty was handled with a will and a courage which knew not failure.

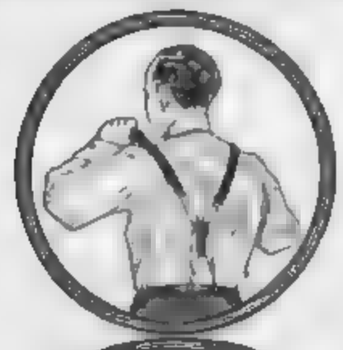
Man's words have been given wings and carried wherever his will directs. Electrical handicaps have been overcome one by one.

The feeble current of telephone speech has had a way hewn for its passage through all physical impediments, until the entire country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is within hearing of a child's faint cry.

This record of the Bell System for past achievements is an earnest of future accomplishment. New problems are being met with the same indomitable spirit, which guarantees a more comprehensive as well as a more perfect service.

American Telephone and Telegraph Company
And Associated Companies

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*



Shirley President Suspender

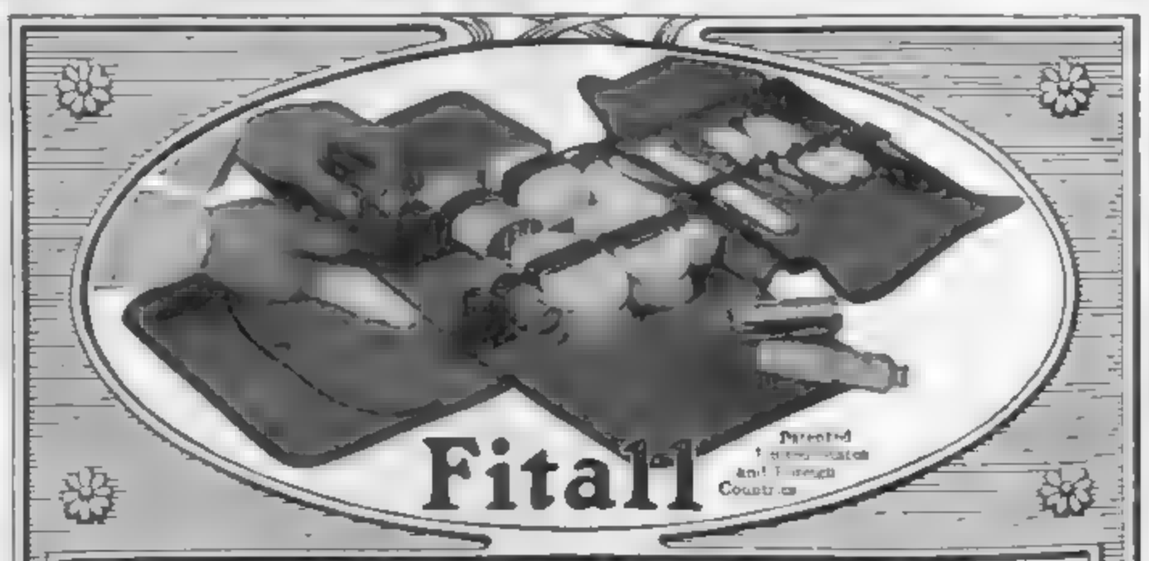
The Comfort Brace

Try having a pair for each suit. Trimmings lie flat—no metal edges to rub against garments.

"Satisfaction or Money Back"

President Suspender Co

SHIRLEY, MASS.



Fitall

Patented in the United States and Foreign Countries

Fitall Adjustable Toilet Kits
Fit ALL Fittings

You can pack a FITALL with more articles than any other case will hold, or carry only a few *without wasted space.* Adjustable spaces and straps (self locking) accommodate your needs at all times. Your own brushes, shaving kit, talcum, tooth paste are held safe and secure.

Everything fits the FITALL!
Made in waterproof fabrics and flexible leathers, prices $1.00 up. Come fitted or empty, as you desire.

If you want to give some friend a nice Christmas present, put the FITALL on your gift list. If your dealer can't supply, *write us.* Book *free*

EISEMAN, KAISER & COMPANY, Ekco Building, CHICAGO
Manufacturers of EKCO Make Leather Goods

(15)

Send a 2c Stamp *For a Sample Cake*

For your skin's sake we would like you to become acquainted with the [illegible] delightful cleansing qualities of this purest [illegible] transparent soap.

Distinctive in its elusive perfume, it imparts a creamy rich lather that makes its use a real treat.

No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap

This perfect soap has been the choice of refined women for many generations—both here and abroad. And you, too, will find it best. At your druggist's or dry goods store

For the sample cake, send 2c stamp; or for 10c in stamps we will send you a package containing a sample cake of No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap, a sample bottle of No. 4711 Bath Salts, and a sample bottle of No. 4711 Eau de Cologne

MULHENS & KROPFF, Dept. 24, 25 West 45th Street, New York

AN EXPERIMENT IN GENTILITY

(Continued from Page 8)

but there are exceptions, my dear uncle, and it is always so amusing to find the exception. It keeps one in a healthy state of doubt as to one's own philosophies."

"Rubbish! But if the girl's pretty I'll forgive you."

"Ah! I must warn you—no gallantries, uncle. The young woman is engaged to an excellent person by the name of William. Come, it's time to go. I hear Maisie rattling her doorknob."

"Maisie?"

"That's her first name. We're great chums, you know."

Edward opened the door and said:

"Miss Jones, this is Uncle Cuthbert, of whom you have heard me speak."

"How do you do?" said Maisie with a nod and a smile.

Uncle Cuthbert looked once at the glorious simplicity of Maisie's reddish-brown hair, at the starry brightness of Maisie's eyes, at the sweet curve of Maisie's lips, from which fell words of the purest timbre. Then, smiting his heels together, Uncle Cuthbert bowed a bow of the most extreme militaristic ardor.

It was as though a celestial wine had filled Maisie with that innocent intoxication which makes the whole person sparkle; which darts wit from the tongue, light from the eyes and laughter from the lips. After a brief period of caution, in which she proceeded very slowly, like a swordsman testing his steel, Maisie gave herself unreservedly to the task of captivating Uncle Cuthbert. Edward sat solemnly eating steak and drinking Chianti, apparently engrossed in his own thoughts. But in reality he watched every thrust and parry of that delicious duel, counted the hits, and smiled inwardly at the defeat of the Philistine. To sum up, Maisie triumphed over the aristocratic uncle and turned at last to receive her crown of victory from Edward's whimsical but approving glance.

"Did any of my polish come off?" she whispered as they rose from the table.

"No," said Edward in the same tone, "but some of your powder has. Don't dab at your nose in public!" he added fiercely.

Maisie faced about with a cool laugh.

"Edward is shocked," said she, darting a look at the uncle, "but I tell him that powder is one of the great essentials."

And with a gesture of regal disdain, Maisie touched the tip of her nose with a ridiculous powder puff. Uncle Cuthbert beamed. Her tutor choked and had recourse to his handkerchief. It was the first time that she had ever called him Edward.

They repaired to a roof garden, at Uncle Cuthbert's urgent invitation, and Maisie completed her conquest by dancing most delightfully with the Philistine. Edward sat watching her with increasing satisfaction and began to feel sorry, on his own account, for the falsely glittering William.

Uncle Cuthbert took them home in a taxicab and lingered noticeably over his good nights. But Edward was characteristically abrupt.

"You've graduated with honors," he said as they stood for a moment in the hall at the top of the stairs. "I pronounce your education completed. Good night!"

"Good night!" said Maisie. "I've had a wonderful time."

She sighed inaudibly as she turned toward her own door. Nor did she seek that rest which ordinarily follows upon the heels of pleasure as of toil. She sat by her window, staring out at the wilderness of city roofs until morning touched the embers of the east to flame.

Edward, on the contrary, slept as soundly as was his wont.

One evening, a week later, as he sat reading in his room, Mrs. Tuppet entered with the information that a gentleman wished to see Mr. Van Dine.

"A gentleman?" said Edward.

"Yes, sir. I wouldn't wonder if it was important. He's dressed somethin' elegant. His name," added the worthy woman, "is Ham."

"Show him up!" said Edward promptly. "The name appeals to me."

Mrs. Tuppet departed, weaving secret romances about the stranger's business with her attic boarder. Mrs. Tuppet, at such moments, was an incurable romanticist.

A few minutes later Edward's door was flung open by a young man in a light green suit, with brown spats buttoned over patent-leather boots. His cravat, which was green with brown polka dots, supported a diamond of excessive radiance. A straw hat, bound with a frivolous ribbon, was held in his left hand. A cream-colored walking stick swung from his arm.

"Mr. Van Dine?" said the stranger, gazing truculently at Edward.

"Mr. Ham!" said Edward.

"So!" exclaimed the visitor, advancing a pace. "So you're the guy that steals a fella's girl away from him, are you? You're the guy ——"

"What is a guy?" asked Edward with interest.

"Don't try to kid me! You know what you done to Maisie ——"

"Why," said Edward, "it must be William!"

"Yes," fairly shouted the other, "it's William. Now I guess you know who you're talkin' to! I suppose you've had a fine time laughin' at me behind my back!"

"I never laugh at people," said Edward. "It would take too much of my time. Won't you sit down, Mr. Ham?"

"No, I won't. I come up here to punch your eye—that's what I come for!"

"Your purpose is unique," said Edward, "and, therefore, interesting. May I ask why you desire to punch my eye?"

"Because you stole Maisie."

"You are laboring under a delusion. I have not stolen Maisie. If I am not mistaken she is at this moment in her room."

"You taught her to look down on her own kind! You taught her to put on airs! You taught her ——"

"I taught her what she wished to learn, Mr. Ham."

"Yes, and why? So that she wouldn't be satisfied with me! I'm vulgar, I am! I don't go to operas, I don't buy the right clothes, I put perfume on handkerchiefs, I wear joolry in my tie!"

"Did Maisie criticize you for that?" asked Edward, looking intently at William.

"She did worse. She tried to coax me out of it! Sweet as sugar, she was. But I was on to her. I spoiled her game. I guess I know how to be a genaman without her tellin' me, or you either. Now I'm goin' to punch your eye. You'll look nice marryin' her with a shiner!"

"Another delusion, Mr. Ham. I am not going to marry her."

"You ain't?" cried William with astonishment so genuine as to check his belligerent intentions. "You ain't? Then who is?"

"You are," said Edward.

"Not me! I wouldn't have a wife that criticized my joolry!"

"You jilt her, then? I'm ashamed of you, Mr. Ham."

"You're ashamed of me!"

"I am. I would be ashamed of any gentleman who jilted a lady. In fact, I would be forced to conclude that he was no gentleman!"

William gasped.

"I have half a mind," continued Edward, rising for the first time, "to punch *you* in the eye!" And he advanced toward the clerk with a countenance so threatening that William, now thoroughly demoralized, turned and fled precipitately down the stairs.

Edward gazed with righteous and sincere indignation at the vacant doorway. Then, unexpectedly and in a manner almost magical, the space filled but a moment since by William's resplendent form was occupied by the figure of—Maisie. Her eyes were unusually bright. Her face was flushed; her head held high.

"I heard what he said," she began. "I heard his voice and I listened."

"You know, then, that William has jilted you?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry."

"You—you wanted me to marry him?"

"Yes, of course. Whom else would you marry?"

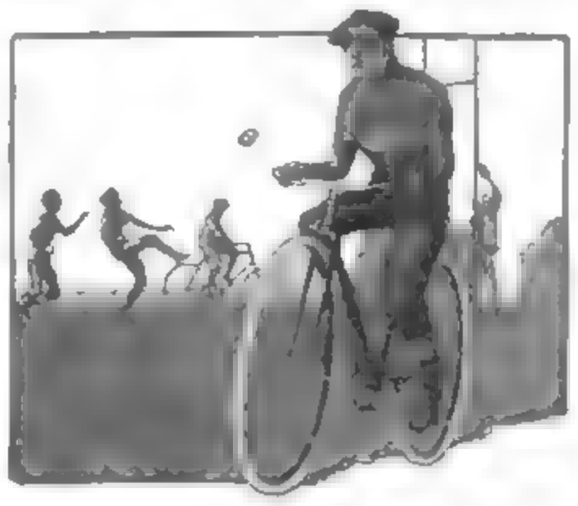
"I—no one—I suppose."

"You weren't thinking of marrying me, were you?"

"How could I be when you've never asked me?"

"Quite right. Nevertheless, it has just occurred to me that you might have become—fond of me. I have no grounds for such a hypothesis, I must confess; nor do I think it at all probable. Still, I should like

BLUE STREAKS



Bicycle Tires Coupling Comfort and Economy

Blue Streak Bicycle Tires are double comfort tires.

Comfort to the body, for their resilient construction makes for easy riding.

Comfort to the mind, too, for there is never a danger that Goodyear Blue Streaks will not serve loyally and well.

Speed a-plenty, smart appearance and a long life of service are built into every Goodyear Blue Streak Tire.

Blue Streaks are the only Bicycle tires The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company make. That's why such lasting quality can be given for the low price of $2.50 each—guaranteed.

$2.50 Each

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
AKRON, OHIO

GOODYEAR
AKRON

TEMPERATURE CONTROL
Right Day And Night

THIS device will keep the temperature in the home exactly as desired at all hours of the day and night.

Its accurate operation maintains even, healthful temperatures, thus affording supreme comfort with the added results of safety and a saving of fuel.

The action is entirely automatic at all times and the thermostat can be easily so adjusted that it will automatically and silently operate for an exact lower temperature for the night and again in the morning at any set hour operate for a return to warmer temperature, performing continuously for 8 days with one winding.

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

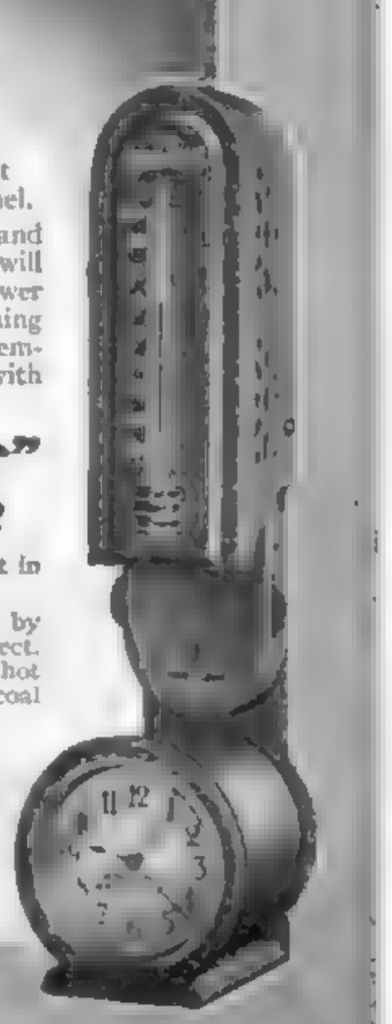
is a marvel of convenience and has proven its merit in thousands of homes for 31 years.

Easily installed with motive power furnished by gravity, spring or electric motor, as you may select. Works perfectly with any kind of heating plant—hot water, hot air, steam, vapor or vacuum-burning coal or gas.

Your heating contractor or hardware dealer handles the "Minneapolis."

Write us for Booklet

Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co.
2750 Fourth Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.



"4130"—that's the name of it. "$20.00"—that's the price. "Clothcraft" the make. That means good looks, good fit and good service. The Clothcraft people have had 70 years in which to learn how to make such a good blue serge suit at so low a price.

SERGE SPECIALS
"5130" Blue, $16.50
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THE CLOTHCRAFT STORE
IN YOUR TOWN

Clothcraft Clothes for Men and Young Men, Ready-to-Wear, $12.50 to $25.00

Made by The Joseph & Feiss Co., Cleveland

Children Hate Rubbers

That's why they *like* Dri-Foot, the shoe waterproofing. No fuss or bother. They can't lose or forget it. Keeps their feet always dry. Preserves leather and lengthens life of shoes. Cents spent for Dri-Foot save dollars in shoe and doctors' bills.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

buys enough Dri-Foot to waterproof a pair of shoes for six months. Sold and recommended by 10,000 better class shoe stores.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us ten cents in stamps for trial can with enough to waterproof your shoes for two months.

DRI-FOOT
THE SHOE WATERPROOFING

FITZ CHEMICAL COMPANY, PHILLIPSBURG, N. J.
Foreign Representative, 32 Broadway, New York City

to assure myself upon that point. You are not in love with me, are you, Maisie?"

"No," said Maisie defiantly.

"I thought not. I am very seldom mistaken in my judgments of human character."

Maisie laughed shrilly, and her hands closed convulsively at her sides.

"You are so wise," she said. "How could you be mistaken—especially—about—me?"

Then she walked proudly across the little hall, entered her own room and closed the door.

At ten o'clock that same evening a messenger boy delivered two telegrams into the hands of Mrs. Tuppet. The landlady, quickened by a consuming curiosity, bore the yellow envelopes at top speed to her attic boarder, who opened them with a calmness that almost unnerved the expectant Mrs. Tuppet.

The first message ran as follows:

"I am the happiest man in the world
"E C P"

The second read:

"I have married your uncle congratulate me
MAISIE"

A very languid young man, robed in a dark-purple dressing gown, sat reading Aristotle's Ethics in the attic chamber of Mrs. Tuppet's boarding house. On the table beside him reposed a box of soda crackers. A melancholy chair, which only the night before had supported the essentials of civilized refinement, stood confronting him with blatant emptiness. It was six o'clock of the evening. Ravishing odors drifted up from the street below. . . . Suddenly a step was heard upon the stairs and in the hall; then the door opened, and a young woman of great beauty entered the room. She was dressed with exquisite simplicity and taste. Her reddish-brown hair was confined beneath a hat of the purest Parisian extraction. Her blue eyes looked brightly at the young man in the purple dressing gown.

"Maisie!"

"How do you do?"

"By Jove, you're superb! I'm proud of myself."

"You always were. May I sit down?"

"Still defying Mrs. Grundy, I see. Take the chair. It's unusually vacant to-day."

Maisie sat down in the chair that was accustomed to hold the essentials of masculine refinement.

"I had a glimpse of Mrs. Tuppet as I came up. She was in the kitchen—pressing someone's trousers."

"Mine," said Edward with a sigh.

"My visit is timely then. I have come to pay you for—the lessons."

As she spoke, Maisie opened the gold-mesh bag which she carried in her hand and took out three five-hundred-dollar bills.

"It's part of my allowance," she said. "I can spend it as I choose!"

Edward regarded her with a whimsical smile.

"You are even more of a financier than I had thought. Of course I won't take your silly money. Put it away!"

Maisie looked at him for a moment in astonishment. Then her eyes blazed.

"Your uncle is right! You are ——"

"An ungrateful young scamp," said Edward. "But, even so, I shall remain as I am. The secret of life is independence, and the secret of independence is to deny one's debtors. If you want happiness, my dear Maisie—should I call you aunt?—I advise you to cultivate the acquisition of debtors. With Uncle Cuthbert's money you should be able to collect any number of them. They, in turn, perceiving the superior advantages of the creditor, will seek to make debtors of their fellowmen. The world will no longer extol the balanced account as a virtue, and we shall have an era of Samaritanism unequaled in the history of the race. Will you have a soda cracker?"

"I think you're perfectly horrid!"

"But you respect me, and that's the important thing. However, quite aside from any question of payment, if you have fifteen dollars in your purse I will borrow that—until the first of the month."

Maisie thrust her hand into the mesh bag and, after some fumbling, produced the sum named.

"Suppose that I refuse to consider it as a loan?"

"In that case I shall adhere to my diet, which is nourishing but dry."

With a furious gesture she threw the bills into his lap.

"Take it then, you—brute!"

"For that," said Edward, "I shall call you aunty."

Maisie rose abruptly and walked with dignity to the door. But on the threshold she hesitated.

"We are going to Palm Beach for the winter," she said sweetly. "Won't you—won't you come to visit us?"

"Thanks," replied Edward, "I'll come for a week. On your way downstairs," he added briskly, "would you mind telling Mrs. Tuppet that I wish to see her?"

Maisie gazed at him in speechless wrath, turned and slammed the door with all her energy.

An hour later Edward, clothed in a sack suit that gave evidence of having been recently pressed, turned in at the door of Fanchini's restaurant. A delectable aroma smote his nostrils. Clouds of cigarette smoke floated in the air, giving a mystic halo to the room. A sublime sense of freedom, the continuation of which would be immortality, descended upon Edward's soul. He selected a table and sat down, nodding pleasantly to the waiter who greeted him. Then, with the deliberation of a man who possesses a free spirit, he proceeded to order one of those little dinners of which he was so fond.

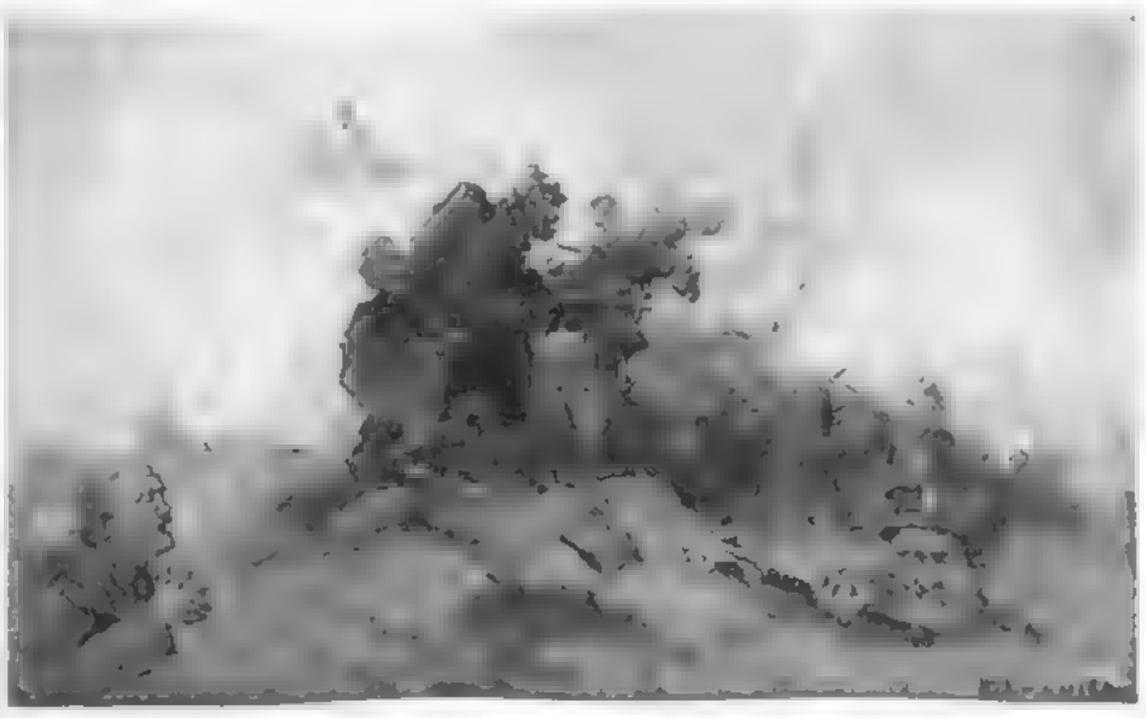
The Cautious John L.

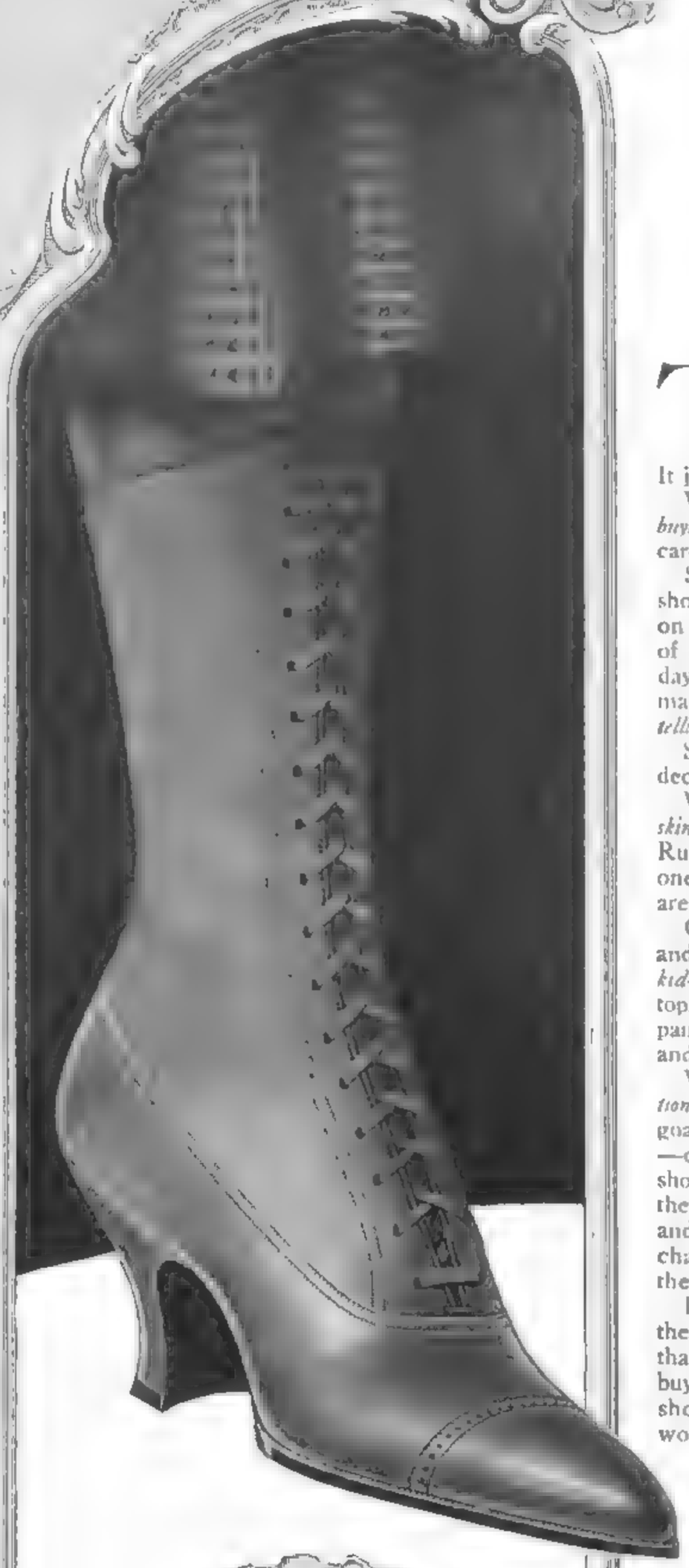
BUTCH McDEVITT, the official wag of Pittston, Pennsylvania, says he had an uncle who was somewhat addicted to boasting of his personal prowess.

One day, as Butch tells the story, the old man was speaking admiringly of his ability to take care of himself and several others in a rough-and-tumble fight, when his wife broke in.

"I suppose you could whip John L. Sullivan too!" said the old lady, intending to be sarcastic.

"Well," stated her husband, "I wouldn't go so far as to say that. But d'ye mind the time, woman, whin John L. was travelin' through the country, offering tin thousand dollars to anny man who would stand up before him in a ring? You remimber that? Well, did it ever occur to you that the only town round these parts he didn't come to was the town of Wilkes-Barre, where I was livin' at the time?"





Where is a Woman to Go for Shoes

THE Proverb says, "Beware the fury of a patient *man*." It doesn't say anything about the fury of a patient *woman*. It just leaves you to guess!

Woman as a rule is a *shrewder buyer* than man—more exacting and careful, with a quicker eye for defects.

She has been patient about her shoes, but the shoe situation is getting on her nerves. Her usual judgment of shoe-quality does not work out today. She is beginning to suspect that manufacturers and dealers are *not telling her the facts.*

She can stand anything better than deception.

Women's shoes are made of *kid-skin.* These skins come from India, Russia, South America, and the poorer ones from Africa and China. They are tanned and finished here.

Owing to the war, lack of ships, and Europe's buying here, *finished kid-leather doubled in price.* High-tops took 50 per cent. more to each pair of shoes. Shoe prices went up and quality went down.

What a woman *resents* are the *imitations* and *substitutes:* the cheap Chinese goat, the "capes" from South Africa—coarse and raspy, with the hair-cells showing prominently in the leather—the Cabrettas (a cross between a sheep and a goat) and the sheep-skins that chafe and peel and scuff off where the skirt rubs the shoe.

It tries a woman's patience to find these *cheap shoes so colored and finished* that she *can't tell the difference*—when buying them. Even the experienced shoe-dealer can't tell, though he won't often admit it.

Women find they must stop the haphazard buying of shoes: they begin to see that one can not get more out of a shoe than was put into it by some maker's character and integrity and reputation. They want to *know* who *made* the shoe!

The purpose, the institution, back of the shoe is what gives you in Regal Shoes the best shoe value in America for the money. That is why there are over *two million wearers of Regal Shoes.*

The demand of our trade for better and better shoes led us to the highest grade of shoe-making—$5, $6, $7 shoes.

In order to put a better shoe on your foot at a given price, we have established our own stores.

There are forty Regal Stores in the Metropolitan Centers, and about one thousand dealers, special Regal representatives, in other towns and cities—all giving you the Regal values. *Price stamped on the sole of every shoe.*

Because of our exacting city trade, *Regal styles* have to be in the very *forefront of the fashion.*

We have specialized for twenty years in developing the smartest fashions in lasts that give comfort on the foot.

All our leathers are of special tannage. In our *women's kid shoes* we use nothing but *selected kid-skins.*

You want style and good looks; and you want honest leather and fine workmanship. You want a 'glovey' shoe that will wear.

You can't get it for $4 any more. We advise you to pay $5 and up—and to get Regal Shoes if you can.

REGAL SHOES

REGAL SHOE COMPANY
268 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON

Smith Form-a-Truck

The heavy illustration shows the Smith Form-a-Truck Attachment, which carries 90 per cent of the load, bolted to the Ford or Maxwell power plant with a vise-like grip.

$350
F. O. B. Chicago

Best for Every Business

The first Smith Form-a-Truck was sold in Sumner, Wash., four years ago. It is still in daily service and has covered 18,000 miles at a total cost for repairs of only $8.00. The average load hauled during the four years of service has been 2200 pounds.

Now, many of the largest concerns in the country are buying Smith Form-a-Trucks in fleets ranging from 20 or 30 to more than 200 on single orders. Thousands of small users are ordering from one to several to meet their requirements.

Smith Form-a-Truck is not only the accepted truck attachment; it is the accepted motor truck for practically every line of business using trucks of 2,000 pounds capacity.

Low initial cost, the stability of a large manufacturing organization and proven maintenance cost of less than 7 cents a ton mile are the important features in the selection of Smith Form-a-Trucks by the purchasing departments of big business.

The Smith Form-a-Truck dealer organization is built up by many of the most successful merchandisers of motor vehicles in the country—each is the leader in his vicinity.

Send for your copy of "Delivers the Goods," a booklet crammed with valuable information.

Smith Form-a-Truck Co.

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Eastern Branch
1834 Broadway, New York

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Pico & Hill Sts., Los Angeles

120 Marietta St., Atlanta
Southern Branch

THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY

Sonora

CLEAR AS A BELL

YOU have been accustomed to read, study and compare the specifications of automobiles, and other mechanical products, in order to judge which is the best.

Sonora is the Highest-Class Talking Machine in the World, and the following details explain why. Sonora's superiority consists in the perfection of individual parts correctly combined. Investigate. You will find that Sonora is peerless. It is in a class alone.

WHY SONORA IS BETTER

1. The *tone* is unrivalled: the only jury which heard and tested all of the phonographs exhibited at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition recommended that the Sonora Phonograph be given a marking for tone quality *higher* than that given to any other phonograph or talking machine.
2. The Swiss-made *Motor* is silent, the best, and the strongest in use.
3. Universality—The Sonora is *designed* (not adapted) to play all types of disc records *as they should be played*, with a resonant beauty and naturalness that are marvelous.
4. The *Sound Box* does not deteriorate with age nor does it coarsen the tone as it grows older.
5. The *Sound Amplifier* is made under scientific principles, and is of extraordinary efficiency.
6. The patented *Tone Control* is at the sound source—the correct place. It alters the volume, not the quality, of the tone.
7. The patented *Envelope* [illegible] and convenient, every record being instantly available.
8. The patented *Cabinet* [illegible] rich and distinctive, the "bulge" lines being exclusively Sonora's.
9. The patented *Automatic Stop* is reliable and requires no attention.
10. The patented *Motor Meter and Spring Control* indicate how much power is left in the motor and save unnecessary winding.
11. Each Sonora is *guaranteed* for one year ("Supreme," five years) as to excellence of material, construction and operation.
12. The Sonora is *not a new machine*. It is famous and established with an enviable reputation.

Ten superb models

$45	$60	$75	$100	$150
$175	$190	$225	$350	$1000

Send today for handsome illustrated free catalog S 81

Sonora Phonograph Corporation

George E. Brightson, President

Executive Offices

[illegible]

I O U

(Continued from Page 12)

"Fifty dollars!" says Eddie McManus. "Huh! You're only a piker! I got one of them things in my pocket that calls for a hundred!"

"Oh well," says Jamieson: "since we're all going to tell secrets, he got into me for a hundred and fifty."

"My soul!" says Old Man Sherwood, beginning to laugh. "And me thinking I was the only fool in the bunch! . . . Did he give you that hard luck story 'bout his father bein' in the hospital at Syracuse?"

"It was Denver when he sung the song to me," says I.

"Appendicitis, wasn't it?" asks Dutch Coffman. "I paid for one of them operations myself. He put his arm round my neck and told me I was a good guy. I fell. Two hundred fish it cost me. Oh, what a bunch of suckers!"

I guess we should have stayed on that corner all night, comparing notes, if a policeman hadn't invited us to move on and not block the traffic. We went back to our hotel and held a council of war. Every man who had an I O U dug it up and spread it on the table. There were eight of 'em—he had somehow managed to overlook Frank Sperlock—eight of 'em, all dated and signed with curlicues and flourishes—Dudley W. Fowler. In all, they footed up to nine hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Seven of us had kept quiet on account of liking the boy and believing that he would make good some day. Joe Parker said that was his notion, too, but I'll always believe he kept his mouth shut because he thought he was the only one stung and didn't want to own up to it.

Dudley had what some women have got—the faculty of making each victim believe himself the only friend that really counted. Speaking for myself I just happened to have that I O U in my pocketbook; I wasn't on a collecting tour. Of course if he had offered to come across I wouldn't have stopped him, but I never would have broached the subject. I can't answer for the others.

"Now, then," says Jamieson, scooping the I O U's all up in a pile, "the question before the house is this: What are we going to do with this jack pot? What's the sense of the meeting?"

Joe Parker was for taking the evidence back to Dudley's hotel and raising a row.

"Maybe his boss will do something about it," says Joe.

"And we'd look like a lot of cheap sports," says Dutch Coffman. "Joe, you're in this pot on a short ante; so keep quiet. Personally I've kissed my two hundred good-by already. It was only part of the dough I won on his games last fall; so I'm nothing out by knowing him. We're all in the same boat, and it's no use to squeal; but—darned if I don't hate to let Dudley get away with the raw deal he handed us to-night! I'd like to go back at him somehow. Any suggestion for the good of the order?"

Well, there were plenty of 'em, but mostly leaning toward personal violence. That wouldn't do. We gabbed for an hour or more, and finally Jamieson said if we'd leave it to him he'd find a way to make Dudley regret his loss of memory.

"With the permission of the gang," says he, "I'll take possession of these I O U's. Understand me—you won't recover a nickel on 'em. You'll have to be satisfied with getting Dudley's angora. . . . No; I won't answer any questions, but we'd better reserve a front box at the ball park to-morrow."

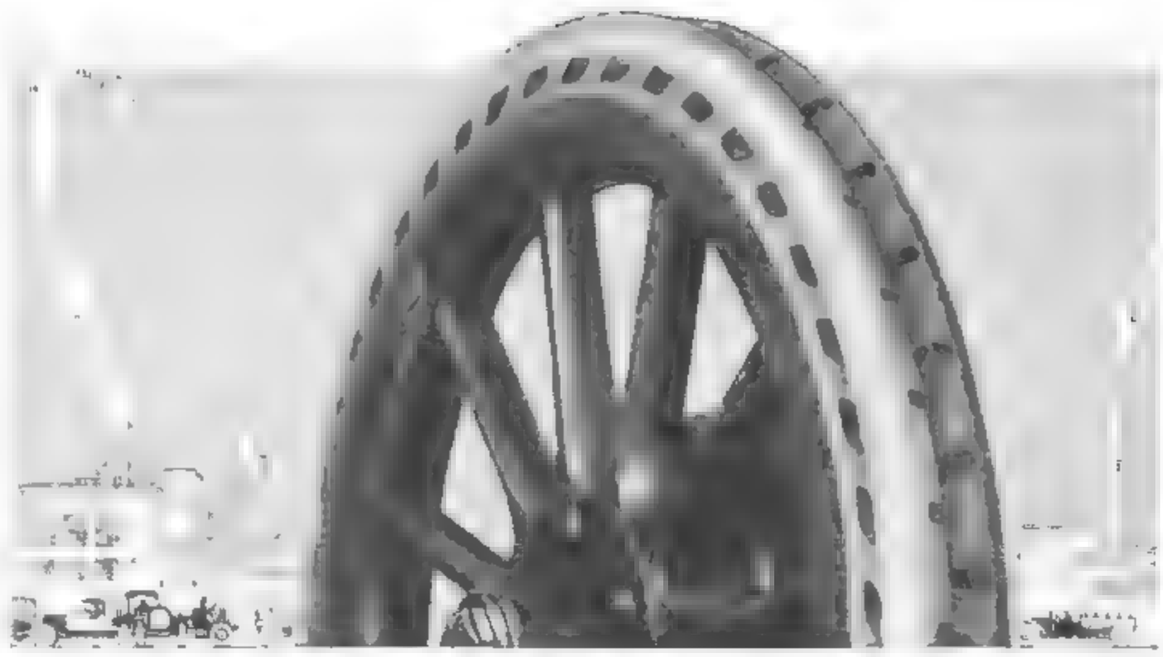
"Seeing that we're turning the assets over to you," says Parker, always looking for something soft, "you might buy a drink."

"I'll do that little thing," says Jamieson; "and I'll also give you a toast: Friend Dudley—here's hoping they pitch him to-morrow!"

IV

OUR hope came true. The box we rented for the occasion was over close to the Chicago bench, but this wasn't the reason we didn't cheer when the umpire announced that Fowler would pitch for the Orphans. We were a little bit worried about Jamieson. He had left the hotel immediately after breakfast and we hadn't seen him since. The Chicago fans didn't cheer the announcement, because they were nervous about this new phenomenon and his unbroken string of victories. We overheard some talk in the box next to us

Continued on Page 40



Motz Cushion Tires Increase 189%

The use of Motz Tires on trucks has almost trebled in a year. Doubled speed, more tons delivered per day, less wear and tear on the machine—these are the reasons.

Many have found that the fast-moving truck beats the slow-moving truck, just as the latter beats the horse.

Particularly in light-duty delivery service is the Motz valuable. It originally was a fine-car tire, used on electrics because it gives comfort at speeds attained by electrics and saves power where power saving is vital.

Now it is winning a large commercial field for the same reasons that gave it a pleasure-car vogue—because it approximates the cushioning qualities of compressed air and is trouble-proof

Next year will see an even greater Motz success because there is a definite, intermediate field filled better by this tire than by pneumatics or solids

Perhaps Motz tires will save you money, too. Ask your Goodyear Motz Service Station, or nearest Goodyear Branch, to advise you.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

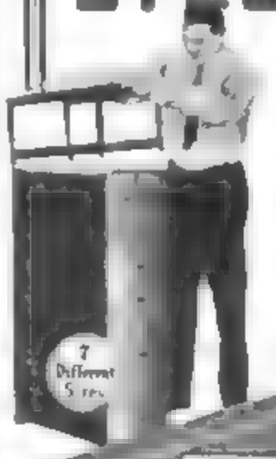
GOODYEAR

AKRON

No. 35 of a series

92% OF STORAGE SPACE OCCUPIED IS ACTUAL FILING SPACE. DRAWERS DO NOT STICK—"SLED-RUNNERS" PREVENT IT

BAKER-VAWTER STEEL STORAGE UNITS



Efficient use of valuable or limited storage space!—If transferred letters, invoices, checks, etc., were compactly stacked in uncovered piles, they would take up only 8% less space than when *safely* and *accessibly* filed in Baker-Vawter Steel Storage Units.

Latest exclusive improvement!—On bottom of each Baker-Vawter drawer two round "sled runners" are die-formed out of the jointless sheet steel, of which the drawers are made. A fully filled drawer thus glides in or out as easily as a sled rides the snow. Can't bind on sides or at top, either (see illustration). A great time and temper saving feature. Exclusive with Baker Vawter Company, originators of steel storage units

Other vital advantages!—Drawers stack to any width or height, interlocking both vertically and horizontally. Cannot pull apart or topple. Frame rigid as steel skyscraper. 7 drawer sizes—a size for every record. Many times as long lived as wood. Non-inflammable. Moisture and rust proof. Far greater protection for your records—*at less cost in the end.*

Beat Old Father Time to it! Order transfer supplies NOW and avoid last minute worries and delays. Baker-Vawter Storage Units, Files etc., sold *direct-to-users* only. Sales offices in 42 cities. Salesmen everywhere. Write

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

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[illegible] stick at sides or on bottom. Round sled-runners (one on each side of drawer) offer far less resistance than does a flat drawer bottom scraping across a flat surface.

1111

No. 35 of a series

Lazaro's singing of the leading arias from L'Africana and La Bohême exhibits his marvellous range and control.

LAZARO'S voice on Columbia Records! A miracle of a voice reincarnated in miracles of tone-reproduction!

Every amazing, mighty *fortissimo*, every exquisite, soul-thrilling whisper of the voice of the wonderful new world-tenor is returned with a vivid, arresting *reality* that flames with the greatness of Lazaro's genius.

These records are—LAZARO! . . . and that tells enough. For it implies to any lover of music a brilliance fairly *dazzling*, a strength phenomenal, a power of expression no less than *astounding*.

Lazaro's Columbia Records are tremendous *records of personality*. They have the same vivid, gripping intensity that absolutely lifted breathless audiences from their seats in worship of the marvel-tenor whose royal voice whole *continents* have crowned. There are passages in these magnificent records of such stupendous, climactic force that listeners have cried out in admiration, powerless to hold back the tribute compelled by a voice whose equal the world does not hold!

48762 AÏDA—CELESTE AÏDA. (Radiant Aida.)

48741 LA BOHÊME—CHE GELIDA MANINA. (How Cold Your Hands.)

48747 L'AFRICANA—O PARADISO! (Oh Paradise on Earth.)

48783 I PURITANI—A TE O CARA. (Often, Dearest.)

Hear these records—and be held enthralled! "Hearing is *Believing!*"

Additional Lazaro Records on sale November 20th.

Columbia Records TRADE MARK Note the Notes

Lazaro

Columbia

The greatest arias from Aida and I Puritani are translated, through the voice of Lazaro, into the very essence of dramatic sublimity.

LAZARO on the Columbia Grafonola! A supreme voice on a supreme instrument!

The very *living* tone of the tenor acclaimed as "the greatest since Rubini"—Lazaro's *actual* personality is projected through a *tone* magnificently true to life—a tone that makes a *presence* of an artist's genius, a tone that musicians have learned to recognize as "The Tone of Life"—*Columbia* tone!

Hear a great voice like Lazaro's on the Columbia Grafonola—or the playing of some king of instrumentalists like Ysaye, Casals, Hofmann or Godowsky—or the entire Chicago Symphony Orchestra—and you will feel the wonderful *difference* at once.

Records become a glorious *reality*—not records of life, but *life itself*. The perfection of Columbia recording is translated into equal perfection of reproduction—thrilling, impressive, carrying conviction that what you hear is *life*.

The Columbia Grafonola is made in a wide range of models, but any model at any price has this wonder-quality of *tone* that transforms records into *reality*. "Hearing is *Believing!*" Hear the Columbia at your dealer's *today*.

Columbia Grafonolas at prices ranging from $15 to $350

Columbia Grafonola $200

Prices in Canada plus duty

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n

Records

The real character embodied in

Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes

is discovered in the daily service they give their wearers—in the service which has proven their superiority for Sixty-Two Years.

The Stein-Bloch *"Ennyweather"* ("Cravenette" Proofed) is our latest conception of how style and service may be smartly combined for wear in *any weather*.

The Stein-Bloch Co. Rochester Tailors

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY
Wholesale Tailors Rochester, N.Y.

REZNOR

WHERE BABY SLEEPS

EVERY mother knows the importance of good ventilation and even temperature in the room where Baby sleeps.

That is one of the reasons why hundreds of thousands of REZNOR Gas Heaters are used in homes that are perfectly equipped for general heating, but where Baby's health is the first consideration. The

Reznor Gas Heater

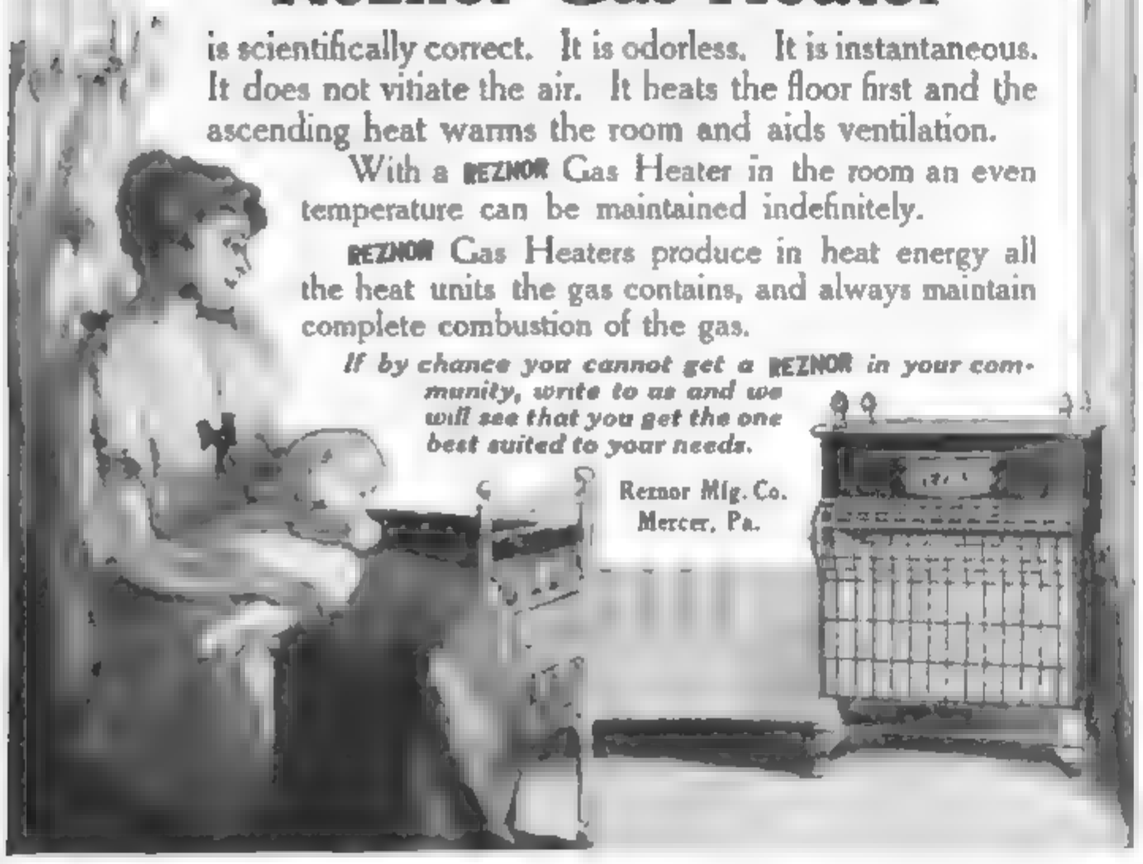
is scientifically correct. It is odorless. It is instantaneous. It does not vitiate the air. It heats the floor first and the ascending heat warms the room and aids ventilation.

With a REZNOR Gas Heater in the room an even temperature can be maintained indefinitely.

REZNOR Gas Heaters produce in heat energy all the heat units the gas contains, and always maintain complete combustion of the gas.

If by chance you cannot get a REZNOR in your community, write to us and we will see that you get the one best suited to your needs.

Reznor Mfg. Co.
Mercer, Pa.



(Continued from Page 37)

"Who? Fowler? Say, if this kid has got a goat John McGraw couldn't locate it! You know what that means. . . . Yep—cool as a cucumber all the time; and control? . . . Another Alexander, sure! . . . Impossible to rattle him."

I half suspected that something might happen before the game started; but I was wrong and there was no sign of Jamieson.

Dudley opened up on the Cubs with a lovely assortment of curves, and for two innings he had them eating out of his hand; they didn't get anything that looked like a hit.

"He'll make it ten straight! You listen to me!" says the man in the next box. "How about that control, hey? Steady as clockwork! Oh, he's a sweet pitcher!"

Dudley came to bat in the third inning and there was a faint ripple of applause in the stands—White Sox rooters, maybe, or visitors, like ourselves. Just as he stepped up to the pan and knocked the dirt off his spikes an attendant in uniform ducked round the corner of the Chicago bench and started for the plate. He was carrying a package under his arm—something big and flat and square, done up in paper and tied with a red ribbon. The attendant handed the package to the umpire, pointed at Dudley, and ran back toward the stand.

All at once the Chicago infielders flocked to the plate, the rest of the Cub players boiled up out of the pit, and the Orphans left their bench and gathered round close.

"Hello!" says the man in the next box. "They're going to present Fowler with something. . . . Must have friends here to-day. Old-home-town stuff—what? Ball players are just like kids, ain't they? See 'em all trying to horn in on it!"

The umpire took off his mask and cap and made a little speech before he handed the package to Dudley, who didn't seem to know what to do with it. A few people began to cheer.

"Open it! Open it!"

One man yelled that, away up in the back of the stand; and right there I stopped breathing, for I knew the voice. It was Jamieson's. The crowd took it up:

"Open it! Open it!"

Dudley hesitated for a second; then he stripped off the paper and held the thing up in front of him. From where I sat it looked like a picture in a frame—but I knew it wasn't any lithograph that was under that glass. The other players crowded in close, with their heads together; there was a puzzled silence that lasted maybe a couple of seconds, but seemed longer—and then a whoop went up from the Chicago boys. They threw their caps in the air, and hugged one another, and laid down on the grass and rolled every which way, like lunatics. Even the sour old umpire had to smile.

Dudley couldn't see the joke at all. He slammed his present on the ground and would have jumped on it if one of the Cubs hadn't snatched it just in time and ran with it to the grand stand, with Dudley after him. The Chicago player tossed it up into the crowd, where Dudley couldn't follow it; and then the fun began. About this time Jamieson dropped into the box, sweating a little, but otherwise calm and cool.

"I guess I'm a poor stage manager!" says he.

"For pity's sake!" says Dutch Coffman. "What is it? What did they hand to Dudley?"

"A Brownsville souvenir, under glass," says Jamieson. "Eight little I O U's in a frame, with the motto 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot?' I tipped some of the lads on the Chicago Club that Dudley's present would be worth seeing, but I wasn't counting on letting the whole crowd in on the joke. They're getting it, though."

Yes; they were getting it. The Brownsville souvenir was traveling from row to row, creating a riot as it went. I never saw people laugh so hard in my life. They nearly went into convulsions.

It must have been five minutes before the game was resumed, and Dudley had to stand there at the plate and wait. He took three wild swings at three bad ones and ran for shelter; but there wasn't any such thing as getting away from the advertising that the Brownsville souvenir was giving him. It was priming the crowd for his next appearance in the pitchers' box.

I don't really need to tell you the rest. You can guess that when Dudley walked out into the middle of the diamond a red-necked Chicago fan, with a voice like a

"I used to wonder what was wrong with my digestion!"

"But now I'm as fit as a fiddle. Changing to Girards made all the difference in the world. And the best of it is—I get a full-bodied man's smoke and not one jot or tittle of harm."

That's a real tribute from a live man. And for a long time that man used to laugh and say: "Heavy cigars don't hurt me!" But he learned his mistake—and *now he smokes all he wants with perfect safety*, because he smokes

The Girard Cigar

He's one of the vast army of Girard smokers who reap the pleasures of keen, full-flavored Havanas without one iota of a come-back on their health. The Girard is a mixture of *strength plus mildness* that never gets on your nerves, never affects your throat, your heart or your digestion.

The "Broker" [illegible] Size, 10c

Choice Havana tobacco plus our method of mellowing by age alone and our process of blending have made the Girard what it is—*the national cigar*.

Our dealers everywhere know all about the Girard. Ask any of them and he'll tell you that it represents the high-tide of value in a smoke.

If your own dealer doesn't handle Girards, show him this advertisement and ask him to put them in. Ask him to write us for information.

We'll take back any part of the dealer's purchase and he will do the same for you.

14 sizes—10c and up

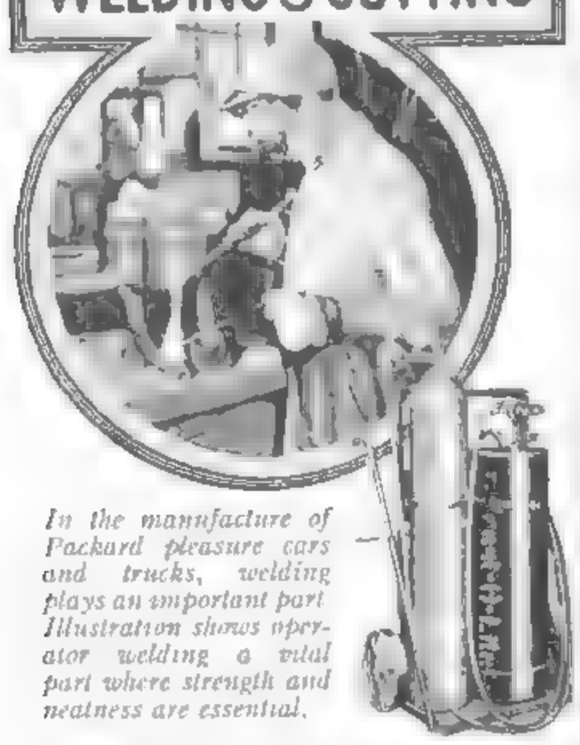
Get started on Girard enjoyment to-day.

Dealers—Look at this

If you are not handling the Girard cigar, you are not getting your share of benefit from the most successful straight forward cigar advertising in America. You ought to write us for our dealers' "Safety-first" Proposition. Hundreds of dealers everywhere are cashing in on this. Write for it to-day.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Established 1871
PHILADELPHIA

OXY-ACETYLENE WELDING & CUTTING



In the manufacture of Packard pleasure cars and trucks, welding plays an important part Illustration shows operator welding a vital part where strength and neatness are essential.

Better, stronger metal products at lower cost

In the manufacture of nearly every metal product, large or small, there are great possibilities for making it simpler, stronger and neater, and at reduced cost. Wherever bolts, rivets or threaded joints are now used—in the construction of machinery, metal furniture, tools, pipe-lines or what not—investigation may show a real need for welding. Practically every leading American industry makes extensive use of the

Prest-O-Lite PROCESS

Oxy-acetylene welding *fuses* two pieces of metal at intense heat into one piece with all the strength of the original metal itself.

Any average workman who understands metals can easily learn to do efficient work quickly. We furnish high-grade welding apparatus for $60 (Canada, $75); Prest-O-Lite acetylene service and special blow-pipe for cutting metals at extra cost.

Prest-O-Lite Dissolved Acetylene in cylinders backed by the nation-wide Prest-O-Lite exchange system insures better welding at lower work and lower operating costs. It avoids the initial outlay and depreciation incident to making acetylene in carbide generators. Makes the outfit truly portable for use inside or outside the shop

Repairing and Reclaiming Broken or Worn Parts

Thousands of factories, mines, railroads, foundries, machine shops and garages are now employing this profitable process for quick repairs to broken tools and machinery. One single repair job, by avoiding delays and the cost of a new part, may easily save you the entire cost of the outfit.

The experience of other users may give you many suggestions. Literature on request.

The Prest-O-Lite Co., Inc.
U. S. Main Offices and Factory
850 SPEEDWAY, INDIANAPOLIS
Canadian Main Offices and Factory
Dept. L MERRITTON, ONT.

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF DISSOLVED ACETYLENE

foghorn, stood up and made a megaphone of his hands and asked him why he didn't pay his debts. You can guess that when Dudley began his graceful wind-up about a thousand people were struck with the same idea all at once, and started a sort of chant, taking the time of it from his motions—so

"I! . . . Oh! . . . You!"

That was what found his goat and set it bleating and running in circles. You've seen a player change step to fool the fans when they were whistling the Rogues' March at him? Well, Dudley tried to hurry his wind-up to throw the chanters out of time, and succeeded in throwing away his control, instead. They I O U'd him into such a state of mind that he couldn't have thrown a baseball over a freight car, broadside on. He filled the bases, walked in one run, and then stuck a groover where Zimmerman could find it—and away went the old ball game.

The manager yanked him out of the box; and as he started for the bench, with his chin on his chest, about fifteen thousand people stood up and gave it to him all together:

"I! . . . Oh! . . . You! Oh, you! Oh, you! Oh-h-h, you!"

"That's his finish!" says the man in the next box. "Yes; you can kiss him good-by right now. They've found out where he stables his goat, and this I O U stuff will be all over the league in no time. He'll never hear the last of it. . . . Lord, what a dog's trick! I wonder who pulled it on him?"

If the man bothers to read this yarn he will at least find out that there was provocation. He won't need to read it to find out that he was right about one thing: The fans and the players on the other clubs simply I O U'd Dudley out of the Big League—I O U'd him out of baseball.

It was coming to him, of course; but there are times when I feel ashamed of the part I had in it—times when I wish Jamieson hadn't been so hard on the boy. Dudley was no good, and all that; but—well, I'm just soft enough to be sorry.

Already Retained

THERE used to be a brilliant lawyer in a Pacific Coast city who was given to spells of dissipation. After an unusually prolonged bout with John Barleycorn—the undefeated champion of the ages—he woke up in a strange room in a strange town. By cautious inquiry of a bell boy he ascertained that he was in a hotel; that he had been there several days; and that he had run up a considerable account, partly for lodgings and food but mainly for liquid refreshment fetched from the bar. Further investigation of his garments revealed the sad fact that he was without funds.

As he lay there in the rumpled bed, canvassing ways and means, the proprietor came in with a bill. The guest explained his predicament. The hotel man had an inspiration.

"There's a ranchman downstairs who's looking for a good lawyer," he said. "He wants to bring a lawsuit against one of his neighbors. I'll send him up to you. You collect a good big fee from him in advance, and then you can settle with me."

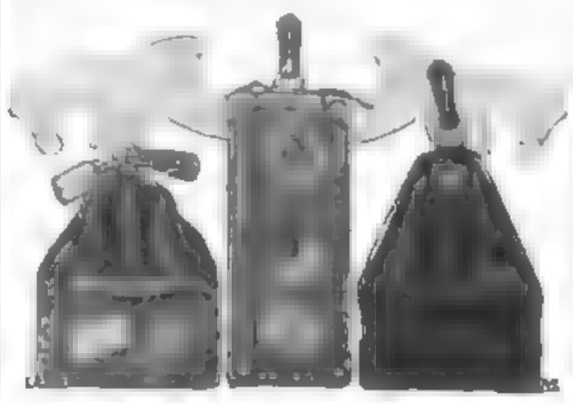
Presently up came the ranchman to explain that a pet snake belonging to a neighbor had bitten one of his cows. The cow died of the bite, and he wanted damages.

"I suppose it was a fine animal you lost—a valuable Jersey, or perhaps an imported Whiteface?" said the lawyer, with visions of a sizable fee before his eyes.

"No; she wasn't," said the ranchman—"jest a scrawny old Longhorn. It's the principle of the thing more'n the money that ——"

With a low moan the stranded lawyer put his head back against the pillow.

"I'm sorry, my friend," he said; "but I can't take your case. I've already been retained by the snake."



The shop looking from "Centennial" Maple

Thirtieth Season.

IT is *economical*—there is little or no waste. It is *good food value*. It is *appetizing* to the most fastidious.

This is our 30th season in the manufacture of Jones Dairy Farm Products. Your grocer will tell you of our prices and times of shipment.

Be sure that it's Jones.

MILO C. JONES
Jones Dairy Farm
Ft. Atkinson, Wis.

WALLACE & SMITH
MOTOR WEAVE
AUTOMOBILE ROBES

Save Money Without Sacrificing Quality

THE discriminating motorist is interested *only* in such economies as do not sacrifice quality.

MOTORWEAVE Woolen Automobile Robes have been a pleasant surprise for every car owner. A robe is a necessity and here for the first time is a special motorist fabric of beauty, warmth and extra-durability at the phenomenal price of $6.75, *guaranteed*.

Inspect MOTORWEAVE! Examine the cheerful patterns—equal to the colors and design you will find in more costly robes.

The fabric is reinforced and double-woven. There is softness, yet ruggedness, and a liberal nap which insures warmth and comfort. MOTORWEAVE will not disappoint on a cold day or on a fast drive.

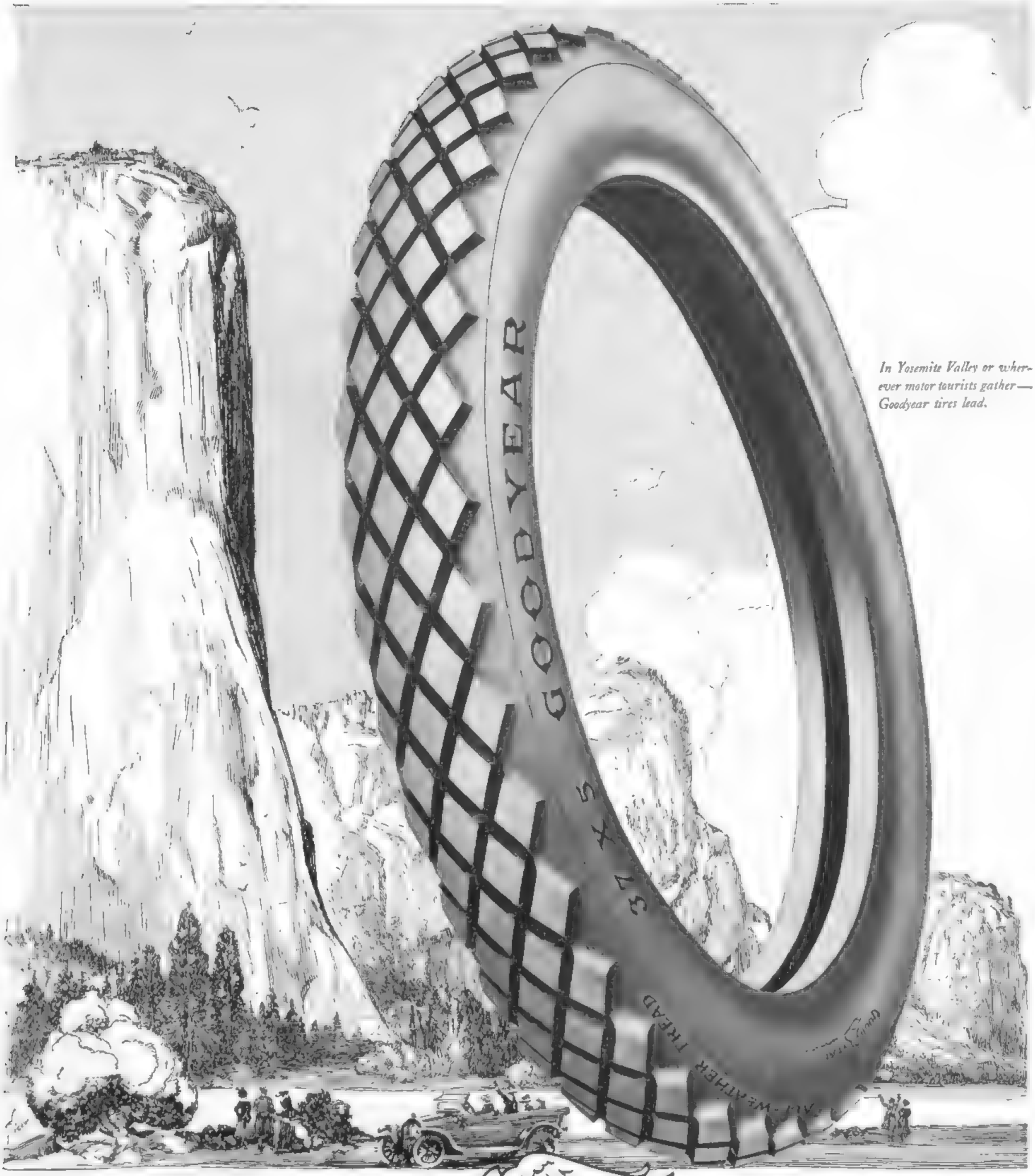
The built-in durability of MOTORWEAVE puts its age limit far beyond the average auto robe.

Demand the label—attached to every robe and carrying the maker's guarantee. Look for it.

If your dealer does not stock MOTORWEAVE, send us his name and we will send you a handsome illustrated folder and will also see that you are supplied.

THE WALLACE & SMITH CO.
La Porte, Indiana

Motor Weave is ideal as well for lounging, camping and all outdoor uses.



In Yosemite Valley or wherever motor tourists gather—Goodyear tires lead.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

We Ask You to Consider, Particularly, Goodyear Intention and Goodyear Ability

YOU are sure of a good tire only when you know that the manufacturer *habitually means to make good tires* and has the *resources* to do it.

Tires look so much alike that the *intention* and *ability* of the maker form the only sound basis for preference

* *

We ask you to consider, particularly, *Goodyear* intention and *Goodyear* ability.

Goodyear growth is the best evidence of Goodyear intention to put the last cent's worth of real value into every tire.

Goodyear volume is the best evidence of our capacity to do what we mean to do.

* *

Twelve years ago the Goodyear factory was insignificant. A number of manufacturers made from ten to thirty times as many tires as we did.

Now the Goodyear business is expressed in millions hard to imagine.

If tire sales were divided equally now among all tire manufacturers *only one car in two hundred would be Goodyear-equipped.*

But the preference of the public prevents an equal division, for public preference finally is awarded in exact proportion to value received.

So *one out of every three* new cars is Goodyear-equipped—not one out of every two hundred.

Only the Goodyear *intention* to give more, and the *ability* to give more, can account for this amazing growth.

Every year we have increased our facilities at what seemed an extravagant rate.

But in no single season have we delivered all the Goodyear tires people wanted.

Only the *Goodyear idea* could sustain a demand like that—only the intention and the ability to give more, to put *surplus* life and strength and service into every tire.

* *

To give more, *continually*, has meant a continuous *revolution* in Goodyear tire design and manufacturing methods.

The Goodyear tire-making machine, the Goodyear fabric mill, the All-Weather Tread, the No-Hook bead with its braided piano wire base, the On-Air Cure and other features—all are part of this continuous revolution.

All have introduced new and better standards of tire efficiency.

And some of the most important of these features are *exclusively* Goodyear, kept so by patents or by high manufacturing cost which other makers refuse to pay.

In 1916, our engineers tell us, we would save more than four million dollars by making tires in the usual way.

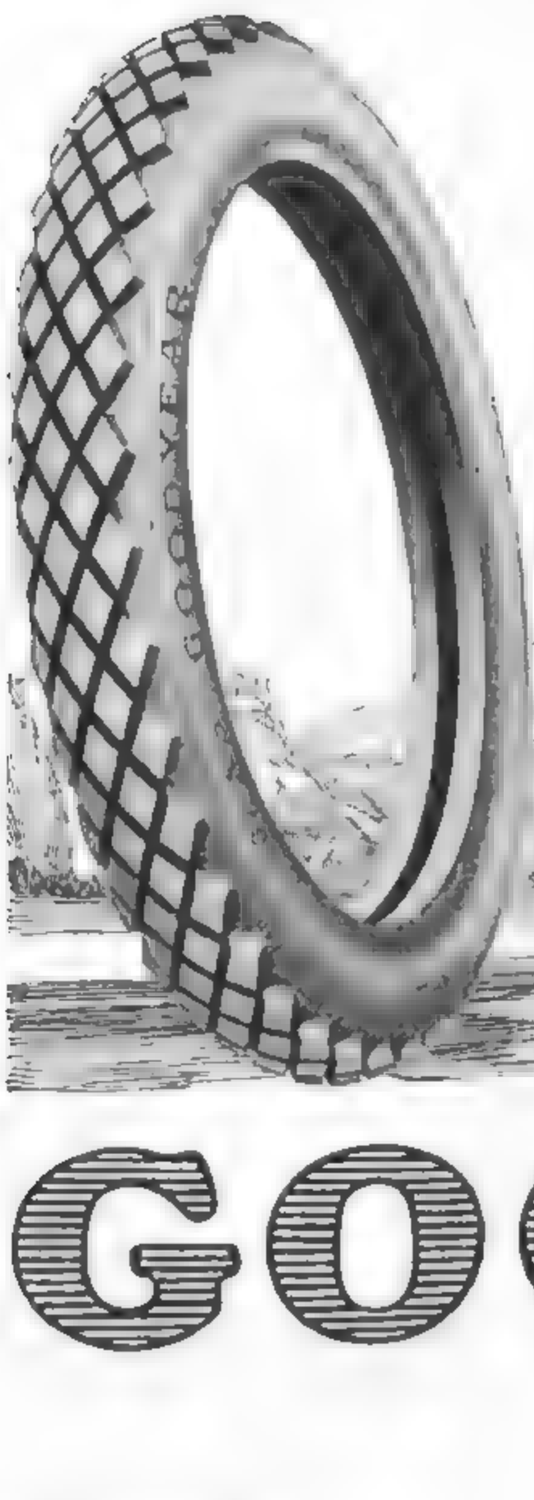
We easily could add this four millions to our profits for the year.

But we would be trading on our good name—compromising with our intention. And the public sooner or later would find it out and withdraw its good will.

So Goodyear will continue to give more—because it is good business for Goodyear to give more.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.



GOODYEAR

AKRON

Yes, You'll Like Them

Sunshine Biscuits in their great variety of popular shapes and flavors are daily pleasing thousands of biscuit lovers.

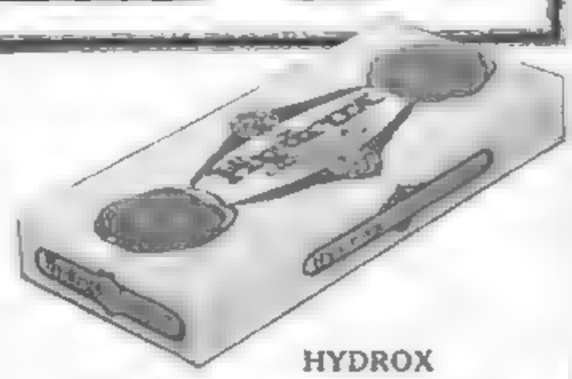
Whatever your need for good biscuits -buy Sunshine Biscuits. No better biscuits baked—no variety so great.

That you may know their perfect crispness and delicious flavors, we'll send you the

Sunshine Revelation Box

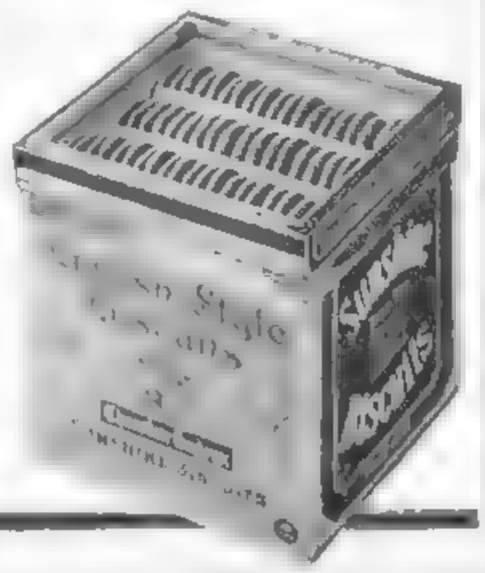
merely for the cost of mailing (10c) and your dealer's name.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY
Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits
807 Thomson Avenue L. I. C., New York



HYDROX

Rich chocolate wafers enclosing delightful sweetened cream. Appetizing for occasions simple and elaborate. In tins or by the pound, at your dealer's



Sunshine

Biscuits

Santa Claus Suggests
Parker Safety Sealed Fountain Pens

For Christmas—what better gift than a ***Parker Safety-Sealed***—the fountain pen of highest development and exclusive safety features.

For the business man or woman—students—scholars—travelers—for the boys at the front and abroad—for Mother, Sister, Wife, Sweetheart, Mother's desk or purse—there is no gift more appropriate or personal, a daily reminder of your thoughtfulness and good judgment.

Fills itself in two seconds by merely pressing a concealed, safety-sealed button.

See your Parker Dealer's special holiday display of Parker Pens in Xmas boxes at \$2.50, \$3, \$4, and \$5.

PARKER
LUCKY CURVE
SAFETY-SEALED
SELF-FILLER

Because there are ***no holes in the wall,*** the ink in the Parker cannot escape to soil hands, clothing, fine linens, dainty purses. Carried in any position—it can't leak—it's SAFETY-SEALED.

In case of accident to filling mechanism it automatically changes from a self-filler to a non self-filler. Cannot be put out of commission, but continues in use as a safety because there are no holes in the wall to let out the ink.

Parker Pen Company
90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

Initials or monogram on fountain add distinctiveness to the gift. Any jeweler can do this.

PENS Illustrated
No. 14—Sterling \$5. 14 karat gold, same \$6. Ring for chain attachment.
No. 20—Black Transparent barrel, \$3.50
Emblem Pen. Various orders, 18k \$6, solid gold \$10
No. 23½—Two gold bands, \$3.50.

PENS Illustrated
No. 70—Collapsible, price \$12.50
Gold Barrel, with 18k gold plate.
No. 24—No. 4 gold point, \$4
No. 23½—\$3
No. 20—\$2.50. CATALOG FREE

HAS A FARM TENANT ANY RIGHTS?

(Continued from Page 26)

report on your farm leased to Ben Phillips. Would you like to go over the figures?"

By that time she was a little sensitive on the Phillips matter; but she said she'd be glad to look over the statement. She'd like to find the hole in the skimmer that lost the profits from so good a farm as that. Tom went over the matter item by item. He showed that Ben had bought feeders at about the figure at which I bought mine. They were high, and it turned out that they might have been bought at other times a little lower; but he had bought with average wisdom. His steers were good feeders too; a little heavier for their ages than mine, and I am considered a good buyer. Ben had fed a good ration, too, and his cattle had made good gains—only a little costlier than the gains on mine; but I had better barns and equipment than my wife had furnished to Ben.

"If the warmth and comfort aren't in the barns, you know," said Tom, "you have to feed warmth and comfort to them in the form of corn."

"I s'pose so," assented my wife. "And I s'pose I should put in a thousand dollars or so on top of the rent to make it easier for Ben to make good!"

Well, the upshot of the examination was that they had to give Ben Phillips the credit of having carried on the farm pretty well—not the best in the way of efficiency, but better than the average. We had to admit that if, after paying wages and all the overhead of my own farm that year, I had had to pay rent at the same rate charged to Ben Phillips it would have made me scratch to do it.

"And now," said Tom, "we come to the benefits to the farm of the methods followed by Ben. Suppose," Tom argued, "that we had the sort of lease that Jeff has told us of, or the sort that Adolph's folks had in Germany, how should we stand with Ben? We should owe him for the unexhausted fertility, which morally belongs to him, enough to pay the year's rent, and more."

The kids in school had it all figured out in terms of potash, nitrogen and phosphoric acid; and also in terms of barnyard manure, at so much a load.

A Change of Heart

"Well, darn it!" said my wife, getting nettled, "the tenants in Germany and England have to pay their rent, don't they?"

"Not always," said Tom; and he went on and told what good landlords had always done in unfavorable years in the most enlightened of the old countries, and what the law now required of them. "You see," said he, "all these countries have been studying these matters for centuries; and they have found out that there are four parties to every lease—the landlord, the tenant, the public, and the land itself. These laws against rack-renting and disturbance of families in their homes ——"

"Their homes!" said my wife sarcastically. "I always kind of thought that hundred and twenty was mine."

"Unless it's Ben Phillips' home he is homeless," said Tom. "We used to send money to the Irish Land League because of the evictions. Evictions in Ireland are a thing of the past; but the evicted Irish farmer was in exactly the condition that Ben Phillips will be in if he has to go to a new place next spring."

"But," said my wife, "the Irish landlords took away the improvements the tenants had made."

"How about the thousand loads of manure Ben has hauled out?" asked Tom. "Isn't that an improvement Ben has made? And won't you take it from him if he goes?"

Neither Lucy nor I had a word to say. And yet it seemed absurd that we had to begin to plan and study and take into account anything besides our rent. If it has come about that a landlord has to look upon himself as a public servant, and subject to all sorts of claims on the part of the land and the tenant and the public, it is a pretty pass indeed for America!

"Over half of the families in this district under the year-by-year system of leasing farms," Tom went on, "are homeless every spring. How can we make this a good place in which to live and bring up children if that keeps up? How can we make a good

(Continued on Page 46)

Hotel La Salle

Chicago's Finest Hotel

1000 People At Your Service

IN the background, but always on call, unobtrusive but ready—this is the army, trained and willing, of those who make an art of Service at Hotel LaSalle.

Here you have an example of the size and scope of "Chicago's Finest Hotel": but only a personal visit will convey its atmosphere of restful, home-like charm.

LaSalle at Madison Street
CHICAGO
ERNEST J. STEVENS, *Vice-Pres. and Mgr.*

The Only Hotel in Chicago Maintaining Floor Clerks and Individual Service on Every Floor.

RATES

One person	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$2, $2.50 and $3
Room with private bath	$3, $3.50, $4 and $5
Two persons	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$3, $3.50 and $4
Room with private bath—	
Double room	$5 to $8
Single room with double bed	$4, $4 50 and $5
Two Connecting Rooms with Bath	
Two persons	$5 to $8
Three persons	$6 to $9
Four persons	$7 to $12

1026 rooms—834 with private bath

Bake better pies with Carnation Milk crust

Always use Carnation Milk in mixing your pie dough. Its purity and richness help to create a flaky, tempting crust—which, as every good cook knows, is more than half the pie. When the pie is ready for the oven, brush a little Carnation Milk over the top crust—and be delighted with the appearance when baked.

Try Carnation Milk. Test it in your baking and cooking. Use it in your coffee. Give it to the children to drink.

It is fresh, clean, sweet, pure milk, evaporated to the consistency of cream and sealed airtight and sterilized. To reduce the richness simply add pure water. Our new recipe booklet gives over a hundred everyday and special uses. Write us for a free copy. Carnation Milk Products Co., 1132 Stuart Bldg., Seattle, U. S. A.

Carnation Milk Pie Crust
3 cups flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 cup lard, ½ cup cold water
Mix flour, salt, and lard thoroughly. Add the water in the usual manner. This recipe will make four crusts, or two pies.

Your grocer is "the Carnation Milkman"

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

Its merits are now so universally admitted that they are rarely a subject of discussion

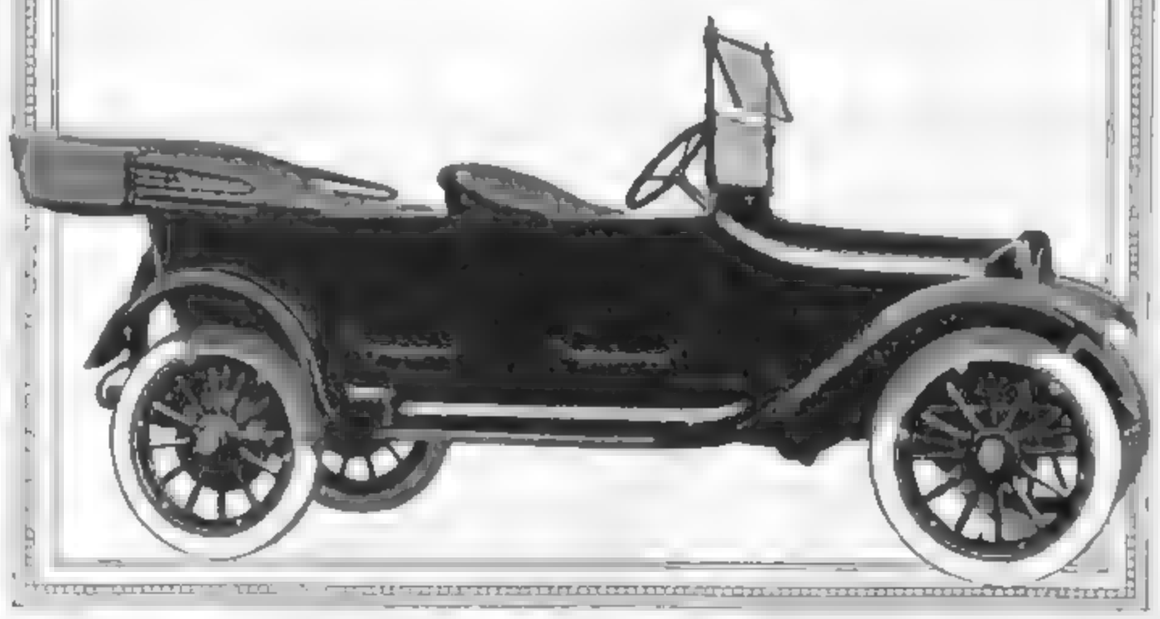
That the car is all it is represented to be is taken for granted. That it is good value is conceded. Sales are very quickly consummated.

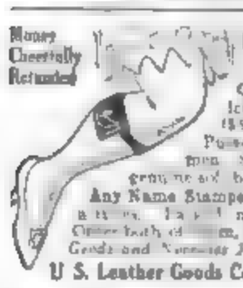
The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high.

The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)

Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT

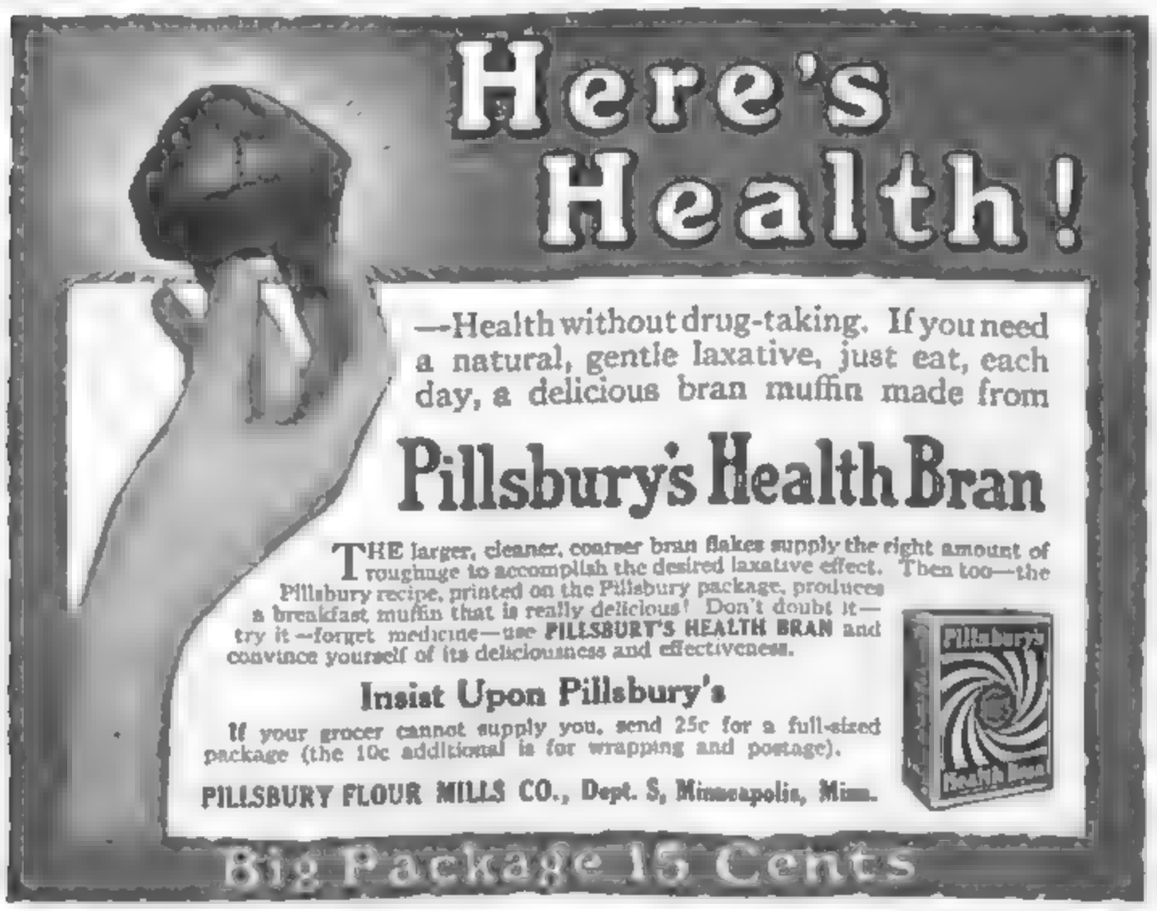




Only 50c—or only $1.00 for both these splendid genuine leather gifts. *Postage paid.* The "American Bankroll" combination Billfold, Coin purse and card case of fine genuine black leather. A *Dollar* a week for only 50c postpaid ($5.40 per doz.). The "First National" Garter Purse. Safest *Bank* in the country for women and men. Size 2½ x 4½ in., 2 roomy pockets. Made of genuine soft wrinkle leather. 50c postpaid ($5.40 a doz.)

Any Name Stamped in Gold FREE on either or both of the above articles. Just write plainly. Send money order or currency. Order both at once. Eleventh annual catalog of *Guaranteed Leather Goods and Novelties FREE.*

U. S. Leather Goods Co., Mfrs., Dept. 1-N, 5247 Ravenswood Av., Chicago Extra Lines Gold Stamping 20c. Fraternal Emblems 25c.



—Health without drug-taking. If you need a natural, gentle laxative, just eat, each day, a delicious bran muffin made from

Pillsbury's Health Bran

THE larger, cleaner, coarser bran flakes supply the right amount of roughage to accomplish the desired laxative effect. Then too—the Pillsbury recipe, printed on the Pillsbury package, produces a breakfast muffin that is really delicious! Don't doubt it—try it—forget medicine—use **PILLSBURY'S HEALTH BRAN** and convince yourself of its deliciousness and effectiveness.

Insist Upon Pillsbury's

If your grocer cannot supply you, send 25c for a full-sized package (the 10c additional is for wrapping and postage).

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS CO., Dept. S, Minneapolis, Minn.

Big Package 15 Cents

"NEW-SKIN"
—for cuts

(From a letter recently received by us)

"This A.M. I cut a finger quite deeply with a razor. I used some peroxide, then made a covering with cotton and New-Skin. The air was kept out and New-Skin protected the finger. It is now healing. I am writing with the hurt first fore-finger with no pain. I have a 'new finger'. New-Skin is a wonder."

New-Skin comes in 10c. and 25c. sizes and can be obtained at all druggists'.

NEWSKIN CO., NEW YORK

BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Table

Can be mounted on dining or library table or on its own legs or folding stand. Sections quickly detached. Folds up to a compact space. Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 ft. standard. Prices of Tables $15 up. Balls, cues, etc. free.

Burrowes Tables are different from all others in every particular and are sold on easy payments. The Burrowes Rubber Cushions are the best made.

Burrowes Tables now on sale in many cities and towns.

FREE TRIAL.—Write us for catalog (illustrated) containing free trial offer, prices, terms, other books, etc.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO., 803 Center Street, Portland, Me.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen Patents. Send for 3 free books; inventions wanted, etc. I help you market your invention without charge.
RICHARD B. OWEN, 33 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

THE VIOLIN

"A lineal descendant of the old viol, the violin first came into use in the 16th Century," etc.—From "Everything Known in Music." Write for a copy. (Gratis.)

THOUSANDS of Violinists look to us for an ideal instrument. Therefore the announcement of our new catalogue should prove notable.

This publication is now ready, and intimately pictured in its pages is a truly remarkable collection of Old Violins. Here are instruments Europe has yielded from her great collections—from her musical byways, too.

Such instruments are the treasures of rare discovery. They range in price from $100 to $18,000. Very noble and quite impossible to duplicate are the tones of each. They are pictured, too, in full delicate color. You should by all means write for this catalogue.

Incidentally you will do well to remember that from Lyon & Healy may be obtained instruments of the highest type, with full confidence in their genuineness.

The new catalogue will be mailed you promptly should you desire it.

Monthly or Quarterly Payments may be arranged.

LYON & HEALY

CHICAGO

A Few Reasons Why

BILL BOARDS
LOOK FOR DUTCH KITCHENET NAME PLATE
NO NOOKS OR CRANNIES EASY TO CLEAN
TABLE OF HOUSEHOLD WEIGHTS & MEASURES
COOK BOOK HOLDER
EASY TO FILL & EASY TO CLEAN FLOUR SIFTER MOISTURE PROOF
WHITE ENAMEL TO CUPBOARDS
SIMPLE FLOUR SIFTER
SPICE JARS AND SALT BOX
TEA & COFFEE JARS
SUGAR SIFTER & LUMP CRUSHER
VENTILATION OF CUPBOARD
CHOPPING BLOCK
KNEADING BOARD
SLIDING WIRE SHELVES
PARTITIONED DRAWER
SLIDING SHELF
CAKE & BREAD BOX
BACK FOR PAN LIDS
HIGH ENOUGH TO SWEEP UNDER

The Dutch Kitchenet

Is the World's Finest Kitchen Cabinet

And Makes Kitchen Work Easier

The Woman's Work Bench

This FREE Book should be read by every man and woman It tells why the Dutch Kitchenet—a conveniently arranged, systematized woman's work bench—is more necessary to a woman for her kitchen work than a desk or work bench for a man.

Send for a copy and the name of your local Dutch Kitchenet dealer.

Coppes Bros. & Zook
460 Market Street, Nappanee, Ind.

(Continued from Page 44)

school of the Fairview Consolidated School if more than half of our children come from families that have about as much stability of residence as the guests in a ten-cent lodging house?

"How can Frank Wiggins make this the ideal community from a religious viewpoint when half of the people in it can drive the other half out of it if they desire to do so—and will do it if a bad season makes it impossible for the tenant half to pay their rent?

"It's worse yet in some places. Only one farmer out of four in Texas owns his own farm entirely. There are 314,263 farmers in Texas who are homeless every year, so far as the laws are concerned. You say that they are ignorant negroes? Well, how are the negroes ever to be anything but poor and ignorant so long as they have no permanent homes?

"But only fifty-five thousand of these are negro families; so that there are about two hundred and fifty-nine thousand white families in this one state in this condition of economic homelessness.

"And this is getting worse all the time. You know how fast the farms are going into the hands of renters in this district. I can see how the movement has increased in my short residence here; and in Texas, which is no worse than other states in which I have lived and worked, while the number of farms has increased eighty-three per cent in the last twenty years, the number of farms owned by the men who work them has increased only fifty per cent, while the tenant farmers have increased one hundred and thirty per cent.

"It is coming in America—the age of landlordism; it is here. It is here in Fairview. Shall we make it an age of mining the soil and undermining manhood and womanhood? Or shall we try to get rid of it in the future? And, meantime, shall we humanize and enlighten it? It is up to you, Aunt Lucy, to decide your part of this great national question right now—and, in deciding it, to help the movement for better things."

"Better things for who?" said my wife, who knows more about who and whom than she lets on.

"For the country," said Tom. "For the neighborhood. For the school. For the church. For humanity. For God. For the land. For the tenants. For the landlords themselves."

Tenant Farms Running Down

This was quite an outburst for Tom, who, as a rule, doesn't resemble the earthquake or the whirlwind, but contents himself with being the still, small voice. We were impressed. Maude Ackerman looked at Tom with tears in her eyes; Lucy sat mute; and I pulled out my jackknife and looked for something to whittle.

Not finding anything, I shut it up and put it in my pocket.

To lower the discussion to a plane on which we should all feel more at ease, though we were sure to feel the force of Tom's appeal, I suggested that if he would address his remarks to the landlord's side of it we could follow him better.

"No; you can't," said he. "Any two people who have done as much splendid and unselfish work for the common good as you two have to your credit can't help following me, and you know it; but I reckon we had better take up the landlord's side. Corn-Belt land is not so rich as it used to be—is it, Uncle Abner?"

"Not near," said I—"except where good farming has kept it up."

"Do you know a farm worked by tenants that is not getting poorer and poorer all the time?"

"No," said I.

"It's the shiftless tenants," said my wife.

"It's the shifting tenants," said Tom—"the tenants who lose when they haul out manure, or feed cottonseed meal or oil cake, or tankage, or anything else bought and fed on the place."

"Well—gosh!" said my wife, who uses such words only when she is sore at herself—"what can I do? I can't give the farm to Ben Phillips for the sake of your old school, and Frank's church, and the land, and the future! What has the future done for me?"

"This Corn Belt," said Tom, "is God's garden. Other gardens have become deserts because people asked what posterity had done for them.

(Continued on Page 48)

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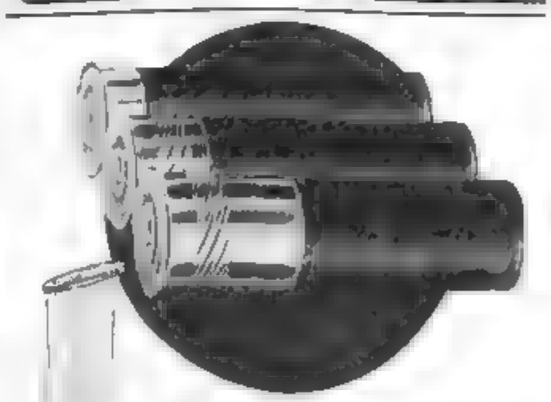

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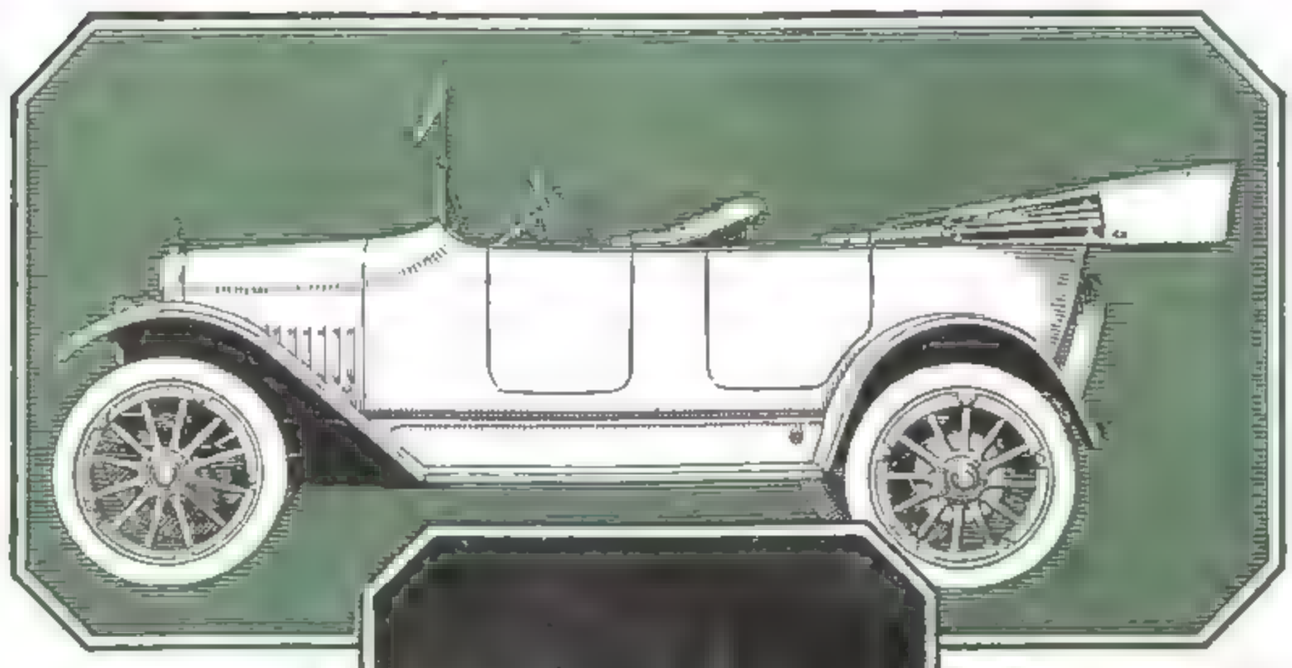

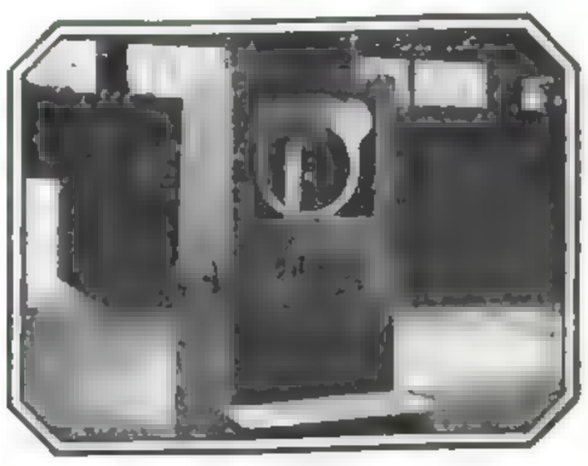

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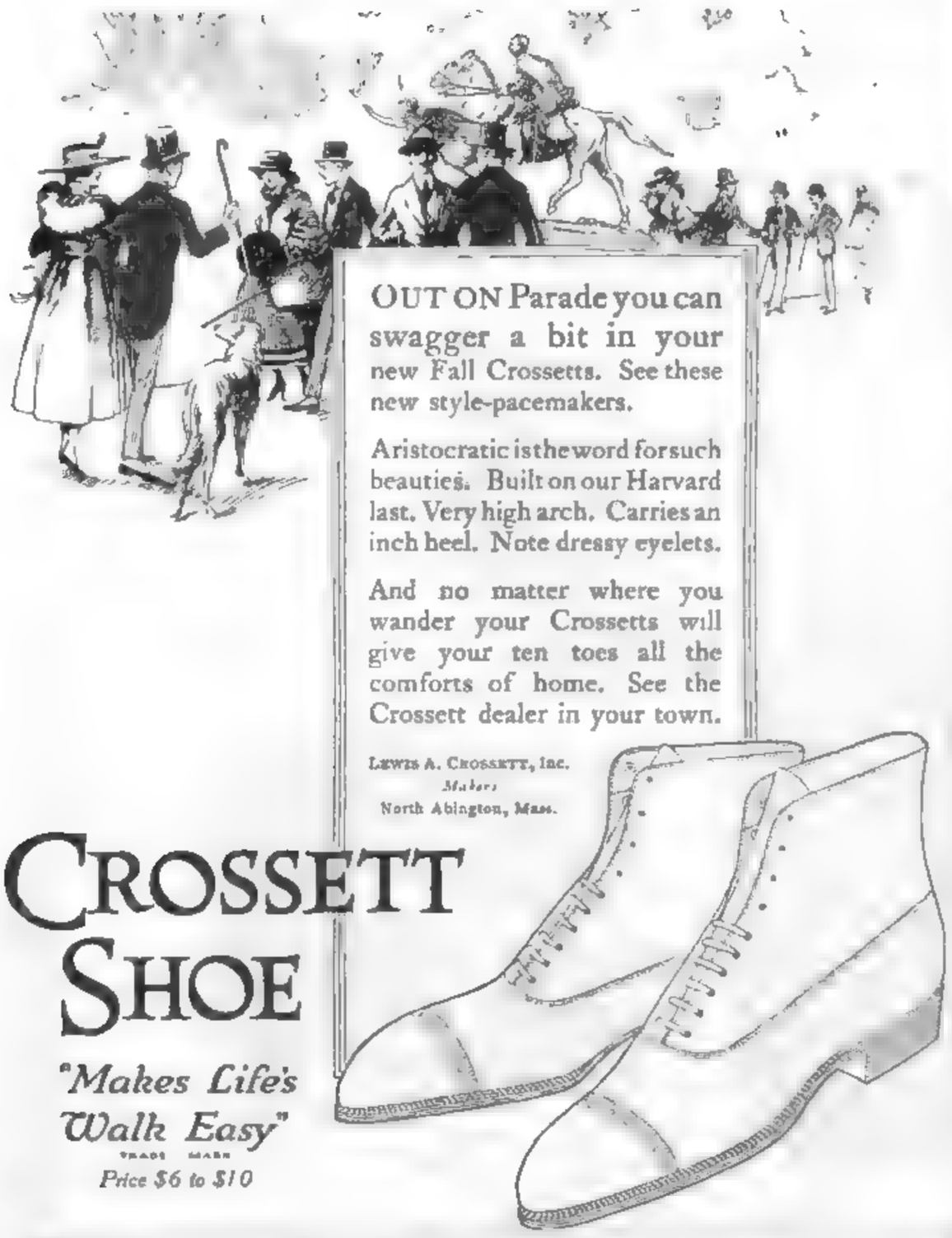

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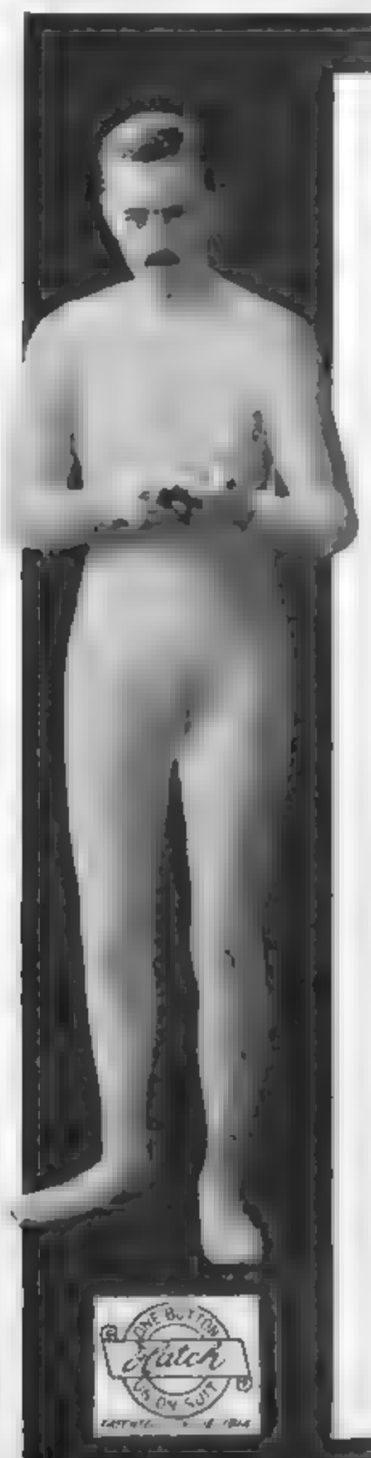

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This garment is featured at the best haberdashers' and department stores; but if you cannot get it easily and quickly, send your size with remittance to our mill at Albany, N. Y., and we will gladly supply you direct; delivery free.

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(Continued from Page 46)

"They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried, and drank deep;
And Bahram, that great Hunter—the wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

"Our system of tenantry, carried on to its ultimate results, will make Iowa a desert and reduce Chicago to a wilderness of ruins, with a few fishermen holing up in huts quarried from the stones of the post-office building. Do you care?"

"Nonsense!" said Lucy. "But of course I care. I'm just as good an American as you are. And now, seeing that you're so smart, what kind of a lease do you recommend for Ben Phillips? And what about my rent? Shall I give it to posterity?"

"I think you should take your share of the losses when losses come," said Tom. "But I think you should study the kinds of farming that pay best in this community, as shown by our records and the studies of the State College and the Department of Agriculture at Washington, and your own experience; and spend a little time—and, if necessary, a little money—getting your farm into the profitable class. Then, I think, you should give Ben a five-year lease."

"I can't do that," said my wife. "My boy is thinking of coming back and taking that farm; and I must keep it free for him."

"Don't make Ben Phillips pay for it, then. If you must let it from year to year, make a lease with Ben that will give him a claim on you for the unexhausted fertility created during his tenancy. And fix it up with him somehow so that he can pay this year's rent on easy terms."

We couldn't find any basis of agreement that day, though we sought earnestly for it. None of us considered then that Ben Phillips and his wife ought to be taken into our councils; but when we finally did so we discovered that they were as desirous as we of protecting my wife's interests. In fact, when they found that we were taking the matter up on broad grounds of the common welfare, their sympathy with that way of approach and their sedulous efforts to resolve every doubt against the tenant and in favor of the landlord were a little touching As a matter of fact, they hated anything that smacked of charity to them or carried with it any implication that the tenant farmer needs special consideration as a ward of society.

Rent, in Theory and Practice

Pretty soon we were amused by the spectacle of my wife's urging things on them on public grounds and the upkeep of fertility rather than as favors to them. They were self-respecting people, you know—like most farmers, whether they own their land or not. Finally Daisy Wiggins showed us the way out.

"What a splendid subject for study in our meetings this winter!" she exclaimed.

"But we want to know now what we are going to do next summer," said Mrs. Phillips. "Ben can get a job on the street cars in the city, we think; and we want to make a sale ——"

"Never you mind about the street-car job," said Lucy. "We can fix it right up now if you want to; but I think it will be better to wait until we get through with Daisy's program. I'll let Ben use that unexhausted fertility to pay me out, anyhow; and maybe we'll find a better scheme than we can think of now."

So we debated it. Maybe you think we didn't have some warm arguments over the matter. Tenants and landlords, people from town and economists from the Agricultural College—with all and sundry we argued it for weeks at the schoolhouse meetings; and Frank Wiggins preached a sermon on the Mosaic land system and the Year of Jubilee. We discussed economic rent, speculative rent and the relations between rent, wages and interest. We had a single-tax lecture and a lot of single-tax speeches.

Once the Socialists came out from town and took possession of the meeting; and we had Economic Determinism, the Materialistic Interpretation of History, and the Class Struggle—the two former by a drayman and the latter by a rich man's son, who was himself an illustration, I thought, of the theory of Class Unconsciousness as opposed to the one preached by him. We lost all sight of Ben Phillips and my wife's rent. We dug down into the vitals of society.

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THE QUINTETTE
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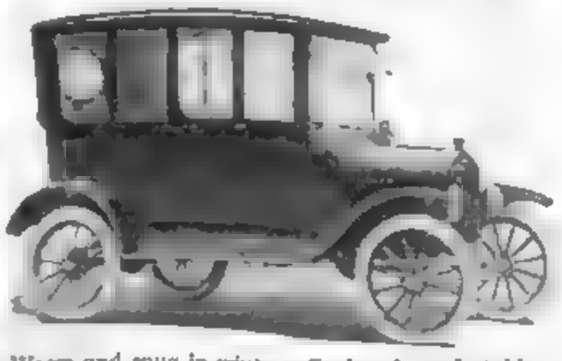

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"Dot iss natural," said Adolph Tulp. "Vunce the god Thor vas oud fishing, und caught somedings on his hook dot made earthquakes und volcanoes ven he tried to pull it oud. He had hooked the Midgard Snake, vich iss wrapped round und round the whole earth, und vich, ven id iss landed, lands the planet with id. Ven ve take hold of the land kvestion ve haf hooked the Midgard Snake. No vunder id makes a disturbance! It iss the kvestion of all kvestions. Ven id iss settled, all iss settled."

Of course most of us knew better than to work with the theorists. We gave them good things to eat, cooked by the girls of the domestic-economy classes as a part of their classwork, and charged for them at our regular rates—which may be estimated by the fact that three cents bought a good piece of pie or a sandwich at our evening meetings. Thus, we kept even on expenses and sent everybody away satisfied after blowing off their radical steam.

We sensible people studied leases. Jeff Sharpe read a paper on British Leasing Systems; and Adolph Tulp explained the German system he knew, and told us all the story of his brother's controversy with the Kaiser, after having told each of us separately. We studied the Christie & Lowe leases, at Beardstown, and the Scully leases. We were astonished to discover that the Scully lands, owned by an Irish or British landlord, and many thousands of acres in area, are leased on terms so much more favorable to the tenant than those imposed by our home-grown American landlords that a man who owns a long-term lease of a Scully farm can sell it for several thousand dollars.

My wife was a little ashamed to find that a nonresident foreign landlord makes leases which are assets to his tenants, while she had made one with Ben Phillips which was a liability for Ben. We studied the Wadsworth farm system, in the Genesee Valley, and the Bookwalter system, in Nebraska. Some of them seemed very bad to us, and some pretty good; but none seemed exactly right.

A Fair-Play Lease

We finally made up our minds that the first and most important step was simply to give Ben a lease which would allow him payment for the unexhausted fertility put into the land by him. Tom Wholpley, in despair, gave up the plan of getting the American landlord to grant long-term leases; though my wife made one finally with Ben for five years. The provision for payment, on refusal to renew the lease, for the unexhausted fertility called for settlement on the basis of so much for the barnyard manure remaining at the end of the first year, so much for the second, so much for the third, and nothing after that—though it does help for a longer time.

We don't use commercial fertilizers much, so nothing was said about them. Allowance was made, according to tables we prepared from data furnished us by the colleges, for the enrichment of the manure by the feeding of concentrates and the use of ground phosphate rock in the stables, or otherwise; and, as some of our land is getting acid, a clause was inserted giving pay for lime, where used by mutual consent, for five years after its application, in a diminishing amount.

"This," said Tom, "is more important than we think. It will give every tenant a hold on his home. If by enrichment of the land he can make it costly for his landlord to send him away, it will result in longer leases, no matter how the lease reads. It is the beginning of a different and better system for the tenant, for the community, for the land and, in the long run, for the landlord.

"Anyhow, the landlord did not make the land as he made the improvements. All systems of religion recognize, as did the religion of Moses, that the land is not like other objects—a thing which can properly be held in unlimited ownership. 'The land shall not be sold for ever,' said our religion in its earliest days; 'for the land is Mine,' saith the Lord. The landlord's interests must be, first, those of the community; and, second, those of a taker of rent.

"Now how will this little thing—the giving to the tenant the ownership in the goodness of the land which he has made—affect things? How would it affect the tenure of the land as between Mrs. Dunham and Mr. Phillips? At the end of five years this lease will terminate. If Mrs. Dunham desires

(Concluded on Page 52)

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Whether you drive your car all winter, or not, here is one thing you should surely remember: always *know* the condition of your battery's charge—*don't guess*.

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You can purchase a Willard hydrometer at any Willard Service Station or by enclosing a dollar bill with your order to the Willard Storage Battery Company, Cleveland, Ohio. It will be sent with full instructions for use and the booklet "Will She Start?" covering some of the details of winter care.

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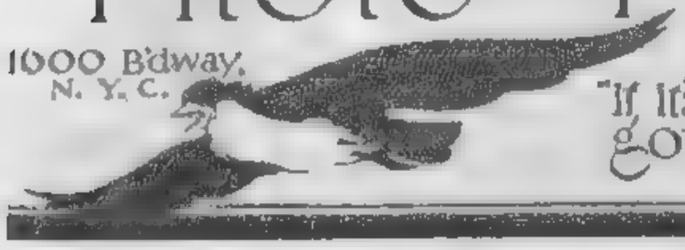
"The Chalice of Sorrow" | "The Social Buccaneer" | "Love Never Dies" | "The End of the Rainbow"

BLUEBIRD Photo Plays.

1000 B'dway, N. Y. C.



"If it's a BLUEBIRD, it's got to be good."

(Concluded from Page 49)

she can send Mr. Phillips away; but meantime he can confidently proceed to build up the land in fertility. If she sends him away she must pay him for the fertility he has left on hand in the soil. It will be to his interest to put in as much as possible; for if he stays it will make him prosperous as a farmer, and if he goes it will be as good as money in the bank. This will make for better farming. It will also force the landlord to invest actual money in a new tenant in exchange for the old, whom he can keep for nothing. The better the tenant, the more it will cost to get rid of him.

"Soon, if this system is adopted, the tenant farmer in America will hold from decade to decade, and from generation to generation, as in the Old World. This is the first step toward that same stable land tenancy which surprised us when we learned of it through the experience of the Tulp family in Germany and the things Uncle Henry Wallace saw in England. It is a start toward what all enlightened peoples have found necessary as a means of keeping landlordism from ruining the nation. It is the next best thing to the abolition of landlordism itself."

Actually—all reform hot air aside—this thing is important. Ben Phillips is a better tenant than ever; and other landowners are beginning to copy the lease. And I don't for a moment suppose that this timid step toward a better land system will be the last. The Fairview Idea, however, is that rural life can't stand still. That way lies anything but good American progress. I am, of course, a standpatter—called that, anyhow—but if Moses found it necessary to give back the land every fifty years to the families who originally owned it, I don't think a man can be called a wild-eyed fanatic if he looks our land system over and sees what can be done to prevent all the land from going into the hands of those who never work land, and all the work of farming to those who never own land.

The Snake on Your Hook

Furthermore, I don't like laboring to build up a socialized community in Fairview and have it all shot to rags every spring by the moving in and moving out of tenant farmers. I want them to stay until we can build them solidly into the neighborhood, like good concrete. Ben Phillips' folks, now—they are almost as firmly fixed in their niche as if they owned that hundred and twenty. That's the way I like to see it. After all, it's only common sense and enlightened selfishness on our part. Peonism and peasantry don't pay.

That's the way we are beginning to look at the matter in Fairview; but we are only a little community. What we do is of small consequence—even to us—in this struggle with the Midgard Snake, whose folds encircle the world.

Somebody has said that small causes in the field of political economy not only cannot produce large effects, but produce no effects at all. An idea, however, is never a small thing, if it is germinal. We in Fairview are doing our little—even though what we do be mistakenly done—in the faith that the idea of making an attack on the great question of land tenure is likely to be a germinal one and, therefore, not a small thing. But when we have done our part we have done little.

It is now a question for you, O ye millions of town-dwellers who own the farms of America, to say what you will do to save the land in its richness, to save the nation in its integrity, to save the people from you yourselves! The Midgard Snake is on your hook.

Too Much for Myrtle

MACLYN ARBUCKLE stands sponsor for this one:

Little Myrtle, aged five going on six, is at breakfast. Her mother sits at the head of the table, glancing over the morning paper.

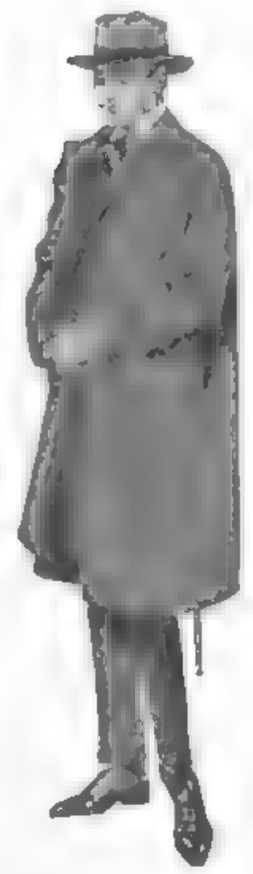
"Mamma," complains Myrtle, "I don't want to eat this egg. It's not a nice egg."

"Myrtle," says the mother without glancing up, "you are forever complaining about your food! How do you expect to grow up to be a big girl if you don't eat what is put before you? There's nothing the matter with that egg. You eat every bit of it without another word, unless you want a spanking."

There is a lapse of five minutes. Then Myrtle speaks in timid, plaintive accents:

"Mother, do I have to eat the beak too?"

"BALLYMEDE" Full back, large sleeves with roomy armholes Highland Heather fabric, rain-proof



The correct overcoat is the one with style and unusual quality.

The "R & W" Highland Heather has style in every line; the unique weave is waterproof.

Look for the label.

Makers of good overcoats, raincoats, trousers, fancy and dress waistcoats, smoking jackets, bathrobes, summer clothing, golf and automobile apparel.

Rosenwald & Weil
Clothing Specialties
CHICAGO

Tycos
FEVER THERMOMETERS
a Safeguard of Health
Ask Your Doctor
Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

For His Christmas
Give him a Rockwell Reminder for 1917
A daily [illegible] year he has [illegible] and [illegible] each [illegible] and forgetting [illegible]
3 in. by 5 in. Fits Vest Pocket
Good Black Leather 75
Genuine Pigskin or Seal . $1.50
Buck Morocco, Dark Red $2.00
Genuine Walrus . . . $3.50
Name on cover in gold .25
Postpaid on receipt of price. Money back if not satisfied.
Catalog of Attractive Gifts on Request
Rockwell Printing Co., 1092 Clinton St., Hoboken, N. J.
Write for Quantity Prices for Advertising Purposes

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Send sketch for *Free* opinion as to patentability. Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED Actual search free. Send sketch or model. Oldpage 19 6 Edition Patent Book free. GEORGE P. KIMMEL, 211 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

It's an Easy Matter to Keep Bowls Clean

When *Sani-Flush* is used to do it. Just a little sprinkled into the bowl every few days will cleanse it—make it sanitary—keep it free from odors.

The Trap that *Sani-Flush* reaches, cleans, keeps clean

A white bowl doesn't always mean a clean bowl unless *Sani-Flush* has been used. *Sani-Flush* cleanses the hidden trap and makes scrubbing and dipping no longer necessary.

Sani-Flush

patented—therefore alone in its class—is not a general cleanser, but is made to clean toilet bowls only and keep them clean.

25 Cents a Can

Most dealers have *Sani-Flush* or can get it quickly; if you do not find it write us a card giving your dealer's name and we will have you supplied. Try *Sani-Flush* at our risk—money back if it fails to do as we claim.

Sani-Flush should be used wherever there are toilets in Residences, Business Offices, Hotels, Stores, Factories, etc. Does not injure plumbing connections.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
168 Walnut St., Canton, Ohio

Here are four of 24 standard shapes, each made in four grades--

BRIGHTON 35¢ and up WINDSOR 50¢ and up
STRATFORD 75¢ and up W. D. C. HAND MADE $1.00 and up

They all bear the W. D. C. trade-mark, which has been on good pipes for over 50 years --the same mark that is on

The Wellington
THE UNIVERSAL PIPE

Among the 24 is sure to be your favorite style, at whatever price you want to pay-- the greatest value that the world's biggest pipe manufacturer can put into a pipe.

WM. DEMUTH & CO.
NEW YORK

SOLID VULCANITE BITS — GENUINE FRENCH BRIAR

From $5.00 to $1500.00

SILAS SHEETZ

Two years ago Silas Sheetz worked in a railroad office. He wanted an extra $5.00, and an advertisement like this caught his eye.

When he got our answer he decided to try our plan. In a few months his profits grew so large that he threw up his railroad job, and devoted all his time to getting Curtis subscriptions.

His profits have exceeded $1500.00 a year.

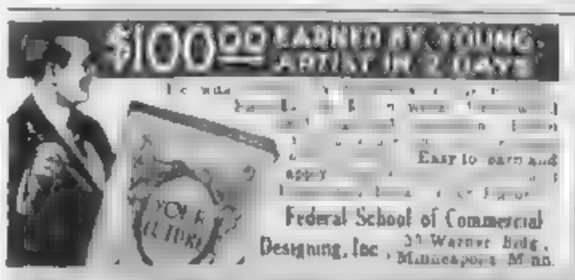
Could you use $5.00 or $10.00 extra for Christmas money? Would you like to start a business of your own, worth $1500.00 a year, without a cent of expense to yourself?

Now, above all others, is the time to begin. Before the New Year hundreds of thousands of new and renewal Curtis subscriptions will be secured. Every hour of your spare time can be turned into a dollar in cash. For details of our liberal offer, address

Agency Division, Box 675

The Curtis Publishing Company

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST
DEPOSIT your savings by mail with this bank and obtain the benefit of the unquestioned safety and 4% interest afforded.
Our Booklet "M" will be sent free on request.
THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.

WONDERFULLY SIMPLE

It is natural in all manufactured products that there should be one article whose perfection of construction places it in the forefront of its kind. Time and test have given the

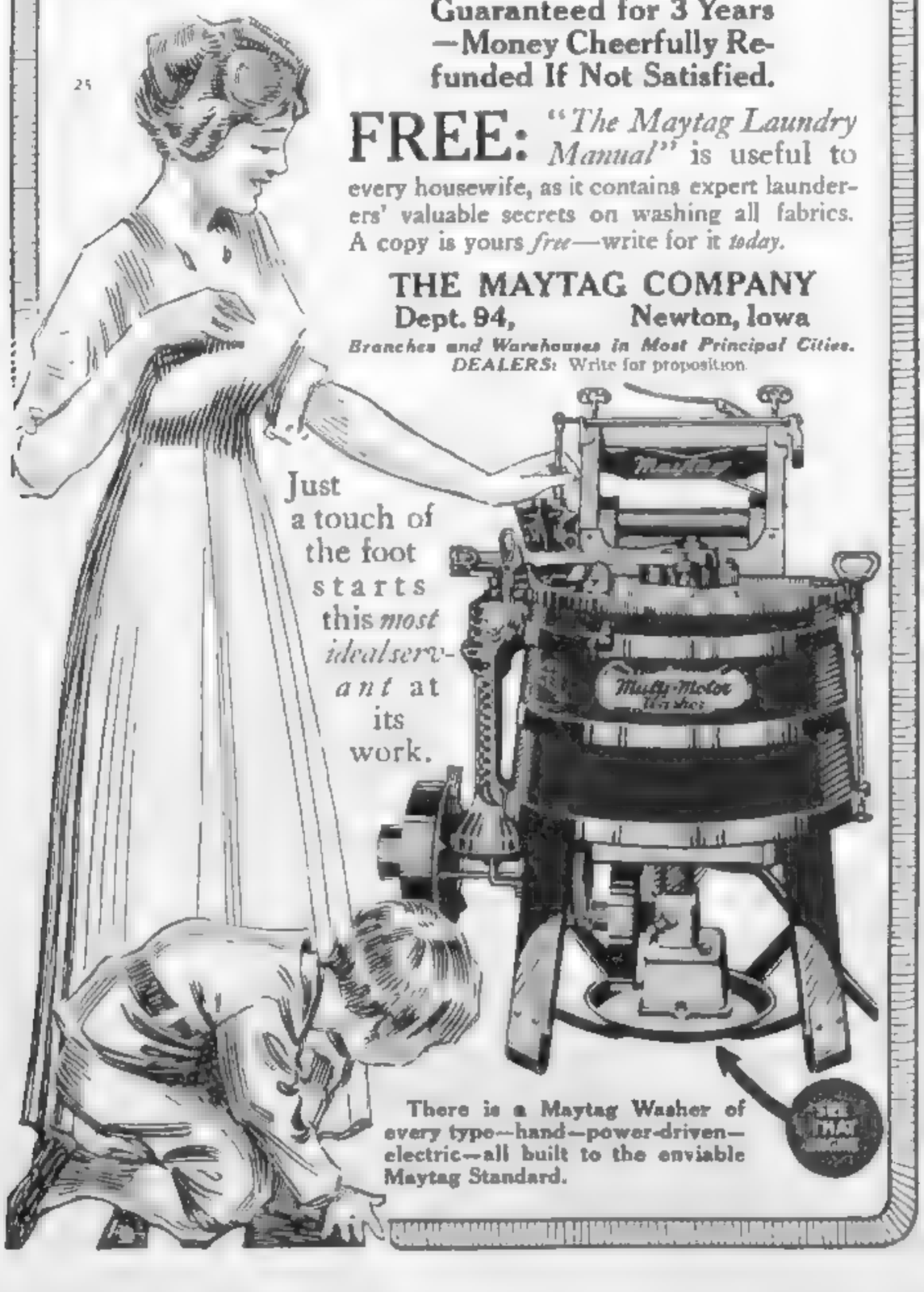
Maytag

Multi-Motor Washer
with
Swinging Reversible Wringer

its commanding position as the ideal washer for the home without electricity. Its designers studied thoroughly the needs of the exacting housewife before undertaking its manufacture. Consequently, it is extremely *simple* in its operation and most *thorough* in its work.

Does More Than Wash and Wring

The engine has a belt wheel to run cream separator—ice cream freezer—bone grinder—churn—any small machinery. Operates on gas or gasoline.


Just a touch of the foot starts this *most ideal servant* at its work.
There is a Maytag Washer of every type—hand—power-driven—electric—all built to the enviable Maytag Standard.

Guaranteed for 3 Years —Money Cheerfully Refunded If Not Satisfied.

FREE: *"The Maytag Laundry Manual"* is useful to every housewife, as it contains expert launderers' valuable secrets on washing all fabrics. A copy is yours *free*—write for it *today*.

THE MAYTAG COMPANY
Dept. 94, Newton, Iowa

Branches and Warehouses in Most Principal Cities.
DEALERS: Write for proposition

THE SALESMAN WHO LASTS

(Concluded from Page 9)

beginner sees in his fatter pay envelope solid proof of what work can accomplish for him, and sets out to sell more goods than ever and earn still more money, he is probably a safe investment. But some beginners interpret a rise in a different way. Feeling that they have been on trial, they take this as a sign that they have made good and that they are now fixed in their positions, and they ease down in their efforts. On this account the manager watches a salesman who has been given a rise very closely for several months—more closely than at any other stage in the new man's career.

What a surplus of ready money can do to undermine a good man was illustrated by the case of Jimmie Jennings, who had been working for this manager for fifteen years. Jimmie Jennings was one of his best salesmen from the very start, and earned a fine salary while the business was located in the Middle West. He really had to be a capable producer, because he had endless uses for money. There was an invalid father to support, a mortgaged home to be cleared of debt, and half a dozen brothers and sisters to be taken care of. For years Jimmie Jennings seldom had any spare cash to squander on himself. But he stuck loyally to his family, paid off the mortgage, educated his brothers, married off the girls, and cared for his father through his last illness.

Then the sales manager was transferred to New York. He took Jimmie along. For the first time in his life the latter found himself earning money with nobody waiting for it on pay day. Seven to eight thousand dollars a year, only himself to keep, and in New York! In the flurry of getting established in New York the boss had little time to look after Jimmie for several months. When he did he found his dependable old nigh horse amply proving all his theories about the danger of surplus money—for Jimmie was living the Broadway life, working half time and taking things easy.

To get him back into the simple life was hard work, but the boss did it with keen insight into character. Jimmie had always been a steady fellow when he was loaded up with financial obligations. What he needed now seemed to be ballast. The boss got him interested in the investment side of Wall Street, as something typically metropolitan, and loaded him up with some new financial obligations. Then Jimmie was all right again. How well his employer taught Jimmie to work right along, regardless of his bank balance, is shown by the fact that to-day Jimmie Jennings, though worth a hundred thousand dollars made through investments, is content to put in long hours as sales manager for another concern, though he might retire comfortably at any time.

Salesmanship Like Acting

There is something about a real salesman that inspires confidence in the people he talks to, makes facts plain and interesting, suggests a sensible course of action, broadens the listener's views, leads him to do the big thing. When a real salesman begins to talk, he holds his listener much as a star on a stage holds an audience.

Salesmanship is something like acting. It is based partly on personality. There is undoubtedly a certain natural gift back of it. But even personality and natural ability have to be developed into technic. This technic has to be learned, by observation, practice and experience, just as an actor with natural talent must work to be an artist.

Behind the salesman's art, however, there must be man stuff. Developing the character is one of the absorbing sides of salesmanship. This means discovering and correcting one's weaknesses, as well as strengthening and utilizing one's strong points. In nearly every case clear expression of one's own character is the element that counts most in the end. For the best salesmen are usually the men who succeed in being themselves.

Three young professional men gave up their jobs with a big corporation and started a consulting-service bureau. One took the technical department, another the executive end, and to the third fell the task of finding customers. The third partner was naturally a diffident man. He hated to ask anybody for anything, could not approach strangers easily, and was slow to make friends. All that he had ever heard about selling methods indicated to his mind that he was really unfit for this work. He had believed that salesmanship implied a certain amount of slapdash geniality, that it involved an artful presentation of facts and not a little double-dealing. He didn't want to sell service that way, and he wouldn't have known how had he been willing to attempt it.

Instinctively he planned selling methods that fitted his own character. For one thing, he believed that if service was not scientifically sound, if it was not founded on a lasting business policy and on common sense, it would not succeed. So the service was made as good as possible. Then he felt that, as this service must be rendered over a term of years to show lasting results to clients, he wanted not only sales but business connections. Making sales by slapdash methods did not appeal to him, so he took his time. To get information about what was wanted in their line he made personal visits to technical men in big organizations who might later be prospective customers. With the purpose of finding out what they were doing and where they needed help he let them do most of the talking, and they had many more interesting facts to give him just then than he had to give them. Long before he felt competent to begin actual selling he was making sales! For the men that he called upon saw his professional honesty, liked his diffidence and trusted him. Since then he has been a thoroughly successful salesman, without ever departing from these methods.

A Trade Journal Education

Another novice discovered a great weakness in his character. He was a young fellow sent on the road to sell jobbing lines, after several weeks' training under a seasoned drummer. When he got away by himself he discovered that he was handicapped by a serious fault—impatience. Merchants put off seeing him and asked him to come in again. He cooled his heels for hours every week round country hotels, and got to worrying about the injustice and the waste of time, and fell into a bad mental attitude toward prospective customers. Many more hours were spent on trains and in waiting at lonely junctions. Other salesmen seemed to idle these hours away philosophically, because they were used to it. But this young man was of a nervous temperament and just had to be busy at something.

In the end this shortcoming made him a good salesman, for, in order to pass the time, he started studying. If a merchant said "I can't talk to you now, come in later," the salesman asked permission to step out into the stock room to look over goods. To pass his time on trains, he subscribed to half a dozen trade journals which gave him information about goods in his own line and in other industries, furnished practical suggestions with which to help customers sell goods in turn, and aided him in other directions. Before he started reading he was little more than a parish peddler, interested only in his own goods and in his little stretch of territory. Five years later, when he was made sales manager, he had the national point of view on his own industry, with a broad executive grasp. To-day he is just as impatient and as fidgety as ever, but he has never worried since he has found profitable ways of utilizing his spare time.

Selling is popularly identified with a wily approach, clever stunt, subtle argument, and a lot of other spectacular methods that are really only fireworks; for nine-tenths of all the selling nowadays is done, first, by hard, plugging work and attention to details, and, second, by qualities in the salesman that inspire and maintain the customer's confidence—just old-fashioned virtues, like honesty, kindliness, patience, the habit of looking at the other fellow's side of the deal, the willingness to serve, and so on. These qualities make up the salesman who lasts, and he is the only one who is wanted by the business houses of to-day.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles on the modern salesman by James H. Collins.

The Secret of Perfect Pancakes

Fifty-five years ago—'way down in Dixie—Aunt Jemima made the first of the pancakes that have since made her name a household word all over America.

Her secret recipe was the envy of all the "mammy" cooks on every near and far plantation—and today the secret of her wonderful recipe is yours.

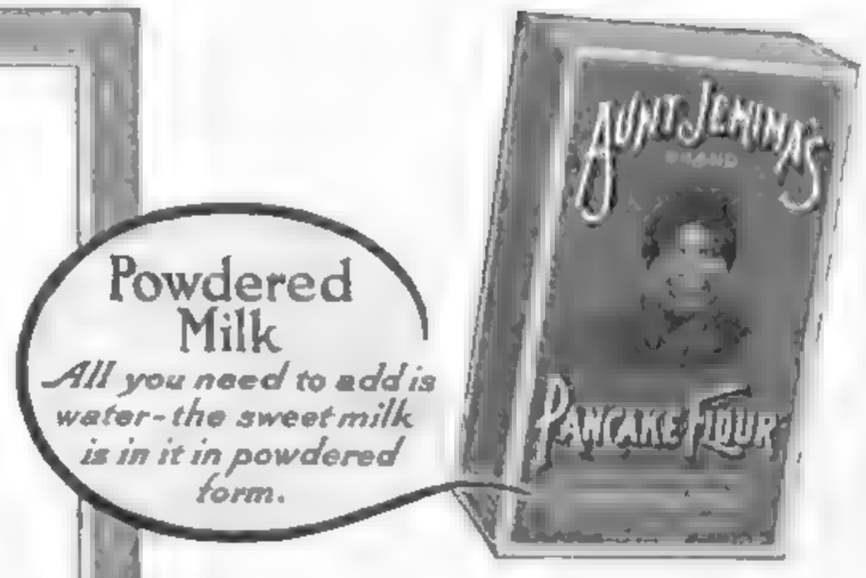
Not only is the recipe yours but the *complete flour*, ready-mixed with the *powdered sweet milk.*

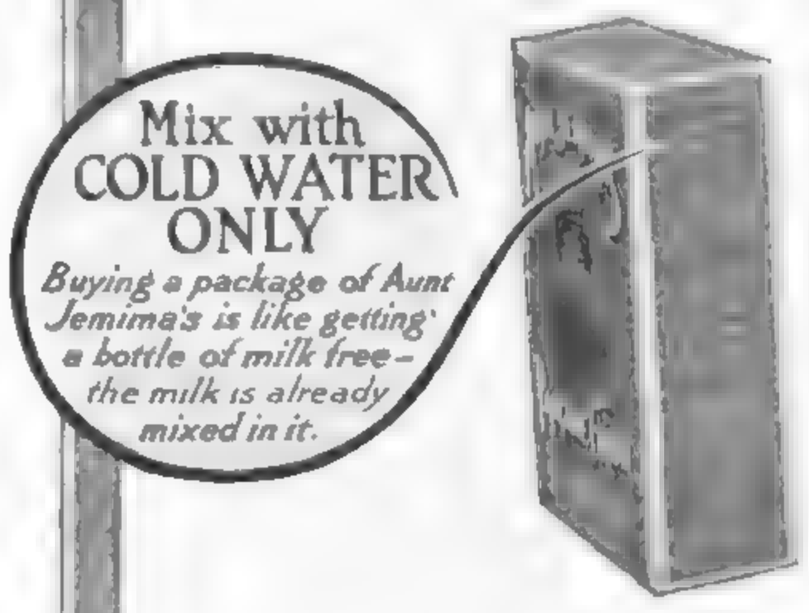
Nothing to add but water—nothing to do but bake!

Think what that means to you!

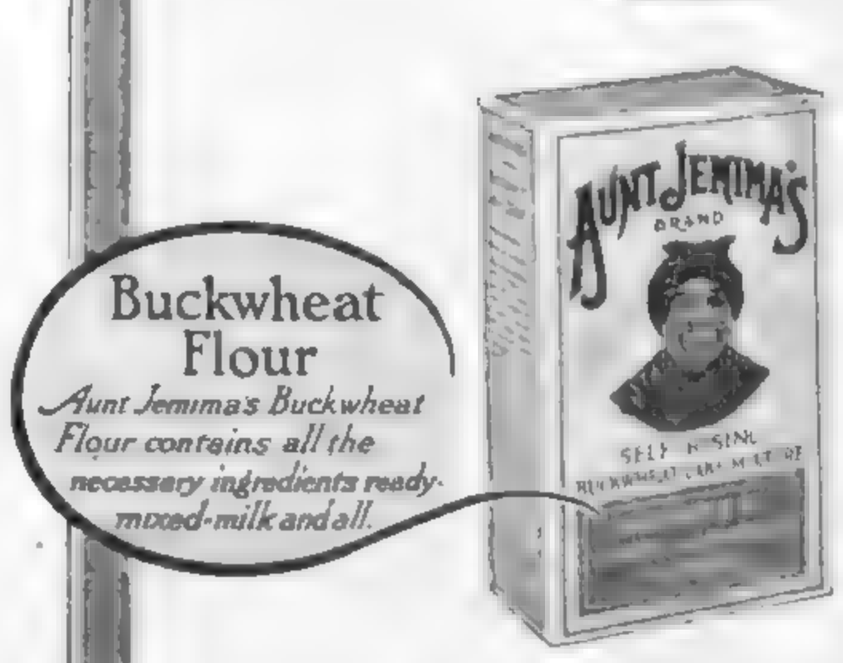
—perfect pancake batter—always uniform—just by adding water—batter which has already in it just the right quantity of sweet milk in powder form
—with just the right amount of purest baking powder
—just the proper measure of the best possible wheat flour
—with just enough extra quality corn flour added to make the cakes light and fluffy
—with just a little dash of rice flour to make them brown richly and beautifully.

Ask for and insist on getting the genuine Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour in the *red* package—you can also get Aunt Jemima's Buckwheat Flour with powdered milk and everything ready mixed in it—in the *white* package.




Mix with COLD WATER ONLY
Buying a package of Aunt Jemima's is like getting a bottle of milk free - the milk is already mixed in it.

Use no Salt, Yeast or Baking Powder
Everything necessary for perfect pancakes is in the flour, exactly according to Aunt Jemima's famous recipe


Buckwheat Flour
Aunt Jemima's Buckwheat Flour contains all the necessary ingredients ready-mixed - milk and all.
AUNT JEMIMA'S
BRAND

AUNT JEMIMA'S PANCAKE FLOUR
WITH
POWDERED SWEET MILK

Look on the tops of packages for the coupon telling how to get the funny Aunt Jemima Rag Doll Family for the little ones

Aunt Jemima Mills Company

St. Joseph, Mo.

Millers of Red Top and Royal No. 10 Flours

© 1916, by Aunt Jemima Mills Company

SPECIAL RAG DOLL OFFER

Send us this coupon, 3 tops of packages of either Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour or Buckwheat Flour, and 10c in stamps or coin, and we will send you, anywhere in the United States, the Aunt Jemima Rag Doll Family (4 dolls).

Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Mo.

Please send rag doll family. 10c and 3 tops enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____

National Uniform Service

At your service—The Stewart Service man.

You will find him in every Stewart Service Station in the country.

An expert mechanic, he is always ready and eager to give you prompt, efficient and courteous service.

And right here we want to say that service is the most abused word in the English language and the automobile business.

Every Tom, Dick and Harry can and does make service claims.

So we wish to draw your attention to a few facts.

Stewart Speedometer service is a thing that is actual.

There are 60 Stewart Service Stations and branches located at the principal motoring centers of America.

Each one Stewart equipped and Stewart manned. Each one managed by a Stewart trained executive.

Each one under the constant supervision of a Stewart factory representative.

Do you know of any other manufacturer of speedometers, or spark plugs, or warning signals, or gasoline systems, or tire pumps, who maintains such a complete chain of service stations?

Stewart service involves a big investment. But it's a good one.

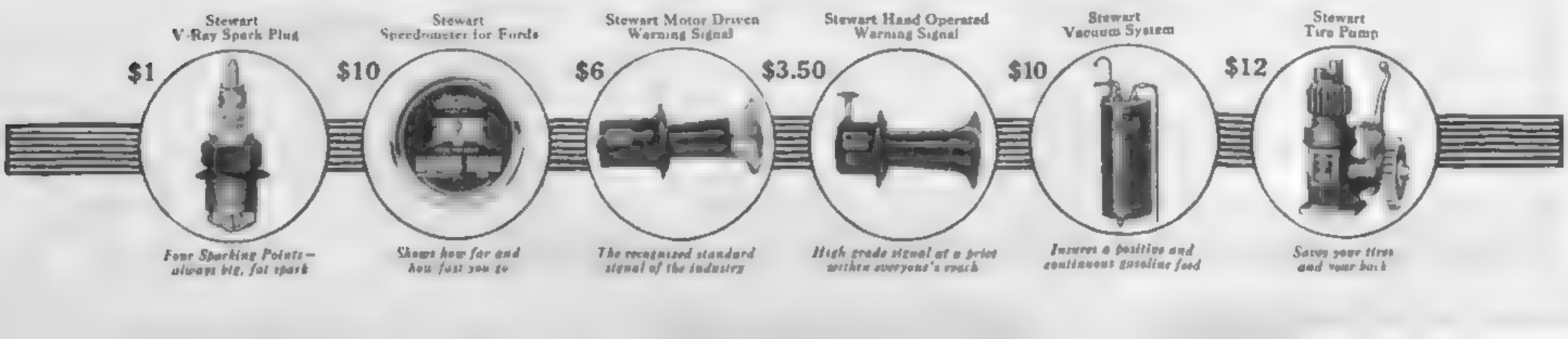
It protects the automobile manufacturer—the dealer, the user—hence it protects us.

This service is but one of the exclusive additional items that go with each Stewart product at no extra cost to the consumer.

95 per cent of the automobile manufacturers willingly pay the extra prices for Stewart products to give you Stewart quality, plus the remarkable Stewart service.

Don't be satisfied with any other Speedometer or other than Stewart products on your car.

The Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.



THE WAR AFTER THE WAR

(Continued from Page 5)

with purple and red lines, which showed the way it is done. The purple indicated the rosters of the great industries; the red, the number of men recruited from them for military service. No matter how the battle-lines yearn for men, the workers in the factories that send goods across the sea are kept at their task. This diagram is the barometer. For exports keep up the rate of exchange and husband gold.

England is creating a whole new line of industrial defense. The manufacture of dyestuffs will illustrate: This process, which originated in England, was permitted to pass to the Germans, who practically got a world monopoly in it. Now England is determined that this and similar dependence must cease.

For dyemaking she has established a systematic cooperation among state, education and trade. In the University of Leeds a department in color chemistry and dyeing has been established, to make researches and to give special facilities to firms entering the industry, all in the national interest. A huge, subsidized mother concern, known as British Dyes, Limited, has been formed, and it will take the place of the great dye trust of Germany, in which the government was a partner.

This procedure is being repeated in the launching of an optical-glass industry; this trade has also been in Teutonic hands. I could cite many other instances, but these will show the new spirit of British commercial enterprise and protection.

Everywhere nationalization is the keynote of trade activity. Coal furnishes an instance: The collieries of the kingdom not only stoke the fires of myriad furnaces but drive the ships of a mighty marine. Through her control of coal, England has one whip hand over her allies, for many of the French mines are in the occupied districts, and Italy's supply from Germany has stopped. Coal means life in war or peace. Now England proposes a state control of coal similar to that of the railroads.

It means fresh power over the neutral shipping that coals at British ports. If the government controls the coal it will be in a position to stipulate the use that the consumer shall make of it, and require him to call for his return cargo at specified ports. Such supervision in war may mean similar domination in peace—another bulwark for British control of the sea.

Active Plans to Get New Trade

Throughout England all trade facilities are being broadened and bettered. The local Chambers of Commerce, whose chief function for years was solemnly to pass resolutions, have stirred out of their slumbers. The Birmingham body has formed a House of Commerce to stimulate and develop the commerce of the capital of the Midlands.

This stimulation at home is accompanied by a program of trade extension abroad. The Board of Trade has granted a license to the Latin-American Chamber of Commerce in Great Britain, formed to promote British trade in Central and South America and Mexico. Sections of the chamber are being organized for each of the important trades and industries in the kingdom, and committees named to enter into negotiations with every one of the Latin-American republics, where offices will be established in all important towns.

The Board of Trade has also learned the lesson of coöperation for foreign trade. As one result, British syndicates, composed of small manufacturers, who share the overhead cost, are forming to open up new markets the world over. These syndicates correspond with the familiar German Cartel, which did so much to plant German products wherever the sun shone.

England, too, has wiped out one other block to her trade expansion: For years many of her consuls were naturalized Germans. Many of them were trustworthy public servants. Others, true to the promptings of birth, diverted trade to their Fatherland. To-day the Consular Service is purged of Teutonic blood. It is one more evidence of the gospel of "England for the English!"

All this new trade expansion cannot be achieved without the real sinew of war, which is capital. Here, too, England is awake to the emergency. Typical of her plan of campaign is the projected British Trade Bank, which will provide facilities for oversea commercial development, and which will not conflict with the work ordinarily done by the joint-stock, colonial and British foreign banks. It will do for British foreign trade what the huge German combinations of capital did so long and so effectively for Teuton commerce. Furthermore, it will make a close corporation of finance and trade, with the government sitting in the board of directors and lending all the aid that imperial support can bestow.

The bank will be capitalized at fifty million dollars. It will not accept deposits subject to call at short notice, which means constant mobilization of resources; it will open accounts only with those who propose to make use of its oversea machinery; it will specialize in credits for clients abroad, and it will become the center of syndicate operations. One of its chief purposes, I might add, will be to enable the British manufacturer and exporter to assume profitably the long credits so much desired in foreign trade.

Preparations for World Business

From the confidential report of its organization let me quote one illuminating paragraph, which is full of suggestion for American banking, for it shows the new idea of British preparedness for world business. Here it is:

"Nearly as important as the Board would be the General Staff. It is fair to assume that women will in the future take a considerable share in purely clerical work; and this fact will enable the institution to take fuller advantage of the qualifications of its male staff to push its affairs in every quarter of the globe. Youths should not be engaged without a language qualification, and after a few years' training they should be sent abroad. It could probably be arranged that associated banks abroad would agree to employ at each of their principal branches one of the Institution's clerks, not necessarily to remain there for an indefinite period, but to get a knowledge of the trade and characteristics of the country. Such clerks might in many cases sever their connection with the banks to which they were appointed and start in business on their own account. They would, however, probably look upon the institution as their 'Alma Mater.' Every endeavor should be made to promote 'esprit de corps'; and where exceptional ability is developed it should be ungrudgingly rewarded. If industry is to be extended it is essential that British products should be *pushed;* and manufacturers, merchants and bankers must combine to push them. It is believed that this pushing could be assisted by the creation of a body of business young men in the way above described."

The scope and purpose of this British Trade Bank suggests another East India Company, with all the possibilities of gold and glory which attended that romantic eighteenth-century enterprise. Perhaps another Clive or a second Hastings is somewhere in the making.

That the British Government proposes to follow the German lead and definitely go into business—thus reversing its tradition of aloofness from financial enterprise—is shown in the new British and Italian Corporation, formed to establish close economic relations between Britain and Italy. It starts a whole era in British banking, for it means the subsidizing of a private undertaking out of national funds.

It embodies a meaning that goes deeper and travels much farther than this. Up to the outbreak of the great war Germany was the banker of Italy. Cities like Milan and Rome were almost completely in the grip of the Teutonic lender, and his country cashed in strong on this surest and hardest of all dominations. This was the one big reason why the Italian declaration of war against Germany was so long delayed. With this new banking corporation England not only supplants the German influence but forges the economic irons that will bind Italy to her.

The capital of the British and Italian Corporation is nominally only five million dollars. The government, however, agrees to contribute during each of the first ten years of its existence the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Though imperial stimulation of trade is one of its main objects, this institution is not without its

Good for Everyone—for You

and Tastes so Good Too

BUTTER-KIST

The White, Crispy Pop Corn With the Toasty Flavor

They are so delicious, so crisp, so appetizing—the white, fluffy Butter-Kist morsels—they just melt in your mouth. And unlike so many titbits you delight in, Butter-Kist is good for you too.

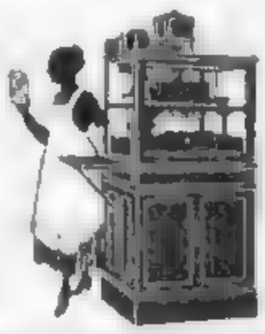
Made the Butter-Kist way, pop corn is clean and wholesome, is easily digested even by those with delicate stomachs, and is one of the most nourishing foods known.

Try Butter-Kist at Home

Butter-Kist Pop Corn makes a delightful, easily prepared meal for the kiddies and is enjoyed by the grown-ups too. Whenever you feel a little hungry, try a bag or more of Butter-Kist—it is so refreshing, so crisp, white and tender.

There is no other way on earth to make pop corn like Butter-Kist—in the Butter-Kist Machine. No human hands touch it in the process. This wonderful machine automatically pops, sorts out the unpopped kernels, toasts the popped ones to an appetizing crisp and butters, to just the right proportion with pure creamery butter, each fluffy white morsel.

To be sure it's Butter-Kist, look for the Butter-Kist Machine and the Butter-Kist Kiddies on the bags and cartons. Nearly everywhere merchants sell fresh Butter-Kist at **5, 10 and 25 cents.** If you can find none in your vicinity please let us know, and we'll tell you where to get Butter-Kist. Insist on Butter-Kist.



HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.
532–548 Van Buren Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

To Retail Merchants:

The demand for Butter-Kist must be supplied in your vicinity. We have a Butter-Kist plan which you should write or wire for TODAY.

Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co. Ju
532–548 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Send at once without obligation your Butter-Kist Plan.

*Name*_____

Business

Address

1100 Miles a Month For 5 Years!

I. L. Rose and his 1100 Mile-a-Month 5-Year Truck.

66,000 Miles Truck Service

—running every week day for five years over rough pavements—with *total* cost of precautionary overhauling, $70—*no actual repairs*—50 gallons of gasoline for each 1100 miles monthly; more than 20 miles to the gallon according to his garage receipts—is the history to date of the Indiana Truck owned by I. L. Rose, Chicago wholesale meat dealer, and operated between the Union Stockyards and Evanston, Ill. This record is a typical example of Indiana Truck *reliability* and *economy*.

Right from the start, these powerful commercial cars save you money. Cut off $150 to $1000 in *first cost* with Indiana Worm Drive Trucks because they are America's greatest truck values at $1385 for the 1-Ton; 2-Ton, $2000; 3½-Ton, $2750; 5-Ton $3500.

Silent Worm Drive

INDIANA Trucks

—reduce your costs *continuously* with economies effected by our 100% safety factors—special built heavy type motor—25% stronger crank-shaft, connecting rods and wrist pins—80,000-mile-axle service, by actual tests in users' hands—special analysis steel frame—50% more brake surface—velvet-like clutch, preventing racking—nickel-steel transmission gears—extraordinary gas economy.

They serve a thousand lines of business—are working for America's leading industries. This year's sales increase is 200%—October sales increase 400%—a heavy proportion is *repeat* orders.

SPECIFICATIONS

MOTOR—Special-built high-[illegible]-duty type; [illegible] and connecting rod bearings of special Felsig metal.

AXLES—Worm Drive Brown [illegible]

FRAMES—[illegible] steel, [illegible]

STEERING GEARS—Special truck design, all [illegible] parts alloy steel heat [illegible]

CLUTCHES—Multiple dry disc, Raybestos against steel.

IGNITION—Bosch magneto

TRANSMISSIONS—Special Truck design, nickel steel gears.

CARBURETORS—Stromberg

SPRINGS—Special alloy spring steel.

Our big-capacity plants enable us to make *immediate deliveries*. Time payments if desired.

Send for This Book

Let us show you the best truck for your business *at work*—in our big illustrated book, "Motor Transportation in 1000 lines of business." Write for your copy now.

INDIANA

Indiana Truck Co.

Dept. G. Marion, Indiana

Sales and Service Stations in Following Leading Cities:

New York,
Chicago Ill
Boston Mass
Fitzburg Pa
Detroit Mich
San Francisco Cal.
St Louis Mo
Toledo, Ohio
Indianapolis Ind
Columbus, Ohio
Louisville Ky
Dallas Texas
Wilmington, Del
Nashville Tenn
Salt Lake City Utah
Wilkes Barre Pa
Jacksonville Fla
Oklahoma City Okla.
Memphis Tenn
New Orleans La.
Daytona Fla
Middletown Ohio
Hudson N Y
Sioux Falls S D.
Clearfield Pa
Boise Idaho
Grand Rapids Minn.
Des Moines Iowa
Ottawa Ont
Joplin Mo
Kenosha Wis
Missoula Mont
Butte Mont
Grand Lick Ky
Akron Ohio
Calumet Mich
Wheeling Ohio
Pocatello Idaho
Lexington, Ky.
Petersburg Va
New Haven Conn
Tampa, Fla
Decatur Ala.
Canton, Ohio.
York Pa
New Albany Ind
Monterey, Va
Bellefonte Pa
Springfield Ill
Erie Pa
Peoria Ill
Portland, Ore.
Watkins N Y
Augusta Ga
Saginaw Mich
Columbus Kans
Chattanooga Tenn
Miami Fla
Modesto Cal
Atkinson N C
Rocky Mount, N C
Newbern N C
Whitakers, N C
Haverstraw N Y
Martinsville Va.
Wadesboro N C.
Shreveport La
Elkhart Ind
Leon, Iowa
Ithaca N Y
Hartford Conn
Baltimore Md
Fargo N D
Davenport, Iowa

larger political value. As this and many other similar enterprises show, politics and world trade, so far as Great Britain is concerned, will hereafter be closely interwoven.

Throughout all this British organization runs the increasing purpose of an Empire Self-Contained. Whether that phase of the Paris Pact which calls for development and mobilization of natural resources sees the light of reality or not, Britain is determined to take no chances for her own. She is scouring and searching the world for new fields and new supplies. She is planning to increase her tea and coffee growing in Ceylon and make cotton plantations of huge tracts in India and Africa. The control of the metal fields of Australia has reverted to her hands; she will get tungsten and oil from Burma. It took the war to make her realize that, with the exception of the United States, Cuba and Hawaii, all the sugar-cane areas of the world are within the imperial confines. They will now become part of the Empire of Self-Supply. Even a partial carrying out of this far-flung plan is bound seriously to affect our whole export business.

You have seen how this self-contained idea may work abroad. Go back to England and you find it forecasting an agricultural revolution that may be one of the after-war miracles.

For many years England has raised less than twenty per cent of her food supplies. One reason was that her vast estates were parks instead of farms; another was the inherent objection of the British farmer to adopt scientific methods of soil cultivation or engage in coöperative marketing. The old way was the best way; he wanted to go "on his own."

The war has opened his eyes, and likewise the eyes and purse of the ultimate consumer. Holland did some of this awakening. England depended upon her for enormous supplies of bacon, cheese, butter and eggs. When the war broke out and the ring of steel hemmed Germany in, the speculative prices offered by the Fatherland were too much for the little diked domain. Holland "let down" her old customer, poured her food into Germany, and fattened on immense profits. Norway, Denmark and Sweden, which were also important sources of more or less perishable British food supplies, have done the same thing. When peace comes you may be sure that England will have a reckoning.

This scarcity of food, coupled with the incessant sinking of supply ships by enemy submarines, the rigid censorship of imports, and all those other factors that bring about the high cost of war, has made the Englishman sit up and take notice of his agricultural plight.

"We must grow more of our food" is the new determination. To achieve it, plans for collective marketing, for intensive farming, for coöperative land-credit banks, are being made. The gentleman farmer will become a working farmer.

The Embargo on American Goods

England's gospel of self-sufficiency has a significance for us that extends far beyond her growing independence in foodstuffs and raw materials. It is fashioning a weapon aimed straight at the heart of our overseas industrial development.

Most people who read the newspapers know that many articles of American make, ranging from bathtubs to motor cars, have been excluded from England. The reasons for this—which are all logical—are the necessity for cutting down imports to protect the trade balance and keep the gold at home; the need of ship tonnage for food and war supplies; and the campaign to curtail luxury.

Admirable as are these reasons, there is a growing feeling among Americans doing business in England that this wartime prohibition, which is part of the program of military necessity, is the prelude to a more permanent, if less drastic, exclusion when peace comes.

Habit is strong with Englishmen, and the shrewd insular manufacturer has been quick to see the opportunities for advancement that lie in this closed-door campaign. "Get the consumer out of the habit of using a certain American product during the war," he argues, "and when the war is over—even before—he will be a good 'prospect' for the English substitute."

Here is a concrete story that will illustrate how the exclusion works and what lies behind:

Last summer a certain well-known American machine, whose gross annual business in Great Britain alone amounts to more than half a million dollars a year, was suddenly denied entrance into the kingdom. When the managing director protested that it was a necessity in hundreds of British ships he was told that it made no difference.

"But what are the reasons for exclusion?" he asked.

"We don't want English money to go out of England," was the reply.

"Then we shall not only bank all our receipts here but will bring over one hundred thousand pounds more," came from the director.

It had no effect.

"Is it tonnage?" was the next query.

"Yes," said the official.

"Then we shall ship machines in our president's yacht," was the ready response.

This staggered the official. After long discussion the director received permission to bring in what machines were on the way; and, also, he got a date for a second hearing.

American Motors Barred Out

Meantime he adapted a type of machine to the needs of a certain department in the Board of Trade, sold two, and got them installed and working before he next appeared before the Trade Censors, who, by the way, knew absolutely nothing at all about the article they were prohibiting. The first question popped to him was:

"Are machines like yours made in England?"

"Yes," replied the director; "but they have never been practical or commercial."

Then he produced the record of the machines he had sold to the government. Each one saved the labor of eight persons and considerable office space. This made a distinct impression and the company got permission to import two hundred tons of their product. But not even an application for more can be filed until the first of next year. Only the dire necessity for this article, coupled with the fact that it is without British competition, got it over.

I cite this incident to show what many Americans in England believe to be one of the real reasons behind the prohibition, which, summed up, is simply this: England is trying to keep out everything that competes with anything that is made in England or that can be made in England!

For some time after the war began our cars went in free. Then followed an ad-valorem duty of thirty-three and a third per cent. Despite this handicap, agents were able to sell American machines, which were both popular and serviceable. The tariff was imposed ostensibly to cut down imports, but mainly to please the British motor manufacturers, who claimed that the surrender of their factories to the government for making munitions left the automobile market at the mercy of the American product, which meant loss of goodwill.

Subsequently a complete embargo was placed on the entry of American pleasure cars and the business practically came to a standstill. What is the result? Let the agent of a well-known, popular-priced American car tell his story.

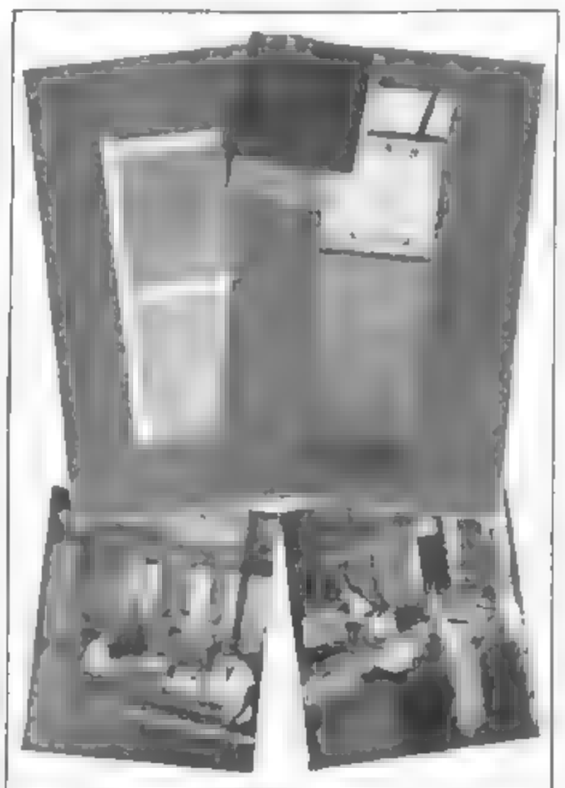
"Before the war and up to the time of the embargo," he said, "I was selling a good many American automobiles. With the embargo on cars also came a prohibition of spare parts. It was absolutely impossible to get any into the country. Many of my customers wanted replacements, and, when I could not furnish them, they abandoned the cars I sold them and bought English-made machines whose parts could be replaced."

All through the motor business in England I found a strong disposition on the part of the British manufacturer and dealer to create a market for his own car as soon as the war is over. Some even talk of a large output of low-priced machines to meet the competition of the familiar car that put the automobile joke on the map. The only American comeback to this growing prejudice is to build factories or assembling plants within the British Isles. This will save excessive freight rates, keep down the costly tariff "overhead," and will get the benefit of all the goodwill accruing from the employment of British labor.

A by-product of British exclusion is the inauguration of a Made-in-England campaign. Buy a hat in Regent Street or Oxford Street and you see stamped on the inside band the words "British Manufacture." This English crusade is more likely to succeed than our Made-in-U.-S.-A. attempt, for

(Continued on Page 61)

This Expert Decorative Department Will Work Out a Color Scheme for You



The Sherwin-Williams Company devotes to the decorative side of its Paints and Varnishes the same care and skill that are given to producing quality in the finishes themselves.

To that end it has for years maintained a staff of decorative experts whose suggestions and color schemes have been carried out in churches, schools, theatres, and business buildings. This department does not confine its suggestions to finishes alone but includes the hangings, curtains, rugs and furniture as well.

This service, which has won the approval of architects, master painters, builders and owners, is always available to the home owner for a whole house or a single room. Just as there is a right Sherwin-Williams product for every surface, so there is a harmonious, tasteful and appropriate treatment for each room and each exterior and it is the aim of the Sherwin-Williams Company to provide both.

Peter A. Kohl Sons
President

The Sherwin-Williams Co. conducts a Decorative Department unequalled by any paint and varnish company. This department will work out a color scheme for any room in your house—free of charge—if you will fill out the coupon below. The suggestions will show the wonderful effects obtained with

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS *Flat-Tone*

This splendid, flat, oil paint for walls is used and recommended by the best decorators in the country. They realize the value of Flat-Tone for producing beautiful, soft tints, that are restful to the eyes, sanitary and economical. Our decorators will also give you suggestions for your woodwork and ceiling. This service is free of charge. Ideas for single rooms or the whole house will be furnished upon request. Try out the free suggestion and you will surely want more Flat-Tone ideas for the rest of your house.

Color scheme suggestions free to those interested in decorating or redecorating. Use coupon below.

Sherwin-Williams
Old Dutch Enamel

There is nothing so beautiful as white woodwork, but it requires superior enamel—the kind that covers well, gives a smooth rich finish, does not crack or mar and stays white. Such an enamel is Old Dutch—made as they make it in Holland, in gloss or dull finish

3 Sherwin-Williams Varnishes

MAR-NOT for floors, is made to be walked on

SCAR-NOT for woodwork and furniture, stands knocks and heat, takes a high polish

REXPAR for outdoor use, holds its luster in all weather

Get the brand that is made for the surface to be varnished. Be sure it's S-W

Sherwin-Williams
FLOORLAC

For Floors. Accept no substitute. Gives a beautiful color and a brilliant luster with one operation. Will not fade or change color in spots where the sun strikes it. Nine pleasing colors

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PAINTS & VARNISHES

Buy your paint where you see this sign.

Address all inquiries to 613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, Ohio
Showrooms—New York, 116 West 32d Street; Chicago, People's Gas Building; San Francisco, 523 Market Street
Sales Offices and Warehouses in principal cities. Best dealers everywhere

	Kind of Room	Kind of Room	Kind of Room
Ceiling and Wall. State kind—if beamed, paneled, wainscoted, chair rail location of moulding			
Woodwork How finished? Kind of wood?			
Floors—How finished? Kind of wood?			

Name Address

Save $175
On A HUDSON SUPER-SIX

The Hudson Super-Six, Winner of all Worth-While Stock Car Records, Advances $175 December 1

Every Hudson Super-Six owner takes pride in the fact that his car is just like the Super-Six cars which have broken all worth-while records.

A 7-passenger Super-Six touring car went from San Francisco to New York and return in 10 days, 21 hours—only 2⅓ days longer than last spring's best one-way time. So when a Super-Six owner starts on tour he knows that he will have no difficulty in going wherever he may want to go.

He knows that no other car has ever given such proof of endurance.

He knows no stock car can excel him in speed or acceleration.

He knows that, if he wishes, no one can match the things he can do with his Super-Six.

You too can own such a car and save $175 in its purchase if you buy before December 1st. You have only twenty days in which to act. Some dealers have already sold all the cars they are to get at present prices. You should see about it today—else you may be too late.

Note Its Rapid Strides

The Super-Six invention is but a few months old. It entered a field disputed and doubted. Today it stands as the unquestioned monarch of motordom.

The Super-Six invention gave more than was claimed or sought for in other types of motors. Without adding cylinders, size or complications, greater power, more flexibility and—as proved in tests—an endurance such as was unknown to motor cars before was obtained.

That is why it won every stock car record up to 100 miles. It is why it recorded a speed, with a stock chassis, as high as 102½ miles per hour.

It ran 1819 miles in 24 hours, exceeding the former stock car record by 52 per cent.

It holds the record in the Pike's Peak hill-climb—the greatest hill-climbing event in all history—against 20 famous rivals.

It won the ocean-to-ocean record—San Francisco to New York—the most coveted American record. Then it did what no other car ever did—it turned around and went back across the continent in less time than any other car ever made the one-way run.

The Super-Six is the first car ever to make the round trip against time. No other car ever established such proof of endurance.

It has never failed in any test.

Now all concede the Super-Six supremacy. Men bought Hudson cars more than twice as fast as we built them. And now, in its first year, the Super-Six has become the largest-selling car in the world with a price above $1100. More than 21,000 are now in service.

Look Ahead

Such is its first-year history.

Now comes a time, for several reasons, why fine-car buyers ought to look ahead.

The car you buy now, open or enclosed, will last you for years to come.

The Super-Six next year, even more than now, will be the recognized peak-place car. Men who seek the best will have it.

This motor is patented, so other cars can offer nothing like it. It is exclusive to Hudson.

These are facts to consider now, before the Super-Six advances. For you can save $175 by making prompt decision.

It Will Pay to Buy Now

Material prices have advanced enormously. When we begin on the December production we begin with materials of higher cost.

There was no other way open to us. We should either have to skimp and reduce quality or advance the price in keeping with the higher material costs.

You save $175 by buying now. That is, if your dealer has not sold all his allotment of cars of the present production.

The Super-Six models will remain as now. The changes, if any, will be minor refinements. So if you can get a car of the present production, it means a clear saving of $175. That is worth considering even if you buy an open car and lay it up until spring.

Phaeton, 7-passenger	$1475	Touring Sedan	$2000	Town Car	$2750
Roadster, 2-passenger	1475	Limousine	2750	Town Car Landaulet	2850
Cabriolet, 3-passenger	1775	*(Prices f. o. b. Detroit)*		Limousine Landaulet	2850

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

HUDSON SUPER-SIX

(Continued from Page 58)

the simple reason that the government is squarely behind it.

This same spirit dominates newspaper publicity. You find a British fountain pen glowingly proclaimed in a big display advertisement, illustrated with the picture of men trundling boxes of gold down to a waiting steamer. Alongside are these words:

"The man who buys a foreign-made fountain pen is paying away gold, even if the money he hands across the counter is a Treasury note. The British shop may get the paper; the foreign manufacturer gets gold for all the pens he sends over here. What is the sense of carrying an empty sovereign-purse in one pocket if you put a foreign-made fountain pen in another?"

Behind all this British exclusion is an old prejudice against our wares. There has never been any secret about it. I found a large body of opinion headed by brilliant men who have bidden farewell to the Hands-Across-the-Sea sentiment; who have little faith in the theory that blood is thicker than water when it comes to a keen commercial clash.

There is one more menace to our future world trade relation. It involves a very delicate matter, but American business men abroad do not hesitate to speak of it openly. Here is the way one of them defines it:

"Through her censorship of mails and cables England has obtained access to many of our trade secrets. She knows what neutrals are buying from us and the terms and conditions of these orders. This information is handled by volunteers, many of them business men working without pay and anxious to do their bit for the empire. Wouldn't it be natural for them to divert useful facts to what they could patriotically construe as an advantage to their country, either in its hour of trial or for its recovery from war loss?"

I asked a prominent official of the War Trade Intelligence about this, and he said:

"We have two hundred thousand cards cataloguing the whole mail censorship, but they are accessible to a handful of trusted people and the information is not likely to leak out."

Anyhow, English manufacturers will know more about American trade methods and qualities when the war ends than they ever knew before, and we shall have to watch our industrial step.

What of the human element behind the whole British awakening? Will organized labor, an ancient sore on the British body, rise up and complicate these well-laid schemes for economic expansion? As with the question of practicability of the Paris Pact, there is a wide difference of opinion.

On one hand, you find the air full of the menace of post-war unemployment and the problem of replacing the woman worker by the man who went away to fight. To offset this, however, there will be the undoubted scarcity of male help, due to battle or disease, and the inevitable emigration of the soldier, desirous of a free and open life, to the Colonies.

The Coming Democracy

On the other hand, there is the conviction that unrestricted output, having registered its golden returns, will be the rule, not the exception, among the English artisans. England's frenzied desire for economic authority proclaims a job for everybody.

I asked a member of the British Cabinet, a man perhaps better qualified than any other in England to speak on this subject, to sum up the whole after-war labor situation as he saw it; and his epigrammatic reply was:

"After the war capital will be ungrudging in its remuneration to labor; and labor, in turn, must be ungrudging in its output."

No one doubts that after the war the British worker will have his full share of profits. As one large manufacturer told me: "We have so gotten into the habit of turning our profits over to the government that it will be easy to divide with our employees." Here may be the panacea for the whole English labor ill.

But, whatever may be the readjustment of this labor problem, one thing is certain: Peace will find a disciplined England. The five million men, trained to military service, will dominate the new English life; and this means that it will be orderly and productive.

With this discipline will come a democracy—social and industrial—such as England has never known. The comradeship between peer and valet, master and man, born of common danger under fire, will find renewal, in part at least, when they go back to their respective tasks. This wiping out of caste in shop, mill and counting room will likewise remove one of the old barriers to the larger prosperity.

England wants the closest trade relations with her Dominions. But will the Colonies accept the idea of a fiscal union of empire, which practically means intercolonial free trade? Or will they want to protect their own industries, even against the Mother Country? Like the French, they are willing to risk life and limb for a cause, but they likewise want to guard jealously their purse and products. They have not forgotten the click when Churchill locked the home door against them.

This leads to the question that is agitating all England: Will peace bring tariff reform? Both English and American economic destiny will be affected by the decision, whatever it may be.

Canvass England and you encounter a widespread movement that means, as the advocates see it, a broadening of the home market; security for the infant "key" industries; a safeguard for British labor—in short, the end of the old inequality of a Free England against a Protected Germany.

Is Protection Possible?

Protection in England, hitched to a world-wide freeze-out business campaign against Germany, would doubtless divert a whole new international discount business to New York. German exporters under these circumstances might refuse payments from their other customers on London, demanding bills on New York instead. To hold this business, however, we should need direct banking and cable connections with all the grand divisions of trade, adequate sea-carrying power, dollar credits, and a government friendly to business.

Then, there is the middle English ground, which demands a "tariff for revenue only," and subsidy—not protection—for the new industries.

Combatting all this is the dyed-in-the-wool free trader, who points to the fact that free trade made England the richest of the Allies and gave her control of the sea. "How can a nation that is one huge seaport, and which lives by foreign trade, ever be a protectionist?" he asks.

If he has his way we shall have to struggle harder for our share of universal business. More than this, it will block what is likely to be one of Germany's schemes for rehabilitation. Here is the possible procedure:

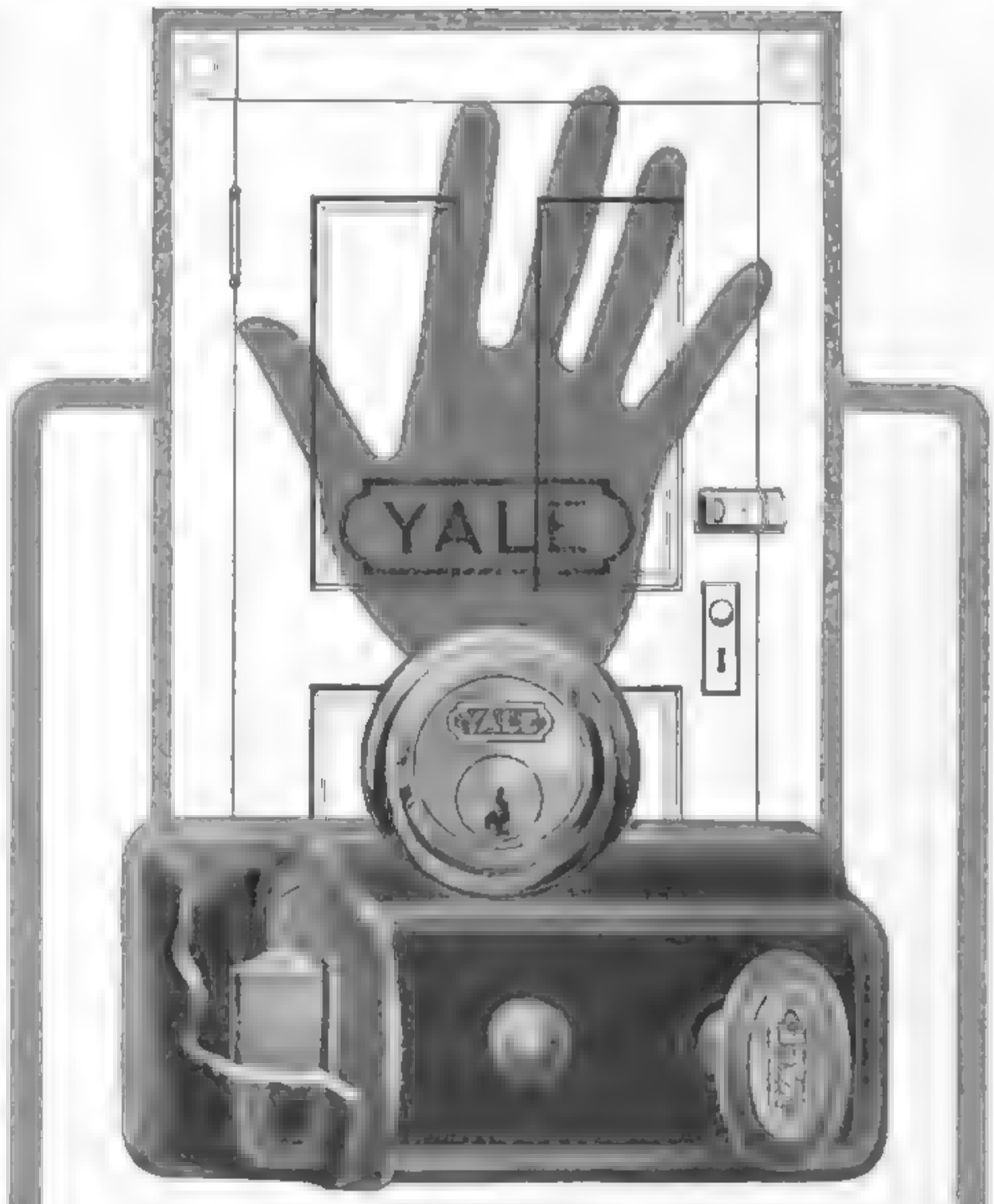
Germany's financial position after the war will be badly strained. She can be saved only by an effective export policy. To do this she must seek all possible neutral markets; and to get them quickly she will offer broad—even extravagant—reciprocity programs. They may conflict with the proposed Franco-British programs of protection and embargo against neutral trade interests.

But if the Franco-British program leaves the allied markets for goods and money open, as before the war, the German reciprocity scheme will fail of its effect by the sheer force of natural competition. Hence England can throttle the reëstablishment of German credit by a free and liberal trade policy, open to all the world. Though poor, after the war she can actually be stronger, in view of her great army and navy, her new individual efficiency, and new commercial vitality.

Will all this keep Germany out? There are many people, even in England, who think not. Already Germans by the thousands are becoming naturalized citizens of Holland, Spain, Switzerland and Denmark; building factories there and shipping the product into the enemy strongholds, stamped with neutral names. Much of the "Swiss" chocolate you buy in Paris was made by Teutonic hands.

A French manufacturer who bought a grinding machine in Zurich the other day thought it looked familiar; and when he compared it with a picture in a German catalogue he found that it was the identical article, made in Germany, which had been offered to him by a Frankfort firm six months before the war began. Only certificates of origin will bar out the German product.

Amid the hatred that the war has engendered, England wonders at the price she will pay for German exclusion. Men like Sir John Simon solemnly assert in Parliament: "In proportion as we divert German



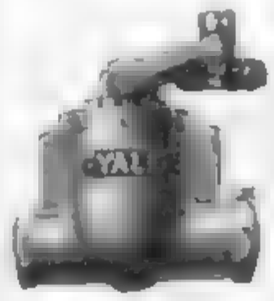
Yale Night Latch No. 44.

A real safeguard against *all* intrusion

This Yale Cylinder Night Latch cannot be forced, or tampered with through the crack of the door. Either by itself or as reinforcement for a doubtful lock, on any door—front, rear or closet—it affords real *protection* and *security* against sneak thieves and curious intruders. An automatic deadlock that opens only to its own key.

You will not need to worry when your doors are protected with Yale Night Latches. You can see this Yale Cylinder Night Latch No. 44, as illustrated, at your hardware dealer's.

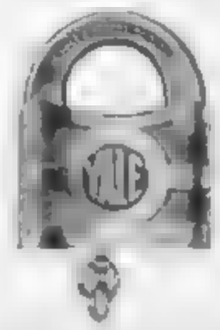
Look for the name Yale on Door Closers, Padlocks, Night Latches, House Hardware and Chain Hoists.



The Yale Door Closer controls and closes your doors always and quietly. It brings better health and greater comfort. A necessity in refined homes.

THE YALE & TOWNE MFG. CO.
9 East 40th St. New York City

Western Offices, 11 E. Lake St. Chicago
Canadian Yale & Towne, Ltd.
St. Catharines, Ont.



Yale Padlocks, like all other Yale products, are sturdy and dependable. Perfect watchmen always on guard. Used wherever and wherever a real padlock is needed

YALE

When You Buy A Hot Water Bottle—

BUY a hot water bottle that will last for years—because that's the only way to get your money's worth.

Cheap bottles, and cheap rubber goods of all kinds, are made only to sell. Their low prices are deceptive because the good make lasts four to ten times as long and it never costs even twice as much. Thrifty people who believe in getting their money's worth always buy

Miller Standard RUBBER GOODS

Miller Hot Water Bottles are molded in one piece. There are no seams to give out, and the patented C-Kure-Nek, found exclusively in Miller Bottles, can never leak. This is the most important improvement ever made in water bottles.

The Miller reputation was founded 26 years ago. Miller Rubber Gloves for surgeons and physicians led the way. Today the preference of surgeons, physicians, nurses and hospitals everywhere is for Miller rubber goods. Their judgment counts.

Your Hot Water Bottle should be a two or three quart Miller No. 70—your Fountain Syringe a Miller No. 71-B. Or you can pay a trifle more and get a Miller 70-B Combination in which the Hot Water Bottle can be used separately or as the fountain of the syringe.

There are other Miller Hot Water Bottles and Syringes—and they are good ones too. But ask to see the No. 70 line and look for the Miller name and trademark. They are your guarantee of service.

DEALERS: Write for details of the Miller Merchandising Plan.

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Also Makers of Famous Geared-to-the-Road Tires

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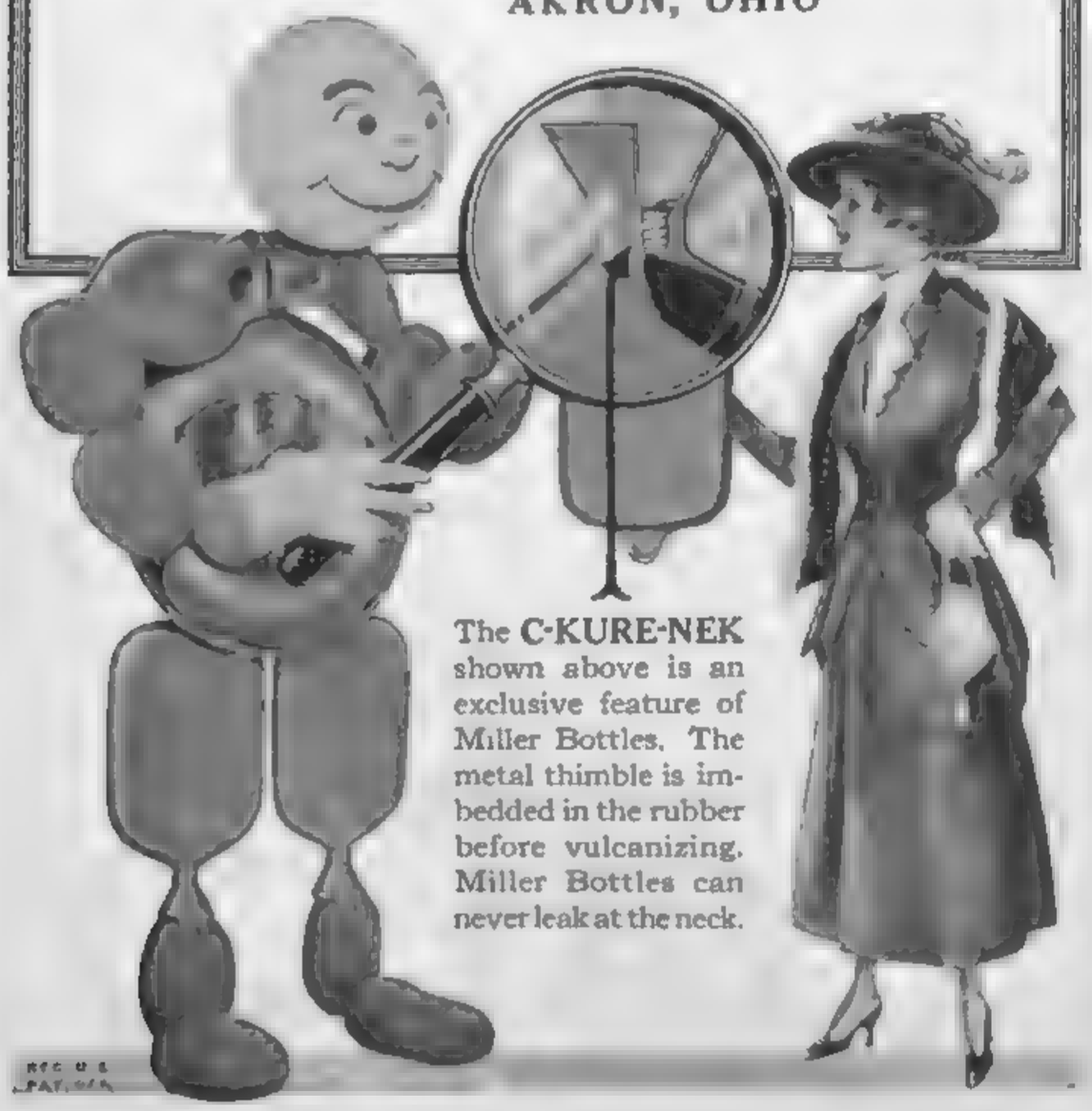

The C-KURE-NEK shown above is an exclusive feature of Miller Bottles. The metal thimble is imbedded in the rubber before vulcanizing. Miller Bottles can never leak at the neck.

trade after the war we should throw the trade of the Central European Powers more and more into the hands of America, with the result that, unhappily, if we became involved in another European war we should not be able to count on the friendly neutrality which America has shown in this war." Others inquire: "What of the future trade of India, the greater part of whose cotton crop before the war went to Central Europe?"

Sober-minded and farseeing men, in England and elsewhere, believe that, despite the ravage of her men and trade, Germany will come back commercially.

"You must not forget," said one of them, "that, no matter how badly she is beaten, Germany will still be a going business concern. She will have an immense plant; her genius of efficiency and organization cannot be killed. Through her magnificent industrial educational system she has trained millions of boys to take the vacant stools and stands in shop and mill. England and France have no such reserves. Besides, if we pauperize Germany, no one—not even Belgium—will get a pound of indemnity."

You have now seen the moving picture of half a world in process of significant change, wrought by clash of arms, and facing a complete economic readjustment with peace. Whether the Paris Pact is practical or visionary, no matter if England is free trade or protectionist, regardless of Germany's ability to find herself industrially at once, one thing we do know—the end of the war will find the Empire of World Trade molten and in the remaking.

What Can We Do About It?

Fresh paths must be shaped; the race will be to the best-prepared. Whatever our position, be it neutral or belligerent—and no man can tell which now—we shall face a supreme test of our resource and our readiness. What can we do to meet this crisis, which will mean continued prosperity or costly reaction?

Many things; but they must be done now, when immunity from actual conflict gives us a merciful leeway. More than ever before, we shall face united business fronts. Therefore, coöperation among competitors is necessary to a successful foreign trade.

Since the coming trade war will rage round tariffs, it will be well to heed the resolution recently adopted by the National Foreign-Trade Council: "That the American tariff system, whatever be its underlying principle, shall possess adequate resources for the encouragement of the foreign trade of the United States by commercial treaties or agreements, or executive concessions within defined limits, and for its protection from undue discrimination in the markets of the world." In short, we must have a flexible and bargaining tariff.

We must train our men for foreign-trade fields; they must know alien languages as well as needs; we must perfect processes of packing that will deliver goods intact. With these goods, we must sell goodwill through service and contact. Secondhand-business getting will have no place in the new rivalry.

Our money, too, must go adventuring, and courage must combine with capital. Our dawning international banking system, which first saw the light in South America, needs world-wide expansion. Dollar credit will be a world necessity if we capitalize the opportunity that peace may bring us. No financial aid should be so welcome as ours, because it is nonpolitical.

This trade machinery will be inadequate if we have no merchant marine. Chronic failure to heed the warning for a national shipping will make our dependence upon foreign holds both acute and costly.

Our trade needs more than a government professedly friendly to business. It requires a definite coöperation with business. An advisory board of practical men of commercial affairs would be of more constructive benefit to the country than all the lawmakers combined.

Here, then, is the protection against organized European economic aggression, the armor for the inevitable trade conflict. Unless we gird it on, we shall be onlookers instead of participants.

What was said in the beginning may now be repeated at the end: The new competition will be a struggle for national existence, shot through with a fervor twin to the spirit that now animates mighty sacrifice.

The War After the War will be a bloodless but bitter battle.

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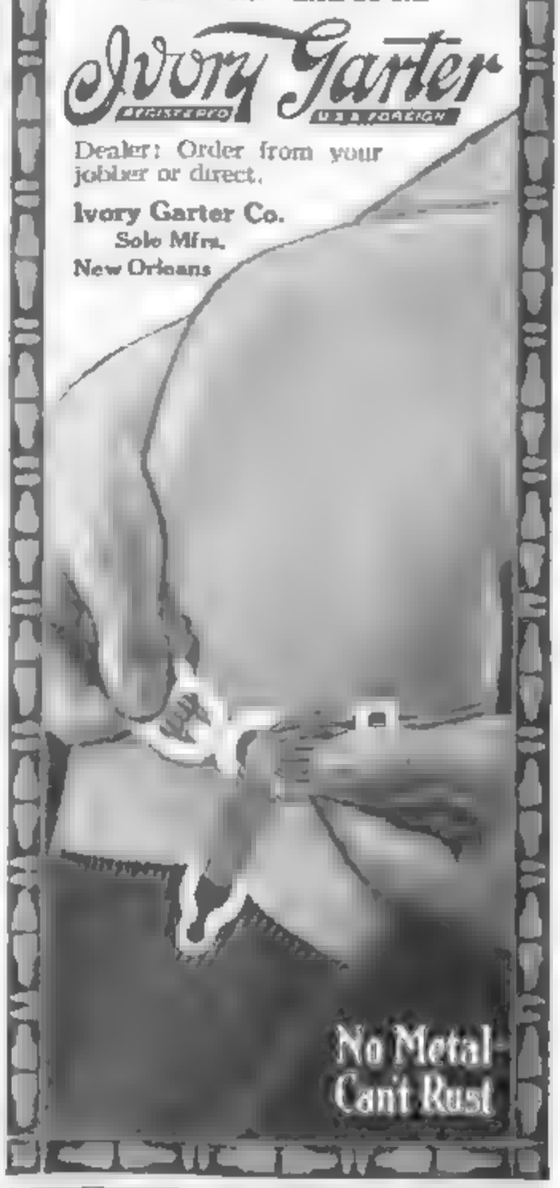

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WHAT is "The Gilbert Institute of Erector Engineering"? It is the biggest thing in the toy-world today. It offers to all boys an opportunity—just as the men who go to college have—of winning Honors, Degrees, Diplomas and Prizes you will be proud of all your life.

And at the same time that you try for free enrollment in "The Gilbert Institute of Erector Engineering," you can compete in my great yearly prize-contests for the Automobile, Motorcycles, Canoes and hundreds of other prizes given for photographs of the best models. Boys in Canada are as eligible as boys in U. S. A.—in fact, this contest is open to the boys of the world.

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Second Degree . . "Erector Expert Engineer"
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The Offer of a Salary Position at $10.00 per Week for Three Weeks as Demonstrator.
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(1) Send me a photograph or drawing of an acceptable Erector model with or without motor attachment.

(2) Send me a photograph or drawing of an acceptable Brik-tor model.

(3) Send me a photograph proving you can put together the Erector Electrical Set motor.

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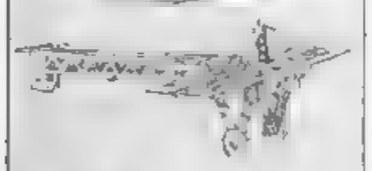

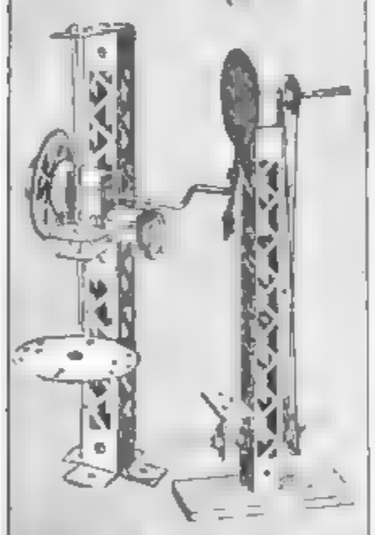

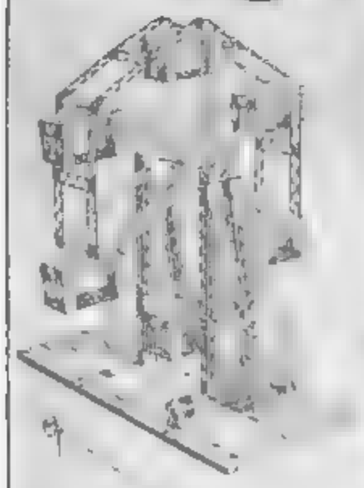

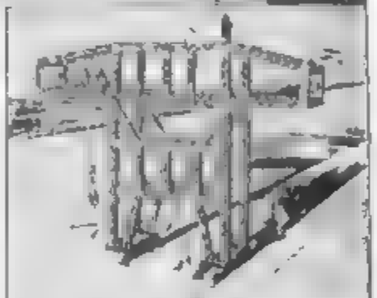

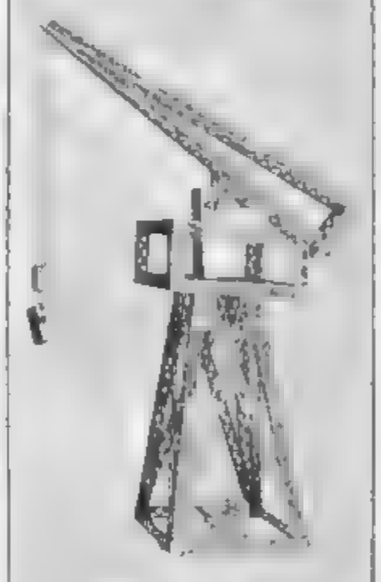

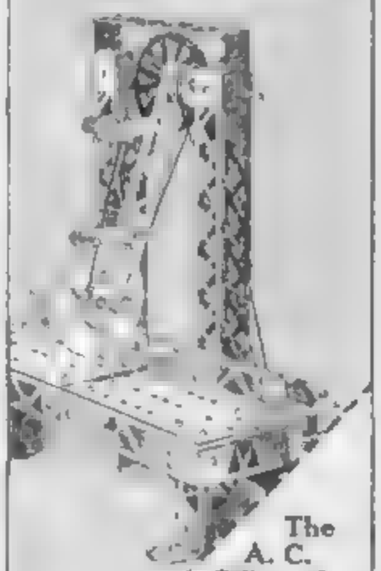

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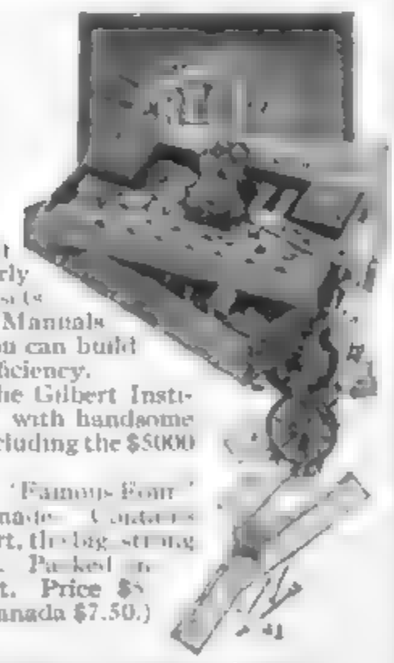
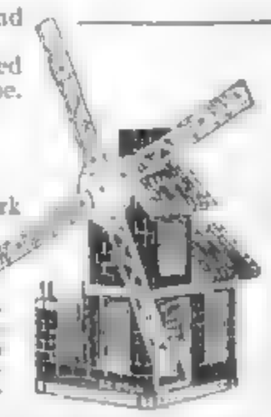
6—Sturdy electric motor that will lift 200 pounds when properly geared, comes free with most sets
7—Three big illustrated Manuals showing over 500 models. You can build thousands as you acquire proficiency.
8—Free membership in "The Gilbert Institute of Erector Engineering" with handsome diplomas and other awards, including the $5000 Prize Contest.

Here's a photograph of the "Famous Four"—the most popular outfit made. Contains every essential engineering part, the big strong motor and instruction book. Packed in handsome hardwood cabinet. Price $5 (In Canada $7.50.)





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You will make [illegible] experiments, with bells and electro-magnets, and hundreds of other interesting experiments.

See this great set today! Price $5.00, Canada $7.50

A Word to Parents

I urge all mothers and fathers to interest their boys in "The Gilbert Institute of Erector Engineering," because it will afford them a great deal of wholesome fun, encourage them to do things for themselves, and aid in making better boys of them, and admire [illegible] types of men later on.

A. C. Gilbert

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ARMCO IRON prevents waste; it resists rust. Its use is eventual economy. This is as true for your sheet metal products as it is for Mt. Wilson Observatory, where replacing rusted material would be difficult. Armco (American Ingot) Iron prevents waste in many widely variant industries.

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Mt. Wilson Observatory is the latest and finest of America's great observatories, and so now the world's greatest telescope. The difficulties of getting materials to that height make it imperative to build as permanently as possible. All the sheet metal work is of Armco Iron—the iron that is made to last.
Roofs, drain pipes, pent houses, skylights and water tanks of Armco Iron make up a sheet iron that is lasting because it is rust resisting
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ARMCO

ARMCO IRON Resists Rust

because it is pure iron—the purest made—and because it is carefully manufactured. It is almost wholly free, not only from the common impurities in solid form, but from those of perhaps more vicious effect in the form of gas. At every stage, inspectors turn back each piece that shows even the slightest physical defect—such as a crack or blister.

Armco Iron resists rust because of its evenness throughout. By long and carefully superintended reheating, Armco Iron is so annealed that no part is more dense, more hardened than another. It is uniform in texture. Armco Iron is pure, even and free from physical defects.

'Tis impossible to list here the ever-increasing number of products made of Armco Iron. A few will give some idea of its scope. Gas tanks, water tanks, culverts, plates for metal cars and boats, locomotive boiler jackets, boiler tubes, roofing, window frames and sash, stoves, furnaces, ventilating systems, fencing (Page Woven Wire Fence Co., Monessen, Pa.), closet tanks, hot water heaters, table tops, kitchen cabinets, ice cans, garbage and ash cans, safes, grave vaults, metal lath, etc., etc.

If you have any difficulty securing any product you need made of Armco Iron, write to us. We will put you in touch with a manufacturer or dealer who can supply you.

Armco Laboratories the best equipped commercial laboratories in America for the study of sheet metal problems, are at the service of manufacturers who wish authoritative data or original scientific research work on sheet metal. Armco Laboratories have reduced factory losses and costs for many fabricators of sheet and plate metal. Perhaps they can for you.

Write for more specific information. The service is free—given for the benefit of manufacturers of sheet metal products.

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For every user, manufacturer or consumer—this book carries a message of eventual economy. It tells the story of the struggle to perfect pure iron, the iron that is made to last. It shows why the universal use of Armco Iron would save America millions and millions of dollars a year. Decide now—send for the book, today.

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PICCADILLY JIM

(Continued from Page 23)

soaking him, Jimmy, but it did put the lid on it—surely, after that Lord Percy affair there's no chance ——"

"There is! There is! It has made no difference at all! Lord Percy came to call next day—with a black eye, poor boy—and said that James was a sportsman and that he wanted to know him better! He said he had never felt so drawn toward anyone in his life and he wanted him to show him how he made some blow which he called a right hook. The whole affair has simply endeared James to him, and Lady Corstorphine says that the Duke of Devizes read the account of the fight to the Premier that very evening, and they both laughed till they nearly got apoplexy."

Jimmy was deeply touched. He had not suspected such a sporting spirit in his antagonist.

"Percy's all right!" he said enthusiastically. "Dad, you ought to go back. It's only fair!"

"But, Jimmy, surely you can understand? There's only a game separating the Giants and the Phillies, with the Braves coming along just behind—and the season only half over!"

Mrs. Crocker looked imploringly at him.

"It will only be for a little while, Bingley. Lady Corstorphine, who has means of knowing, says that your name is certain to be in the next honors' list. After that you can come back as often as you like. We could spend the summer here and the winter in England, or whatever you pleased."

Mr. Crocker capitulated.

"All right, Eugenia. I'll come!"

"Bingley! We shall have to go back by the next boat, dear. People are beginning to wonder where you are. I've told them that you are taking a rest in the country. But they will suspect something if you don't come back at once."

Mr. Crocker's face wore a drawn look. He had never felt so attached to his wife as now, when she wept these unexpected tears and begged favors of him with that unfamiliar catch in her voice. On the other hand, a vision rose before him of the Polo Grounds on a warm afternoon—he crushed it down.

"Very well," he said.

Mr. Pett offered a word of consolation.

"Maybe you'll be able to run over for the World's Series?"

Mr. Crocker's face cleared.

"That's true."

"And I'll cable you the scores every day, dad," said Jimmy.

Mrs. Crocker looked at him with a touch of disapproval clouding the happiness of her face.

"Are you staying over here, James? There is no reason why you should not come back too. If you make up your mind to change your habits ——"

"I have made up my mind to change them, but I'm going to do it in New York. Mr. Pett is going to give me a job in his office. I am going to start at the bottom and work my way still farther down."

Mr. Pett yapped with rapture. He was experiencing something of the emotion of the preacher at the camp meeting, who sees the sinners' bench filling up. To have secured Willie Partridge, whom he intended to lead gradually into the realms of high finance by way of envelope addressing, was much; but that Jimmy, with a choice in the matter, should have chosen the office filled him with such content that he only just stopped himself from dancing on his bad foot.

"Don't worry about me, dad. I shall do wonders. It's quite easy to make a large fortune. I watched Uncle Pete in his office this morning, and all he does is sit at a mahogany table and tell the office boy to tell callers that he has gone away for the day. I think I ought to rise to great heights in that branch of industry. From the little I have seen of it, it seems to have been made for me!"

XXVI

JIMMY looked at Ann. They were alone. Mr. Pett had gone back to bed, Mrs. Crocker to her hotel. Mr. Crocker was removing his make-up in his room. A silence had followed their departure.

"This is the end of a perfect day!" said Jimmy.

Ann took a step toward the door.

"Don't go!"

Ann stopped.

"Mr. Crocker!" she said.

"Jimmy," he corrected.

"Mr. Crocker!" repeated Ann firmly.

"Or Algernon, if you prefer it."

"May I ask ——" Ann regarded him steadily. "May I ask ——"

"Nearly always," said Jimmy, "when people begin with that, they are going to say something unpleasant."

"May I ask why you went to all this trouble to make a fool of me? Why could you not have told me who you were from the start?"

"Have you forgotten all the harsh things you said to me from time to time about Jimmy Crocker? I thought that if you knew who I was you would have nothing more to do with me."

"You were quite right."

"Surely, though, you won't let a thing that happened five years ago make so much difference?"

"I shall never forgive you!"

"And yet a little while ago, when Willie's bomb was about to go off, you flung yourself into my arms!"

Ann's face flamed.

"I lost my balance."

"Why try to recover it?"

Ann bit her lip.

"You did a cruel, heartless thing. What does it matter how long ago it was? If you were capable of it then ——"

"Be reasonable! Don't you admit the possibility of reformation? Take your own case! Five years ago you were a minor poetess. Now you are an amateur kidnaper—a bright, lovable girl, at whose approach people lock up their children and sit on the key. As for me, five years ago I was a heartless brute. Now I am a sober, serious business man, specially called in by your uncle to help jack up his tottering firm. Why not bury the dead past? Besides—I don't want to praise myself, I just want to call your attention to it—think what I have done for you! You admitted yourself that it was my influence that had revolutionized your character. But for me, you would now be doing worse than write poetry. You would be writing *vers libre*. I saved you from that, and you spurn me!"

"I hate you!" said Ann.

Jimmy went to the writing desk and took up a small book.

"Put that down!"

"I just wanted to read you Love's Funeral! It illustrates my point. Think of yourself as you are now and remember that it is I who am responsible for the improvement. Here we are! Love's Funeral. 'My heart is dead ——'"

Ann snatched the book from his hands and flung it away. It soared up, clearing the gallery rails, and fell with a thud on the gallery floor. She stood facing him with sparkling eyes. Then she moved away.

"I beg your pardon," she said stiffly. "I lost my temper."

"It's your hair," said Jimmy soothingly. "You're bound to be quick tempered with hair of that glorious red shade. You must marry some nice, determined fellow, blue-eyed, dark-haired, clean-shaven, about five foot eleven, with a future in business. He will keep you in order."

"Mr. Crocker!"

"Gently, of course. Kindly—lovingly—the velvet thingummy rather than the iron what's-its-name, but, nevertheless, firmly."

Ann was at the door.

"To a girl with your ardent nature someone with whom you can quarrel is an absolute necessity of life. You and I are affinities. Ours will be an ideally happy marriage. You would be miserable if you had to go through life with a human doormat with Welcome written on him. You want someone made of sterner stuff. You want, as it were, a sparring partner, someone with whom you can quarrel happily, with the certain knowledge that he will not curl up in a ball for you to kick but will be there with the return wallop. I may have my faults ——"

He paused expectantly.

Ann remained silent.

"No, no!" he went on. "But I am such a man. Brisk give-and-take is the foundation of the happy marriage. Do you remember that beautiful line of Tennyson's, 'We fell out, my wife and I?' It always conjures up for me a vision of wonderful domestic happiness. I seem to see us in our old age, you on one side of the radiator, I on the other, warming our old limbs and

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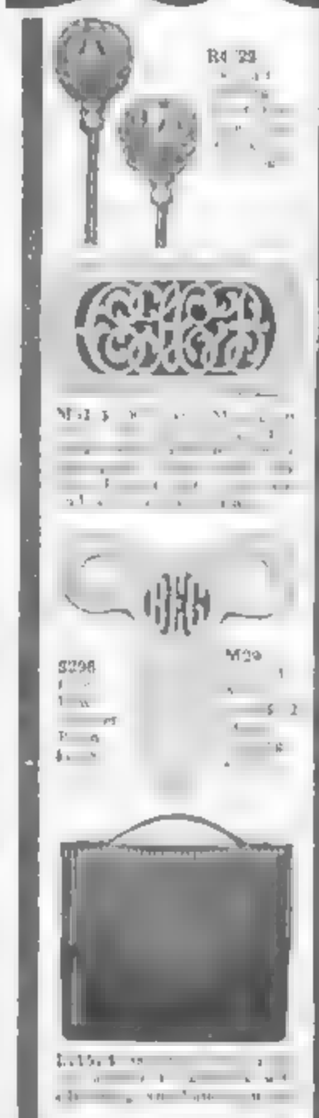

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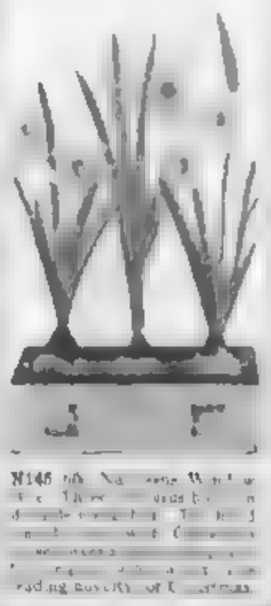

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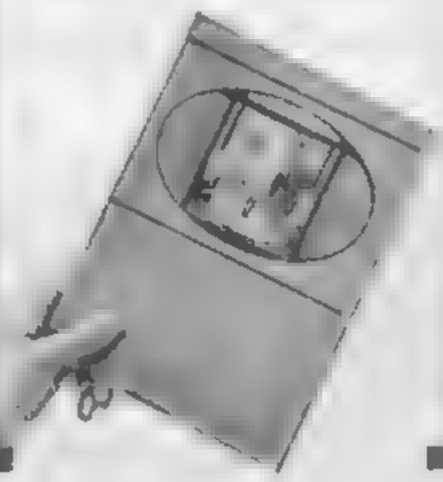

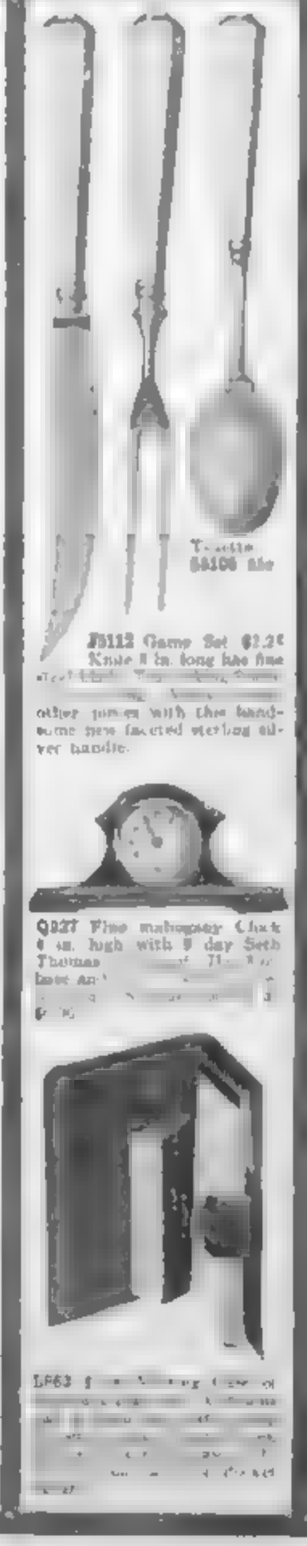

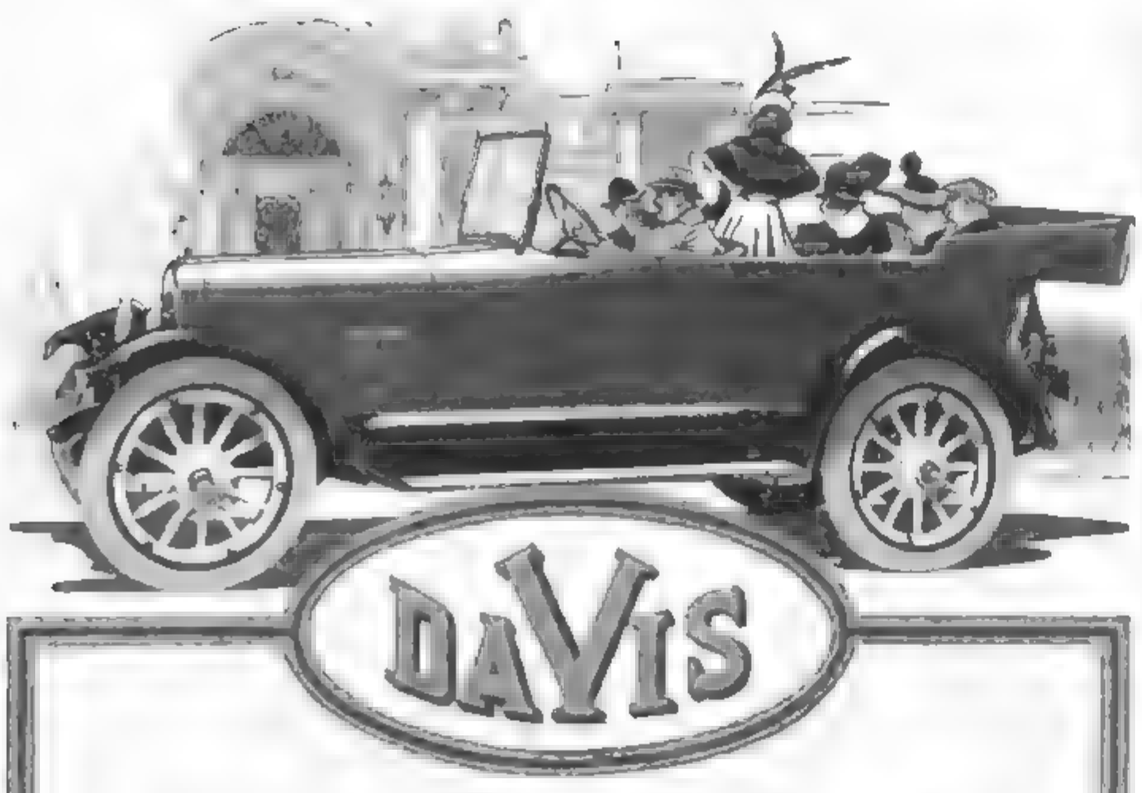

DAVIS

A Good, Honest Motor Car

Successful Performance—Satisfied Owners And Well-Established Dealers

For Seven Years

The Davis car has always been sold strictly on its merits. Its advantages have always been so evident to those who knew it, that year after year the satisfaction it has given its owners has been the chief factor in its steadily growing sale and popularity.

From the first, the Davis car has been built to meet a specific need—a quiet, swift, beautiful car at a medium price, that will give the utmost in performance the longest possible time. From the rapidly increasing number of satisfied owners we believe it has filled that need as no other car can.

Quietly, but surely, the Davis has made a place for itself among people who select motor cars carefully. And now Davis cars are owned and operated in fifty-one foreign countries, besides every state in the Union.

But, though it is popular, the Davis is not a cheap car. In every detail it is built of the best possible standard parts. It is a car designed to give the owner continuous and good performance under all conditions—not to sell in competition with small, lower-priced sixes.

A carefully built, honestly built car, the Davis will meet your every requirement as it has those of thousands of others, because of its real beauty, roominess, comfort and lasting efficiency.

Model H—Light 6, Seven-passenger Touring Car, $1195.

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Model J—Big 6, Seven-passenger Touring Car, $1495.

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All models have **Continental** motors, **Delco** starting, lighting, ignition, **Warner** transmission and steering gear, **Columbia** axles, etc., etc.

For catalog or further specifications communicate with us, or any of our long established distributors here listed.

GEO. W. DAVIS MOTOR CAR CO.

Established 1902 **RICHMOND, IND.**

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New York City, N.Y.

Frick Auto Sales Corp.
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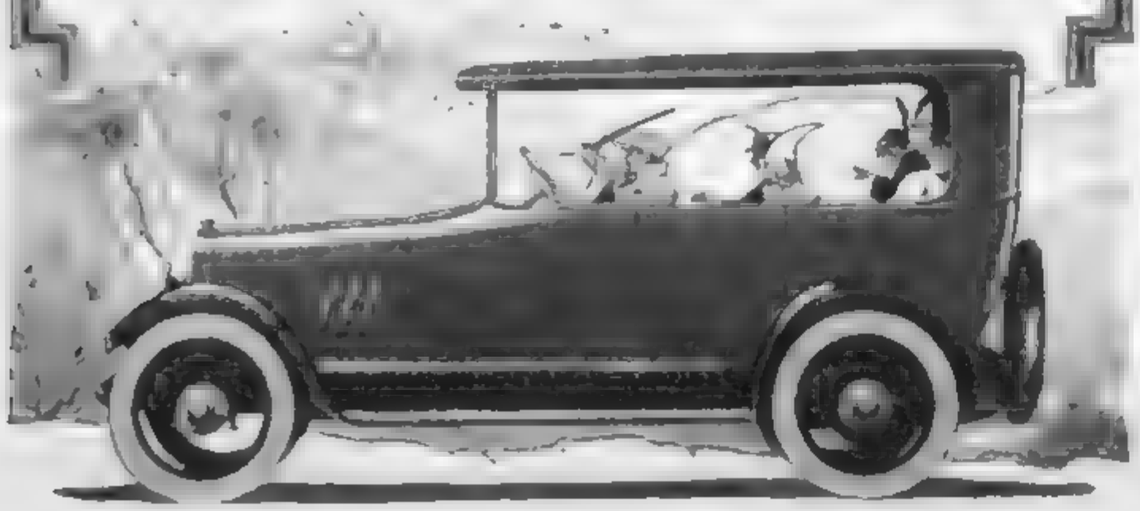

thinking up snappy stuff to hand each other—sweethearts still! If I were to go out of your life now you would be miserable. You would have nobody to quarrel with. You would be in the position of the female jaguar of the Indian jungle—who, as you doubtless know, expresses her affection for her mate by biting him shrewdly in the fleshy part of the leg—if she should snap sideways one day and find nothing there ——"

Of all the things that Ann had been trying to say during this discourse, only one succeeded in finding expression. To her mortification it was the only weak one in the collection.

"Are you asking me to marry you?"

"I am."

"I won't!"

"You think so now, because I am not appearing at my best. You see me nervous, diffident, tongue-tied. All this will wear off, however, and you will be surprised and delighted as you begin to understand my true self. Beneath the surface—I speak conservatively—I am a corker!"

The door banged behind Ann. Jimmy found himself alone. He walked thoughtfully to Mr. Pett's armchair and sat down. There was a feeling of desolation upon him. He lit a cigarette and began to smoke pensively. What a fool he had been to talk like that! What girl of spirit could possibly stand it? If ever there had been a time for being soothing and serious and pleading it had been these last few minutes—and he talked like that!

Ten minutes passed. Jimmy sprang from his chair. He thought he had heard a footstep. He flung the door open. The passage was empty. He returned miserably to his chair. Of course she had not come back. Why should she?

A voice spoke.

"Jimmy!"

He leaped up again and looked wildly round. Then he looked up. Ann was leaning over the gallery rail. She was smiling.

"Jimmy, I've been thinking it over. There's something I want to ask you. Do you admit that you behaved abominably five years ago?"

"Yes!" shouted Jimmy.

"And that you've been behaving just as badly ever since?"

"Yes!"

"And that you are really a pretty awful sort of person?"

"Yes!"

"Then it's all right. You deserve it!"

"Deserve it?"

"Deserve to marry a girl like me. I was worried about it, but now I see that it's the only punishment bad enough for you!" She raised her arm. "Here's the dead past, Jimmy! Go and bury it! Good night!"

A small book fell squashily at Jimmy's feet. He regarded it dully for a moment. Then with a wild yell that penetrated even to Mr. Pett's bedroom and woke that sufferer just as he was dropping off to sleep for the third time that night, Jimmy bounded for the gallery stairs. At the farther end of the gallery a musical laugh sounded, and a door closed. Ann had gone.

(THE END)

His Only Wish

BARNEY BERNARD, the Hebrew comedian, says a friend of his, named Cohen—when Barney tells a story his friend is always named Cohen—dreamed that a coreligionist died and went to Heaven, arriving at the Pearly Gates simultaneously with a person of color.

As Saint Peter swung the portals ajar the black man scrooged in.

"My son," said the good Saint, "you are about to receive your reward for your good deeds done in the flesh. In addition to welcoming you into Paradise I have the power of bestowing upon you one great gift. What is your dearest wish? Speak and it is yours."

The newly-arrived rolled his eyes in earnest thought.

"Well, suh," he said at length, "ef 'tain't too much trouble I believes I'd lak to have a millyun dollahs."

Instantly the fortune was in his arms. As he stood there dumfounded by his good luck, tongue-tied with astonishment, and popeyed with joy unutterable, Cohen's compatriot slipped gently into the Celestial precincts. To him Saint Peter turned.

"My son," he said, "what is your wish?"

"Not very much, Mister Saint Peter," said the latest comer. "All I want is fifty dollars' worth of phony jewelry and halluf an hour alone with that colored gentleman."

A Little Wonder For Looks and Wear

CHILD'S
AJAX
RUBBER
Patented Clincher Cushion Heel that lasts as long as the sole
Knurled toe cap protects against kicking and scuffing

CHILDREN are hard on rubbers. They scuff and kick and drag them about. Ordinary rubbers wear through quickly at toe and heel

But Top Notch rubbers are different from other rubbers They are strengthened at all vital wearing points and the heel and toe last as long as the sole. The children's rubbers of the Top Notch line are regular little iron-clads.

TOP NOTCH
BEACON FALLS
RUBBER FOOTWEAR

Is a distinctive line in which style, fit and fine finish are combined with lasting service. The use of pure gum, advanced manufacturing methods and special Top Notch construction put extra wear into every shoe in the Top Notch line. The patented Clincher Cushion Heel lasts as long as the sole.

Write for our attractive Booklet "H" and the name of the Top Notch dealer in your town.

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Something ICY-HOT For Everyone $1.25 and Up

See display, at your dealer's, for selection. Or send to us for new catalog showing pictures and prices of all styles. The most complete, beautiful and useful line [illegible]

ICY-HOT Bottles and Jars retain neither fire nor ice. The temperature of contents cannot be affected by outside [illegible] No chemicals are used. Just fill bottle and cork it

ICY-HOT

Keeps Contents Icy-Cold for 72 Hours Steaming-Hot 24 Hours

[illegible] for every purpose [illegible] for the nursery [illegible] for [illegible], [illegible], outings, etc

Every home needs an ICY-HOT. Indispensable for keeping baby's milk at proper [illegible] and invalid's broth, drink or food, all night without fuss or bother of preparation. Provides hot or cold drinks when motoring, yachting, hunting, fishing, etc

Ask Your Dealer

Look for name ICY-HOT on bottom. Accept no substitute. Protected against breakage—absolutely sanitary—can be instantly taken apart—easy to clean

Send for catalog [illegible] showing many beautiful styles from $1.25 up

ICY-HOT Lunch Kit for Workers and School Children [illegible]

$2.25

Icy-Hot Bottle Co., Dept. B, Cincinnati, O.

Each Flavor Made
From the Fruit Itself

The Story of

Jiffy-Jell

The Supreme Dessert

Each Flavor in a
Vial—Always Fresh

To Every Woman—Free

See December McCall's—Also November 8 Christian Herald
Also in Other Women's Magazines—See Below

In many women's magazines, etc., we run page ads on Jiffy-Jell in colors. Each contains a coupon, good at any grocery for a full-size package free.

Millions of these coupons have already appeared. Just now you will find them in December McCall's and in the November 8 Christian Herald. Be sure to get your package.

Mr. Otis E. Glidden

For 17 years Mr. Otis E. Glidden has been the leading expert on gelatine desserts. He has made a world-wide study of them. And the finest products of this kind have been of his creation.

He has reached the climax in a product now named Jiffy-Jell. It is made of a rare-grade gelatine. The flavors are made from the fruits. And each is preserved in a vial.

Jiffy-Jell means to you and to millions a new era in these delicate desserts.

To get this rare-grade gelatine he has formed a partnership with the men who make it.

Together they have built, amid the Waukesha springs, a white-enameled kitchen. They have equipped it to make Jiffy-Jell in a very dainty way.

That is the dessert which we are buying for millions, so that every home may know its fascinations.

True Fruit Flavors In Vials

Jiffy-Jell, the supreme dessert, has no artificial flavors. Each is made from the fruit itself—made by concentration.

Then each is corked in a vial, and the vial is placed in the package. So the flavor can't deteriorate. Thus Jiffy-Jell of any flavor tastes like a fresh-fruit product. It has a richness and a natural zest which no other method could give it.

That's why we buy a package for every woman who presents the coupon. We want you to taste this premier gelatine flavored in this way.

Add the Flavor in Its Natural State

Jiffy-Jell comes to you sweetened and of the right color, ready for instant use. You simply add boiling water.

But boiling water would cook the fruit flavor. So you add the flavor from the vial when dessert has partly cooled. That's another reason why Jiffy-Jell so excels the old desserts.

Your First Dinner Is Our Treat

A package of Jiffy-Jell makes six or eight dishes. Dozens of desserts can be made from it—with fruit, nuts, chocolate and whipped cream, or without.

Cut the coupon from any of our color ads. It is in the current issue of McCall's and of Christian Herald. This same coupon appeared in the September issue of Delineator, Woman's Magazine and Designer. Also in October Ladies' Home Journal. It will soon appear in Woman's Home Companion, Pictorial Review, and other women's publications.

Present the coupon to your grocer. He will give you a package of Jiffy-Jell and charge the price to us.

So we don't ask you to buy it. We simply ask you to accept it. Let it prove itself. You will find it a delightful treat.

Waukesha Pure Food Co., Waukesha, Wis.

Home of Jiffy-Jell
America's Model Food Plant

This Package Only
Contains This Extra-Grade Gelatine
Ready for Instant Use
With True Fruit Flavors in Vials

Raspberry	Cherry	Lemon
Strawberry	Orange	Lime

2 Packages for 25 cents

Style that commands attention—

$17

Copyright, 1916, by
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Styleplus Clothes $17

"The same price the nation over."
(In other countries duty added)

The old saying, "You can tell a man by the clothes he wears," takes on a new meaning now that Styleplus Clothes are made. True style in clothes, as well as in men, is the result of true *quality*. The man who wears Styleplus—suits and overcoats—not only compels respect for his appearance, but he also shows the fine American trait of common-sense economy. He pays just $17 for his clothes because he knows that Styleplus have made it unnecessary to pay either one cent more or one cent less to get the smart style, the lively fabrics, and the splendid *guaranteed* wear that he requires.

This is the day of high prices. But the price of Styleplus remains the same. Their value is more remarkable now than ever. Our volume output and scientific methods enable us to give such unique *guaranteed* values—clothes which have astounded and delighted a whole nation of men.

By all means visit the Styleplus Store today, try on these clothes, and treat yourself to a revelation!

One of the leading stores in nearly every town and city sells Styleplus. Look for the Styleplus window display. Look for the Styleplus label in the coat. If there should not be a Styleplus store in your town, ask your favorite dealer to order a Styleplus suit or overcoat for you.

Write us for free copy of "The Styleplus Book."

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO., INC.
Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

Style plus
+ all wool fabrics
+ perfect fit
+ easy price
+ guaranteed wear

TO THE LAST PENNY

(Continued from Page 20)

It was his father, not Tommy Leigh, whom he must save from disgrace.

The money must go to New York. It was not much, but it would help. It was as much as he could save in thirty weeks.

He hesitated. He saw his duty to his father. Then with the package still unbroken in his hand he went back to Bill's room.

"Bill!" said Tommy. His throat was dry. It made his voice husky.

"What's the matter? Is it stolen?" asked Bill in alarm. Tommy's voice had told him something was wrong.

"No," said Tommy. "Only I—I was thinking ——" He paused.

"Cold feet?" Bill smiled a heroic smile of resignation, the triumph of friendship. He was blaming luck and nothing else.

Tommy saw the smile and divined the loyalty with a pang. Bill was a man!

It really was Bill's money; the promise had been passed. He had been guilty of a boyish impulse. This was his first scrape! He heard his mother say he must not be thoughtless again.

"No," said Tommy firmly, "but —— Let me tell you, Bill. My uncle gave this money to my mother before I was born—one hundred dollars in gold. She saved it for me."

He showed Bill what she had written. Bill held the package near the light and read slowly:

"For Tommy's first scrape!"

He looked at Tommy uncomfortably.

"She died when I was born," said Tommy, who wanted to tell Bill everything.

"You can't use it," said Bill with decision.

"Certainly I can."

"Not much; I won't take it!"

"You'll have to," said Tommy. Bill shook his head.

"I'm sure," said Tommy seriously, "it's all right to use it for the work."

"If it was mine I wouldn't even open the package if it was to save me from jail," said Bill.

"Well, I will, to save myself from the insane asylum," said Tommy. He hesitated, then he opened the package with fingers that trembled slightly. There were ten gold eagles. Tommy counted out five and wrapped up the other five.

"Here, Bill," he said.

"No!" shouted Bill. His face was flushed. He put his hands in his pockets determinedly, so he couldn't take the money.

"There they are, on the table. Now lose them!" said Tommy cuttingly.

He walked out of Bill's room, put the package with the remaining fifty dollars in his trunk and locked it. He wished he might save the original coins. It struck him he might borrow the fifty dollars from Mr. Thompson and give the gold coins as collateral. A fine notion! But to carry it out he would have to explain.

It was fully ten minutes before he went back to Bill's room. The coins were on the table. Tommy thought of a jest, of a scolding, of what he ought to say to Bill. In the end he said very quietly:

"Please put it away, Bill. And I'd like you to come with me. We'll go out for a trolley ride."

"All right," said Bill. He hesitated, then as Tommy started to go out Bill put the money in his pocketbook and followed on tiptoe.

The two boys went out of the house in silence. They boarded an open car at the corner, sat together, rode to the end of the line, rode back, walked to the house and entered—all in silence. They went into Bill's room. They had been sitting there fully five minutes when Bill suddenly said:

"Say, Tommy!"

"What?"

"You know," said Bill timidly, "a kerosene engine won't start cold."

"I know it," said Tommy, who had read up on the subject just as he used to bone at college just before examinations.

"I've a notion ——"

"Have you tried it?" asked Tommy, sternly businesslike.

"Not yet, but I dope it out that ——"

"Nothing on paper; no mouth inventing," interrupted Tommy firmly. "Practical experiments."

"You're right," said Bill with moody acquiescence. "I wish to heaven I didn't have to go to the shop. Some things can't be done by one man alone." He looked at Tommy and hesitated. Tommy also hesitated. Then he said:

"If you think I can help I'll be glad to, Bill. But you must do exactly as you wish. I don't want to pry ——"

"You big chump!" interrupted Bill. "I've been afraid to ask you. You know I don't hit it right every time, and you may lose patience with me and ——"

"Tut-tut, me child!" said Tommy.

"Well, I'm only warning you."

"Bill, I'd like to talk all night, but I guess we'd better go to bed."

"I shan't sleep a wink all night," Bill spoke accusingly.

"Same here," retorted Tommy.

He was in bed trying not to think about Bill's carburetor and the new cars he would sell by the thousand, when his door opened.

Bill stuck his head into the room.

"Tommy!" he whispered.

"Yes, what is it?"

"I I am much obliged."

"Did you wake me up to tell me that?"

"Yes. And I have a sneaking notion ——"

"My business hours, Mr. Byrnes, are 5 A. M. to 10 P. M.," interrupted Tommy, because what he really wanted was to listen to Bill all night, and he knew he had to fight against the feeling that he was a kid tickled to death with a new toy.

"All right," said Bill meekly; "but I wanted to tell you I was much obliged ——"

"You have. Now go to sleep."

"I can't!"

"Then go to blazes."

"It's your fault!"

"Good night, Bill."

"Good night, Tommy. Say, a coil in the manifold intake ——"

Tommy snored loudly. Bill's sigh was almost as audible. Then the door closed softly.

XI

TOMMY devoted himself whole-souledly to the study of the car Mr. Thompson had told him to play with. It delighted him to put flesh on what hitherto had been but the bones of theory. He was certain the car would make him very valuable to the Tecumseh Company as a salesman. As soon as he could drive with confidence he began to drive with pleasure, and as soon as he could do that he dragged Bill from the little shop in Mrs. Clayton's woodshed and gave him a joy-ride. Together they made a long list of improvements, nearly all of them suggested by Tommy, who, not being a mechanic, found difficult and complicated what to Bill was a simple matter to fix and adjust. "The Beginner's Delight" was what Tommy, the salesman, called the Tecumseh car as it ought to be, the car that would sell itself. Bill, the mechanic, called it "The D. F.'s Dream."

Tommy at first dutifully reported the needed improvements to the men in the shop, but they laughed at him and called him Daredevil Dick; or, when they took him seriously, told him that the suggestions were either impractical or unavailable, because they involved structural changes that were either commercially extravagant or mechanically inexpedient.

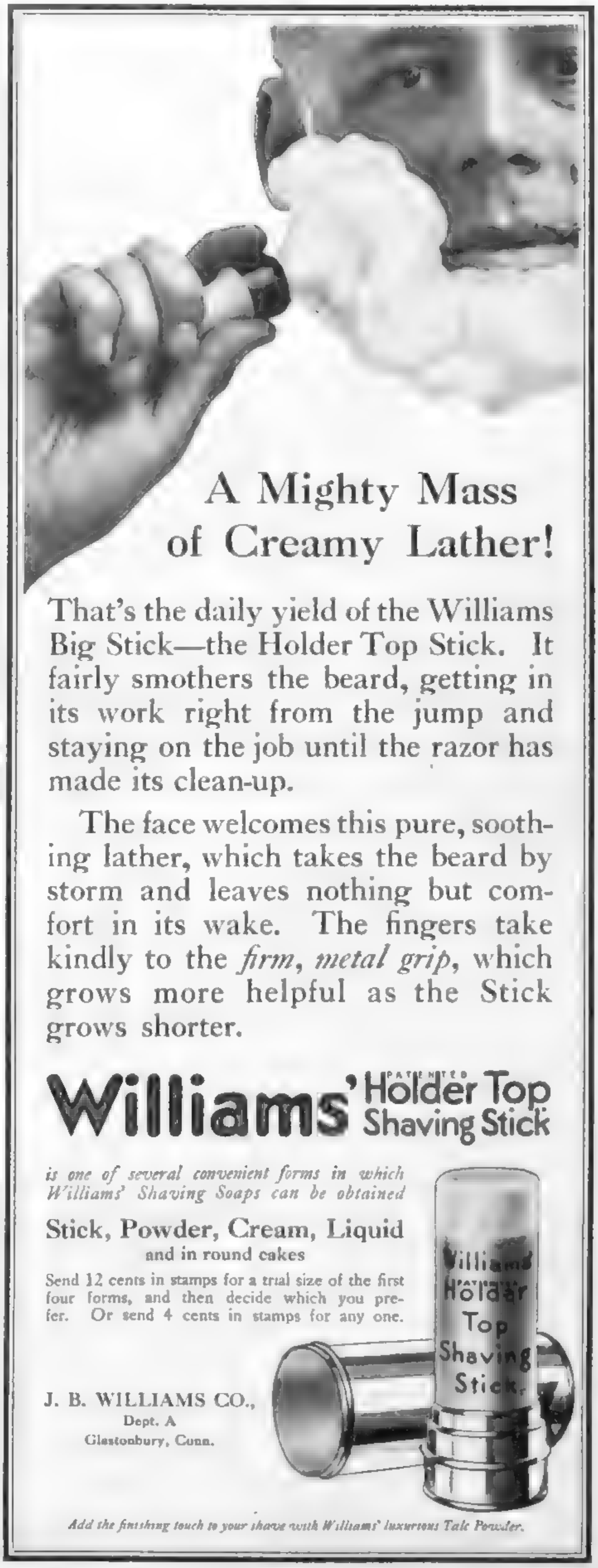
"In a piece of machinery as in everything else in life, Tommy," La Grange told him one day because he saw the disappointment in Tommy's eyes, "we are up against a series of compromises. One must try to lose as little as possible in one place in order to gain more somewhere else. It is a matter of weighing profits and losses."

"You must be a bookkeeper under your vest," retorted Tommy, "you are so struck with the philosophical value of items. Life isn't a ledger. 'Profit-and-loss' was invented as a sort of wastebasket for the mistakes industrial corporations make through their mechanical experts."

"Keep on discovering defects, Tommy," laughed La Grange; "you'll make a fine salesman yet." Then he became serious. "As a matter of fact, some of the best suggestions have come from laymen."

"Don't look at me. My trouble is that I am ahead of my time," said Tommy haughtily, and went off to tell Bill his grievances. After that they decided to jot down the suggestions and if possible try them out. But Tommy found that, as he understood the car better, fewer improvements suggested themselves. He began to think the trouble was with the buyers.

His resolve to repay the seventeen thousand dollars was by now divested of all



A Mighty Mass of Creamy Lather!

That's the daily yield of the Williams Big Stick—the Holder Top Stick. It fairly smothers the beard, getting in its work right from the jump and staying on the job until the razor has made its clean-up.

The face welcomes this pure, soothing lather, which takes the beard by storm and leaves nothing but comfort in its wake. The fingers take kindly to the *firm, metal grip*, which grows more helpful as the Stick grows shorter.

Williams' PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

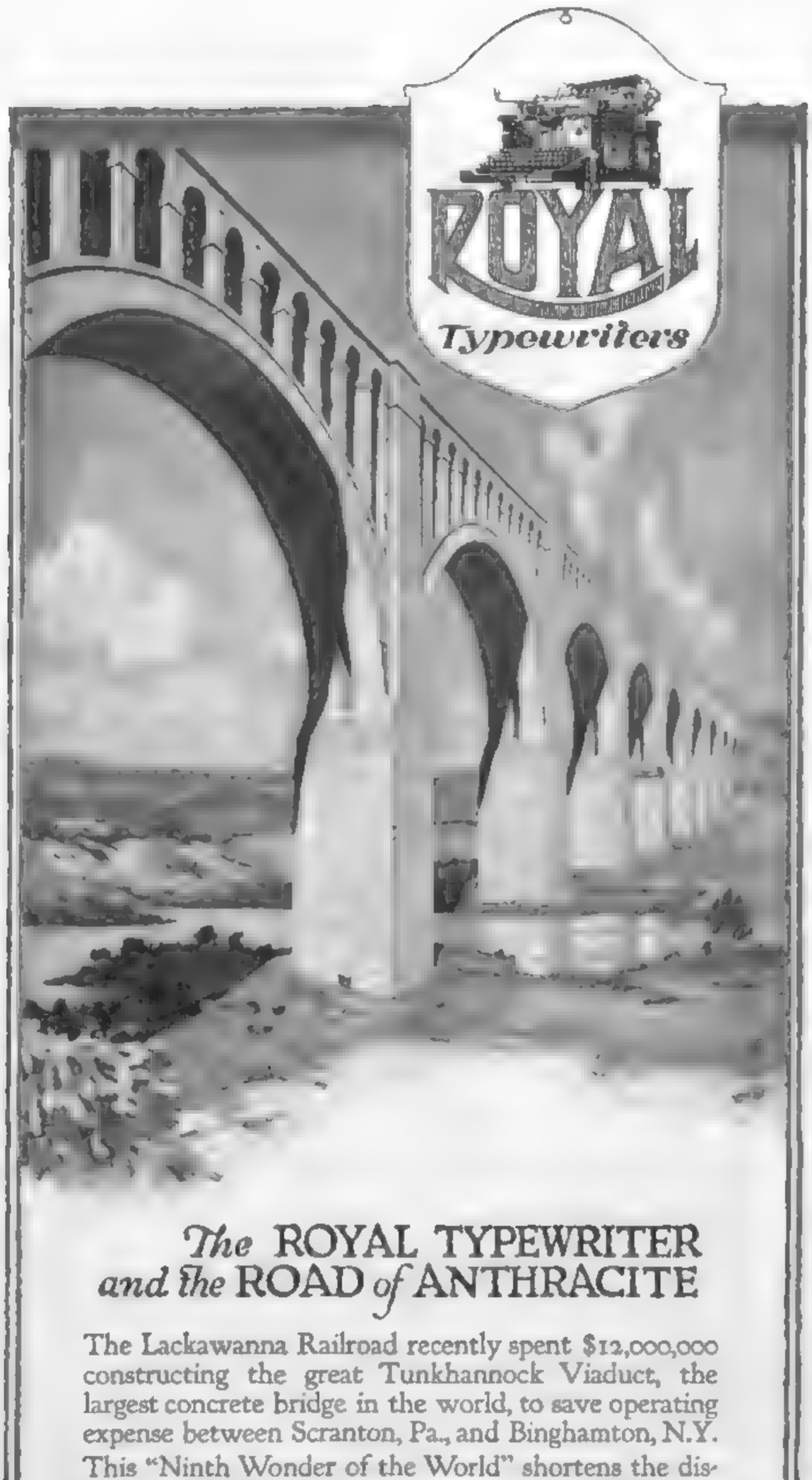
is one of several convenient forms in which Williams' Shaving Soaps can be obtained

Stick, Powder, Cream, Liquid
and in round cakes

Send 12 cents in stamps for a trial size of the first four forms, and then decide which you prefer. Or send 4 cents in stamps for any one.

J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,
Dept. A
Glastonbury, Conn.

Add the finishing touch to your shave with Williams' luxurious Talc Powder.



The ROYAL TYPEWRITER
and the ROAD *of* ANTHRACITE

The Lackawanna Railroad recently spent $12,000,000 constructing the great Tunkhannock Viaduct, the largest concrete bridge in the world, to save operating expense between Scranton, Pa., and Binghamton, N.Y. This "Ninth Wonder of the World" shortens the distance only 3.6 miles, but it means economy, efficiency —"good railroading".

In accordance with these high business standards, Lackawanna correspondence, tabulations and records are written on

Royal Standard Typewriters

They satisfy the Lackawanna. They are "good railroading"—good business.

Thorough tests demonstrate to big business that the Royal is the one typewriter which combines best work with longest life.

Royals reduce operating costs because they are built to last longer, to operate faster and more neatly than any other typewriter.

A test will convince you. Write or 'phone the nearest *Royal* agency for a demonstration.

Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.
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Branches and Agencies the World Over

"Compare the Work"

heroics and consequently of self-pity. It had become a duty thoroughly assimilated. But the reason why the secret had lost its power to torture him beyond measure was that, beginning by hoping, he ended by being convinced that if discovery came Mr. Thompson and Bill and Grosvenor and La Grange and Nevin and the others would know that he was not to blame.

But when it occurred to him that his thoughts still were all of self, the reaction was so strong that he almost yearned for discovery. He even dramatized it. He saw the trial, heard the sentence, said good-by to his father at the door of the jail, and then went back to his work in Dayton, to toil for the bank, to pay the debt just the same, to save his wages, to make a new home and have it ready for his father. He would pay with love what his father had paid for love. And then Tommy told himself that it was not for him to see visions and dream dreams, but to hustle and pay; so that the spur was just as sharp, but not quite so cruelly applied.

One morning Tommy, in his car, left the shop on his way to the country. On Main Street near Fourth he saw Mr. Thompson on foot.

Thompson held up his hand. Tommy drew up alongside.

"Give us a ride?" asked Thompson pleasantly.

Tommy gravely touched his cap with rigid fingers and asked: "Where to, sir?"

"With you," answered Thompson.

"Get in." And Tommy opened the rear door. Thompson shook his head, got in front and sat beside Tommy.

Tommy shifted gears more diffidently than usual. They clashed horridly. His face grew red.

"Excited?" asked Thompson seriously.

"Yes," answered Tommy frankly.

"Get over it!" Thompson's advice was given in such a calm voice that it did not help Tommy. Whereupon Thompson laughed and said: "Tommy, I completely wrecked my first seven cars."

A great wave of gratitude surged within Tommy. It gave him mastery of the machine. He slowed down when they came to a crossroad.

"Going to Columbus?" asked Mr. Thompson.

"If you wish," replied Tommy nonchalantly.

"Not to-day. Let me off at the trolley line."

"I'll take you back," said Tommy.

"Does it interfere with your plans?"

Interfere with his plans! This man who was paying him wages asked that question! Did a finer man live anywhere?

"Not a bit. I was only trying out ——" Tommy stopped short. He had been taking liberties with the carburetor by advice and with the consent of Bill. And it was Thompson's car!

"What?" asked Thompson.

Tommy told him.

"Lots of room for improvement in the Tecumseh, eh?" Mr. Thompson's voice was neither sarcastic nor admiring.

Tommy answered: "We think so."

"Who is we?"

"Me and Bill Byrnes," smiled Tommy.

"Lots of suggestions?"

"Some."

"Decreasing as you learn?"

"Yes, sir."

"Been in the testing shop?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell 'em?"

"Yes, sir."

"All the suggestions?"

"No, sir."

"Why did you stop?"

"Well, we found out that some of the things we thought might be improved couldn't be, by reason of expense or weight or something else. So we decided to try to make sure our improvements would improve or could be carried out before we spoke."

"Want to go into the shop?"

"Not as a steady job. I'll never make a mechanic."

"Bill want to experiment in our testing department?"

"I don't think so."

"Why not?"

"He says it annoys him to have people round him when he wants to be alone."

"Must be an inventor."

"Well," apologized Tommy, "his father was."

Thompson laughed.

"The wisest things we say, my boy, are the things we say not knowing how wise they are. And so La Grange and the others laughed when you casually asked about the one thing you and Bill are so interested in?"

Tommy almost lost his grip on the wheel. He slowed down so that they barely crawled, and asked:

"Please, Mr. Thompson, did La Grange tell you?"

"No; he's never spoken to me about you."

"Then how do you know?"

Tommy looked into Mr. Thompson's face intently. Thompson answered very quietly:

"Didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And didn't they?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's how I know."

Tommy could grasp only that it was obvious to Mr. Thompson. He gave up trying to understand how such a mind worked, and began:

"You see, Mr. Thompson, it's this way: We think ——"

"Don't tell me, Tommy," interrupted Mr. Thompson quickly. His face was serious. He continued:

"You and Bill work at it at home?"

"Yes, sir. That is, he works and I look on."

"Quite right!" And Thompson relapsed into silence.

Tommy drove him to the works. Mr. Thompson without a word got out. At the door of the office he turned, faced Tommy and said:

"That's your car."

"I—I—don't understand ——"

"Your car."

"Oh, Mr. Thompson, I can't ——"

"Yes, you can, in my garage. Plenty of room."

"I didn't mean exactly that," floundered Tommy; but Mr. Thompson said thoughtfully:

"You'd better stay with Mr. Grosvenor for a while. Want your salary raised?"

"Not yet. But Mr. Thompson, I am ——"

"So am I!" And with that Mr. Thompson went into the office.

Tommy, determinedly endeavoring not to consider the car his private property, drove it to Mr. Thompson's garage and walked to the Tecumseh Building.

"I am to report to you again, Mr. Grosvenor," he said to the head of the sales department.

"What for?"

"Mr. Thompson's orders."

Grosvenor looked at Tommy and asked: "Anything else?"

"All he said was that I'd better stay with you for a while."

"I am glad to have you, my boy. What do you want to do?"

This question would have resembled a sentence from a fairy tale to Tommy if he had not been accustomed to Mr. Thompson's ways. He answered:

"Obey orders." He meant it exactly and he looked it.

Grosvenor stared at him and then lost himself in thought. At length he turned to Tommy a face utterly expressionless, but there was a suggestion of play-acting about it that made him think of Mr. Thompson.

Grosvenor said: "I want you to listen."

"Yes, sir."

"That's all. You will sit in this office all day and listen."

"Very well, sir." Tommy's eyes looked intelligently at Mr. Grosvenor, who thereupon pointed to a desk in a corner of the room.

Tommy sat down, looked at the empty pigeonholes, opened a drawer, saw some scratch pads there, took out one and laid it on the desk. Then he looked to see if his lead pencil was sharpened. It was.

Mr. Grosvenor, who was watching him, smiled.

"How do you like your new job, Tommy?"

"Very much."

"What do you expect to learn?"

"How to listen."

"And what will that teach you?"

"I hope, for one thing, that it will teach me to understand Thompson."

"Some job, that," said Mr. Grosvenor seriously. Then admiringly: "Isn't he a wonder?"

"He is more than that to me, Mr. Grosvenor," said Tommy earnestly.

"And to me, too, my boy," confessed Mr. Grosvenor in a lowered voice.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Stewart
Phonograph

$6.50

West of Rockies $7.00
In Canada $8.00

All Dealers Prepare For The Big Xmas Demand

Music Dealers | **Hardware Stores** | **Furniture Stores** | **Stationery Stores** | **Grocery Stores** | **Confectionery Stores**
Department Stores | **Dry Goods Stores** | **Electrical Stores** | **Garages** | **Florists' Shops** | **Millinery Stores**
Drug Stores | **Novelty Stores** | **Jewelry Stores** | **Stores of All Kinds** | **Cigar Stores** | **Photographers**

The Stewart Phonograph is going into tens of thousands of homes this Christmas.

Nothing of its kind has ever made such a big, instantaneous hit.

It is just what the buying public has been hoping for and waiting for—a beautiful, practical phonograph at a price well within reach of everyone.

It is that one easy seller that every store needs at Christmas time. Everybody wants it. Your market is as large as the population of your vicinity.

A Stewart Phonograph on the counter, with someone to play it now and then, will sell hundreds for you.

It is the musical wonder of the age, and a beauty, too. It is finished in that rich verde green, the color so often used on high-grade clocks and costly vases.

The moderate price—$6.50—makes it a value unheard of in a phonograph.

Since the announcement of the new and improved Stewart Phonograph in The Saturday Evening Post, October 14th, orders have literally poured in from dealers all over the country.

Stores of all kinds and all sizes are clamoring for Stewart Phonographs to supply the Christmas demand. It doesn't matter what line you are in you can sell Stewart Phonographs. If people come into your store you can sell Stewart Phonographs.

Our big new phonograph plant is now working full swing—night and day. Our mechanical facilities and our manufacturing organization are unexcelled. Our daily production right now runs up into the thousands.

That, and that alone, enables us to build such a sterling, high-grade instrument to retail for so moderate a price as $6.50.

The Stewart Phonograph makes an excellent premium proposition at Christmas time for any kind of a store. We can give you full information on how other dealers are using it as a premium. It's a great business getter.

The Stewart Phonograph plays records of any type, any make, any size or any price. Its universal reproducer, which makes this possible, is a most important advantage from a sales standpoint.

A newly designed tone arm and an improvement in the sound chamber have given the Stewart Phonograph a volume and quality of tone absolutely unsurpassed.

Another big improvement is the new motor, acknowledged to be the best in any popular priced phonograph. Its quietness and smoothness are astonishing. With a single winding it plays two ten-inch records.

There is a stop which works automatically on the tone arm, preventing the needle from swinging across the record when the piece is finished. This prevents gouging or destroying the record.

The time control, exclusive to the Stewart Phonograph, is another big sales feature. Merely by moving a little lever you get any time you want. It is instantaneous.

The demand for the Stewart Phonograph is already enormous. And it is growing.

You can readily see the unlimited market for such a wonderful instrument.

Now is the time for you to order your stock for Christmas. Do not delay.

Every day you lose now means money—big money—out of your pocket.

Remember, we are rushed with orders. We can give you prompt deliveries now, but later it will be "first come, first served."

Act quickly—today. Wire or write us for our liberal dealer proposition.

To The Public

If your dealer cannot immediately supply you with a Stewart Phonograph, use the ten-day trial coupon below. Fill out and mail at once.

Coupon for Order
10 Days' Trial

Stewart Phonograph Corporation
2865 N. Lincoln St., Chicago, U.S.A.

Gentlemen:—

Enclosed please find $6.50, for which please ship me one Stewart Phonograph

It is understood that if I am not satisfied with the phonograph at the end of ten days I can return it and get my money back immediately

(Remit by check, draft or money order)

Name

Address

City . *State*

Stewart Phonograph Corporation, 2865 N. Lincoln Street, Chicago, U. S. A.

"Keep Your Money"

"You need not pay me a cent until you have shaved with this razor for 30 days. Then if you like it I'll take your $5.00; if you don't, I'll take the razor back.

"You can be sure there must be unusual merit in a razor that is loaned in this way. There is.

"The AutoStrop Razor is the *only razor* that sharpens its own blades. No need to buy a stropping machine, nor even a strop. The AutoStrop Razor is *in itself* a stropping machine, putting a new edge on the blade for each shave and giving you 500 cool, smooth shaves without one cent of additional blade expense.

"Prove this for yourself, on your own beard—not once, but for a whole month."

Your dealer will loan *you* an AutoStrop Razor to try for 30 days without cost or obligation

To Dealers Under this method there can be no loss. You *lend* an AutoStrop Razor to a customer—if he keeps it, you make your sale, if he returns it you send the used razor to us and we return to you a new one in its place. We assume all the risk and provide for you a definite sales plan. Write to us for details.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 345 Fifth Ave., New York
This offer is also good in Canada. 83 Duke Street, *Toronto*

SUPERPARENTS

(Continued from Page 17)

got an allowance of five hundred dollars a month from his father. That ruined him. He did not need to work. He was defrauded of the right incentive to achieve his own independence. He lost the chance to develop the essential virtues of a man—ambition, energy and thrift. When the old man died he began to do the only thing he'd learned how to do—spend. What is he now? A rich father's mendicant, protected in his vices and extravagances by money he never earned. It's awful!'

"'But what can we do, Baxton?' I asked, feeling the deep wound to his self-respect.

"'What we ought to do is to take some little apartment, furnish it with golden oak and live within our means,' he answered coolly.

"'But mother—I don't think she could bear that,' I ventured.

"'Yes, I know. That's why we don't do it, and why in a little while we won't have the moral courage to do it. You'll be like Hanson's wife—just a little, flimsy, futile thing—and I'll be like Hanson. I'll slough off, and lay off, and play golf for my health.'

"We could not sleep, thinking of this vision of our future. Sometime in the small hours of the morning I heard Baxton sigh.

"'Are you awake, Margaret?'

"'Yes. What is it, dear?'

"'I don't want to seem ungrateful. Your people have been amazingly generous. They might have objected to our marriage, for example,' he began.

"'Yes, they might have,' I agreed quickly, for I'd never told him what a row we had about that.

"'They've been wonderfully kind,' he went on, 'but there's just one fellow in this darned town that I envy.'

"'Who is he?' I asked.

"'A young chap at the bank. He married some girl whose people are very well off. They opposed the match and, when she would have him anyhow, the old man swore he'd never give her a cent till he died. That fellow gets a salary of eighty-five dollars a month, and they are living on it, as happy as birds; told me so himself.'

"From that night we knew something must be done. And something was done, but we didn't do it. Mother did it. Mother is the kind of woman who always gets the bat first.

"The house next to ours with all the furniture was to be sold to wind up somebody's estate. Mother persuaded father to buy it for the children. This was the infantile term we went by when she mentioned us. She said we'd never hold the position we ought to have so long as we didn't have an establishment of our own.

"I shall never forget Baxton's face when she announced this gift. He was literally overwhelmed, as if she'd told us of a disaster. But what could we do? You cannot resist a temptation like that. It isn't human. So we said how grateful we were. And we were grateful. But we knew that we were in deeper than ever. Still, the house was really our own and we moved in, determined to live very simply and in our own way.

"But this was not mother's idea. She was in and out, making changes for our comfort. Then she had a bay window added to the dining room.

"Do you know why God quit short off when He'd made the heavens and the earth and the first man and woman?" Margaret asked with a whimsical smile after a little silence. "He could have gone on, you know, and made a palace of precious stones for them to live in. He could have given them maidservants and menservants. But He didn't because He wished them to be happy, and you can't be happy unless you win your own right to live. He just gave them the raw material out of which all things could be achieved, and let it go at that. That is the wisdom of love, which superparents in our times do not comprehend.

"When the whole house had been changed and done over, mother said to me one day: 'Now, Margaret, you can give your housewarming. You can easily entertain two or three hundred guests in these rooms.'

"And I burst into tears. I flung myself upon the bed and wept aloud. Mother was astonished. She wanted to know what was the matter, so I had to tell her.

"'Well, that's nothing to cry about,' she said. 'I'm glad we are to have a child in the house. It's perfectly natural.'

"'Yes, but it's going to be my baby, mother,' I wailed.

"'Of course it is, and my grandson,' she laughed.

"'No, it's going to be a girl. I prefer a girl and so does Baxton,' I objected pettishly.

"'Well, never mind that now. Of course you must put off your social duties until next spring, and you must take care of yourself,' she said as she went out, very much puffed up, to tell father the news.

"Baxton and I had kept our secret as long as we could. We were selfishly wrapped up in the thought that at last we should have something of our own which had not been given to us.

"I used to lock the door when I sewed on the little garments, jealously determined to make them all myself.

"Well, when the baby came he proved to be mother's grandson, and she took possession of him at once. I did not want him spoiled. I had ideas about that, but she would nurse him. She said that was the pleasure of having a baby, and she withstood the trained nurse we had with the fierceness of a Milltown termagant. We named him Joseph for father, but mother would not have it so. She called him Percy, after that old Norman knight from whom poor father was supposed to have descended. Father was the very effigy of meekness during those trying days. He would slip in and out of the house, smiling humbly at his grandson. He had the air of a diffident old gentleman who merely hoped to make the acquaintance of this distinguished mite in the cradle at some future time. Looking back, I think he was really observing Baxton and me, that from the first he could not have been entirely ignorant of what was fermenting in our minds.

"One day when the baby was two months old, mother came in, accompanied by a servant bearing a whole layette of the finest lingerie for the baby.

"'Those little gowns you made for him, Margaret, will do well enough in the nursery, but now that he's old enough to go out and be seen he must have pretty things and fine ones. You'll be entertaining your friends soon and, of course, they will be asking for the baby. He must be dolled up for that, you know,' she said.

"Later in the afternoon father came in and found me in tears and Baxton glaring at the fussed-up basket full of baby dresses as if he might burst into flames any minute. Father pretended not to notice that I had been crying or that Baxton was contemplating a crime. He remained only long enough to learn that mother had gone out in the car with the baby. But as Baxton walked with him to the door I heard him say:

"'I wouldn't do anything rash. I have no doubt you'll do the right thing. I've always expected you would, but take your time.'

"'What was father talking about?' I asked when Baxton returned.

"'Your father is a great man in his own queer, secret way. Did you know that, Margaret?' he remarked thoughtfully without answering my question.

"'He is when mother is not round to make him a little one,' I returned.

"For some reason he appeared to be soothed, as if he had got through what was a confusion and was now ready to act. I felt somehow that he had taken his cue from father, and I sat watching him, vaguely excited, sure that at last we had come to the turning point in our lives.

"He took his time, as the best of men will do when they know a woman is ready to hang upon their words as oracles. He lighted a cigarette and puffed a cloud of smoke over himself. Then he drew a little book from his pocket and began to study the memoranda in it.

"'Do you know how much it costs us to live here, Margaret?'

"'No,' I answered faintly.

"'Five hundred dollars a month, and our expenses will be more when we begin to entertain.'

"'But we won't, Baxton. I've made up my mind.'

"'We must if we stay here,' he said coolly, 'and my salary is only a hundred and fifty a month,' he went on.

"'You might resign from the clubs,' I suggested.

"'I cannot if we stay here.'

"'If mother would only let me settle down and live naturally, I'm sure I could

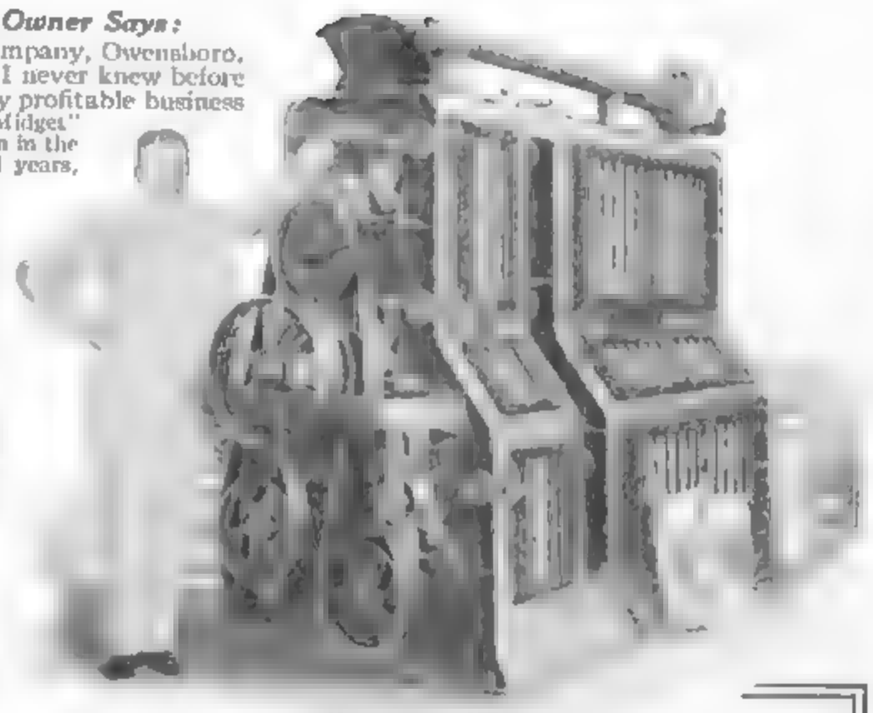
Read What This Owner Says:

Anglo-American Mill Company, Owensboro, Kentucky. Gentlemen: I never knew before what a pleasant and very profitable business was until I installed the "Midget" MARVEL mill. I have been in the milling business for several years, but in October, 1915, I installed a "Midget" MARVEL mill, throwing out my old machinery, and because of the excellent quality of flour I have made and the large amount of it from a bushel of wheat, my profits have been more than doubled.

In a baking contest, in which there were more than fifty contestants, held on "Farmers' Day" in this city, bread made from my flour took the First Prize

Yours truly,
F. F. Breining,
Waynesburg, Pa.,
October 4, 1916.

Write and ask Mr. Breining



Read What Other Mill Owners Say

Peterson & Peterson, Osceola, Nebr.: "It is a world-beater."

Sprague & Ward, St. Johns, Mich., say: "Makes the best flour at minimum cost."

George S. Wood, Venice Center, N. Y., says: "The 'Midget' put me in easy Street all right."

W. H. Fritz, Shiloh, O., says: "Installed May, 1914. Working hard to [illegible] 18 hours per day."

Hundreds of Other Testimonials

Owners everywhere will let us send you their letters voluntarily telling of their big profits gladly. Do you want to see them? Write us today.

Read What Flour Users Say

Thousands of delighted users of "Midget" Marvel Old Time Nature-Flavored Flour say:

"Most delicious"
"Most tender shortcake"
"Best biscuits"
"Best bread"
"Prefer flour made from wheat"
"Gives greatest satisfaction"
"Like mother used when I was a boy"
"Greatest food value"

"Never Knew Before What a Pleasant and Profitable Business Was"

PLEASE investigate this independent business for your own. We have hundreds of other owners like this happy man to refer you to. Write. Find out whether you are in just the community, either town or country, in any state, or county, where this splendid business can be started at once and make you successful and independent. Our Special Service Department can tell you. Some men in some communities consider $150 a month clear profits as very satisfactory. Many make $150 a week clear. Some are making as high as $1000 a month. When you write us and get all the facts we believe you will say as we do, that there is no other business possible to get into on a moderate investment, requiring no special experience or much time or hard work, that is as desirable as this.

Be sure first—but write quickly, as hundreds of others are making great, big profits from the start.

Hundreds of fortunate men, of all ages—town men, farmers, millers—are now making "Midget" MARVEL Old-Time Nature-Flavored Flour; enjoying splendid, steady, independent incomes in their own localities. The Nation-wide movement toward community [illegible] and nutritious flour can be one starting. No matter where you live, town or country, write us and find out whether you can get this opportunity.

Many Making from 50% to 100% the First Year —From $150 to $1000 Per Month

With our catalog, prices, special proposition and Special Service Department advice, you'll read many letters from "Midget" MARVEL MILL owners like this:

"More than well pleased. Thank you for the interest you have taken in us. We have made money with the "Midget" Marvel Mill, and can recommend it any time. In 12 months we will have cleared $2500—a good investment."—McMurray & Copeland, Ellsworth, Kan.

"Midget" MARVEL
Self-Contained, Quick-Process
Community FLOUR MILL

Every day's delay may be costing you from $5 to $25 or more in profits you should be making that much sooner. If, after investigation and our advice, you should decide to go into this splendid business.

No experience or no new building needed—little attention or power required. With our easy-to-understand instruction book, confidential selling plans, and Service Department help you certainly should quickly [illegible] doing as well as hundreds of other live men are doing all over America. These opportunities are going fast.

Write for Young Men's Opportunities.

The average earnings of owners of "Midget" MARVEL Flour Mills run from 50 per cent to 60 per cent per year on the original moderate investment.

Whether you are a young man or have been engaged in any other business all your life, please do not get the idea that you must not be able to run a "Midget" Marvel Flour Mill. It is practically automatic. No [illegible] is necessary that you have to understand from long milling experience, as with ours you [illegible]

I. V. Watkins, Rockdale, Ohio, says: "I am running every day behind with my orders. Could sell more flour. Everywhere my flour goes they like it and tell me so. I surely appreciate your way of doing business. You stand by and help your patrons—'as a father to his son.'" That's the way hundreds of owners say they feel.

No Failures Allowed

We investigate your community conditions and demand at once. If not right, we advise you not to start. If right, we go the limit with you. We will not risk failures. We cannot afford that risk any more than you can. It is not necessary. So many communities demand this mill that we can afford to refuse to sell unless all conditions and demands are right.

Cash or On Time

Get our latest, special proposition. Then decide. Terms convenient if you and your community are right.

30 Days' Trial

All our sales are on 30 days' trial: money back if you say so for any reason within 30 days. No long-system mill manufacturers make such an offer. We could not if we made long-system mills. Write at once, or someone near you is certain to get ahead of you. We want men who mean business. Get our proposition—then decide.

WRITE TODAY SURE!

To Prospective Owners or Inquirers

Be sure to write us today.

Good, live men wanted, young or old who think they can succeed in my business.

Easy Payments

allowed out of profits, where we are satisfied conditions are right. You will get this book and proposition at once—FREE

FREE

Anglo-American Mill Company, Inc.
110-116 Trust Building, Owensboro, Ky., U. S. A.

Please send me your special proposition and free book

"The Story of a Wonderful Flour Mill"

illustrated with prices and your Special Service Department advice about my community.

*Name*_____

Address

Use this for convenience [illegible] letter. Pencil will do. Write today.

BRIGHTON CARLSBAD SLEEPINGWEAR

Here Is a Real Man's Nightgown!

See It at Your Dealer's Today

For men who prefer nightgowns, Brighton-Carlsbad offers the height of sleeping comfort—big, loose, full, comfortable, and warm gowns. Made full length and without flaring side-openings, they do not roll up easily as the wearer works down into bed. They keep feet and legs warm as shown in the drawing below:

Brighton-Carlsbad Men's Nightgowns are "scaled" to proportion throughout, wide in shoulders, big in arms, long in sleeves, with extra width at hips and knees—made to excess-measure in each size. The material is warm, Brighton-processed flannelette carefully made with flat, felled seams, stoutly sewn buttons and every nicety and style smartness for which this line is famous.

The gown illustrated is made in a variety of patterns and trims, straight or pajama front and with or without collar. Sizes 15 to 20. $1.00 to $1.75.

Comfort Hint to Traveling Men—You should have a Brighton-Carlsbad flannelette nightgown with foot pockets. It will keep you warm and well all winter.

Wives and Mothers, Ask Your Dealer to show you other Brighton-Carlsbad Sleepingwear. We make 517 styles for men, women and children—pajunions, pajamas, nightgowns, nighties, sleepers—all fabrics and all weights. You will find unusual features for sleeping comfort in every style, yet you pay only the usual prices.

Write Us For "The Nightie Book"—FREE!

This book on health sleeping, as approved by scientific authorities, shows the newest ideas in sleepingwear for men, women and children. It also tells how to order direct if there is no dealer near you. Write for it!

H. B. GLOVER COMPANY, DEPARTMENT 66 DUBUQUE, IOWA

DEALERS Write us for Samples and Prices of this Fastest Selling and Best Known Sleepingwear

take care of the baby and do nearly everything,' I said.

"'But she won't,' he answered.

"'At least we are not in debt. My allowance is ample,' I went on.

"'We are in debt for everything. We've never paid, never really paid for a single useful thing since we married, Margaret.'

"'No,' I admitted.

"'And I'm beginning to drink ——'

"'To drink, Baxton? What on earth do you mean?' I cried.

"'Just that. We both are. Don't we take cocktails every time we dine at the club? Don't we serve wine at our table? Doesn't everybody do it where we go?'

"'Yes, but

"'That's the first step in dissipation. I'd never tasted an intoxicant until I came here. You can look at a dozen men and women we know and tell where we'll be in ten years. It's the way they started.'

"'I'm not afraid for you, Baxton,' I cried. 'You have too much self-respect.'

"'I'm afraid for myself, though. I'm losing my self-respect. Got nothing to stand on as a man. And that is not the worst of it. See those darned things over there on the bed?' waving his hand at mother's gift for the baby.

"'That's the beginning. When he's old enough to stand alone he'll have money in his pocket. He'll have more and more. He'll get it every time he asks for it, and he will learn mendicancy before you can teach him the Ten Commandments. When he is sixteen your mother will give him a runabout. He will never stick to anything because he will always be following his fancies, his inclinations. Before he is grown he will be a worthless ass, and we shall be fortunate if he does not commit a folly or a crime which will disgrace us.'

"'How can you say such dreadful things of our innocent baby!' I exclaimed.

"'Because if we don't do something now to save ourselves, while we still have some character left and a little courage, that's what will happen,' he said.

"'But what can we do?'

"'Would you be willing to do the right thing, however hard?' he asked, looking at me gravely. 'We couldn't turn back once we started, you know,' he warned, his hand upon mine.

"'Baxton, I'd do anything to escape. I'd be glad to go back to Milltown and live in a spinster-legged cottage and do my own work, just to be free and feel right,' I answered.

"'Well, that is exactly where we'll go then, my beloved,' he said, drawing me to him. But I was too much excited now to stay put, however tenderly. I wished to know at once what he meant.

"'They want a foreman in the factory, and I have the offer of the position. You have only to say the word.'

"'I say it now,' I cried.

"'We will go at once then. We will not stir up things. We will elope. If we don't there will be the devil of a row.'

"'Does father know?' I asked.

"'I have a suspicion that the offer from the factory was due to his influence.'

"That night we packed our things. There were very few which we could claim as our own. I wrote a tender letter to mother. I tried to explain, though I knew she would not understand, and Baxton wrote one to father. He told me afterward that he had already resigned his position in the bank. I left the fine robes that mother had given, and dressed Joseph, like the baby of a poor man, in his own things. At nine o'clock, after the servants were gone, we stole out of the house like any other young lovers eloping, and boarded the train for Milltown.

"That was three years ago. We have been there ever since, and we have been very happy. Baxton has been able to buy stock in the factory, and we have lived comfortably. This summer we have been able to take a little vacation in this quiet place."

"And your mother?"

"Oh, mother is doing as well as could be expected, better than any other woman could have done, handicapped as she was from the start. She is into everything and at the head of most things she is in. At first she said she would never forgive us. Then she thought she must on account of 'Percy,' who was not to be punished for the misfortune of having such parents. But she will not visit us here. Father comes often. I think he would like to live in Milltown again, but that is not to be thought of. Mother is wedded to her idols, which are not in this place. If the women get suffrage she will get herself elected mayor some day!"

Intelligence Counts

in the care of the teeth. Dr. Lyon's stands for the highest degree of protection against the persistent attacks of the germs of decay.

Because of its cleansing qualities you're assured of a lifetime of good teeth if you visit your dentist twice a year and faithfully use—

Dr. Lyon's

For The Teeth

Powder ~ Cream

Prepared by a Doctor of Dental Surgery

Send 2c stamp today for a generous trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream.

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522 W. 27th St., New York

HALF A MILLION WHO CARE

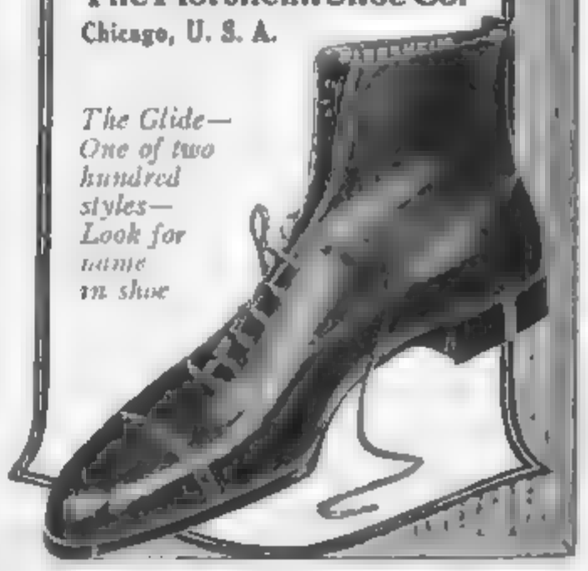
The Florsheim SHOE

THE name—"Florsheim" in a shoe assures satisfaction through the same standard of quality, style and fit as heretofore. Pay six dollars to eight dollars for your next pair—the advance is slight considering what you get.

There's a dealer ready to show the style you prefer. We'll give you his name and mail booklet, *"Styles of the Times."*

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

The Glide—One of two hundred styles—Look for name in shoe



A QUART A DAY FOR EVERY CHILD

Eight Eggs
Cost 32 Cents

Three Pounds of Fresh Codfish
Cost 30 Cents

Three-fifths Pound Ham
Cost 21 Cents

AND GROWN
Milk is Nourishing

Milk contains all the ingredients for nourishment in just the right proportion of a well-balanced ration. It builds up the body, keeps it in repair, warm, furnishes it with energy; contains all the required elements for growth and maintenance. Milk is an essential article of food. It gratifies the palate, satisfies thirst and hunger and produces no untoward effects.

One quart of milk is equal in food value to any one of the following:

8 eggs; 2 pounds of chicken; 3 pounds of fresh codfish; 2 pounds of salt codfish; ¾ pound of lean round beef.

PROF. ROSENAU
Harvard University

FOLKS, TOO
Milk is Cheap

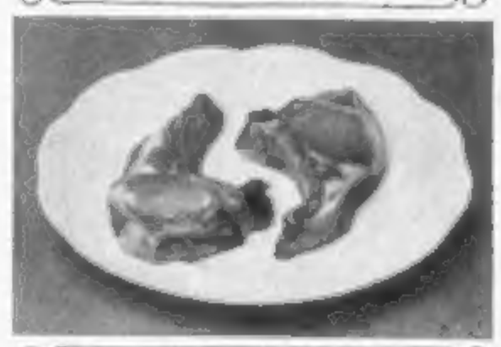
Taking into consideration the many and important factors which increase the value of milk as food, and also the fact that it requires no preparation and has no waste, it is believed to be true economy to make liberal use of milk in the diet *so long* as the milk does not cost more than *twice* as much in proportion to the energy it furnishes to the average of the food eaten.

On this basis families who must live on as little as 16 to 20 cents per person per day may wisely use reasonable quantities of milk at 8 to 10 cents per quart, balancing this by a larger use of such food as bread, which furnishes energy much more cheaply than the average of the diet.

PROF. SHERMAN
Columbia University

Two Pounds Chicken
Cost 50 Cents

Three-quarters Pound Beef Steak
Cost 18 Cents



Four-fifths Pound Pork Chops
Cost 18 Cents

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Startling Facts that Few People Know

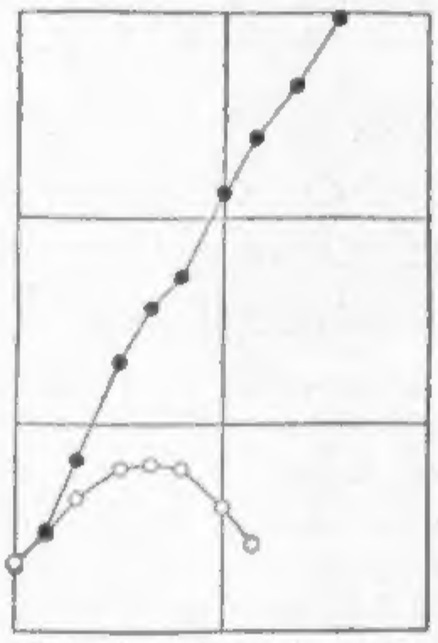
These are the statements of famous authorities. Professor Sherman continues:

"Those who are able to spend 30 to 40 cents per person per day for food are practicing *true economy when they buy and use liberally the best milk obtainable, even at a price of 15 to 20 cents per quart.*

"Especially in the feeding of children should milk be used freely, because of its many advantages as a tissue-building and growth-promoting food.

"A quart of milk a day for every child is a good rule easy to remember.

"In no other way can the food habits now prevailing, especially in the cities, be so certainly and economically improved as by a more liberal use of good milk."



This chart shows the relative growth of young animals with and without the addition of milk to an artificial diet. In twenty days the milk-fed attained twice the weight of the others, which rapidly declined from that time on.

Milk and its products contain fat, in which is contained a puzzling element which makes the young grow.

The lower curve of the chart illustrates the check and decline of growth in a diet *without* milk; the upper curve illustrates the rapid growth and gain in weight on the same diet with but a small addition of milk.

Be sure to give your children plenty of good milk. They need it more than any other food. To be sparing with milk is not only false economy, but may have serious consequences in the development and growth of the bodies and minds of your children.

And grown folks, too, fare better by using milk and other dairy products far more liberally than heretofore.

Tell Your Milkman to Increase Your Order Today

Milk at approximately 10 cents per quart is the best and cheapest all-around food you can buy. Drink it freely. Use it in cooking and baking. Buttermilk is health-insurance. Butter and cheese are concentrated foods—a pound contains the food value of many quarts of milk. And ice cream is not merely a dessert but a splendid food. Let us tell you all about milk and its products. Our free literature gives you startling information and suggests many appetizing and economical uses on the table and in the kitchen. For your children's good and your own, *write today.*

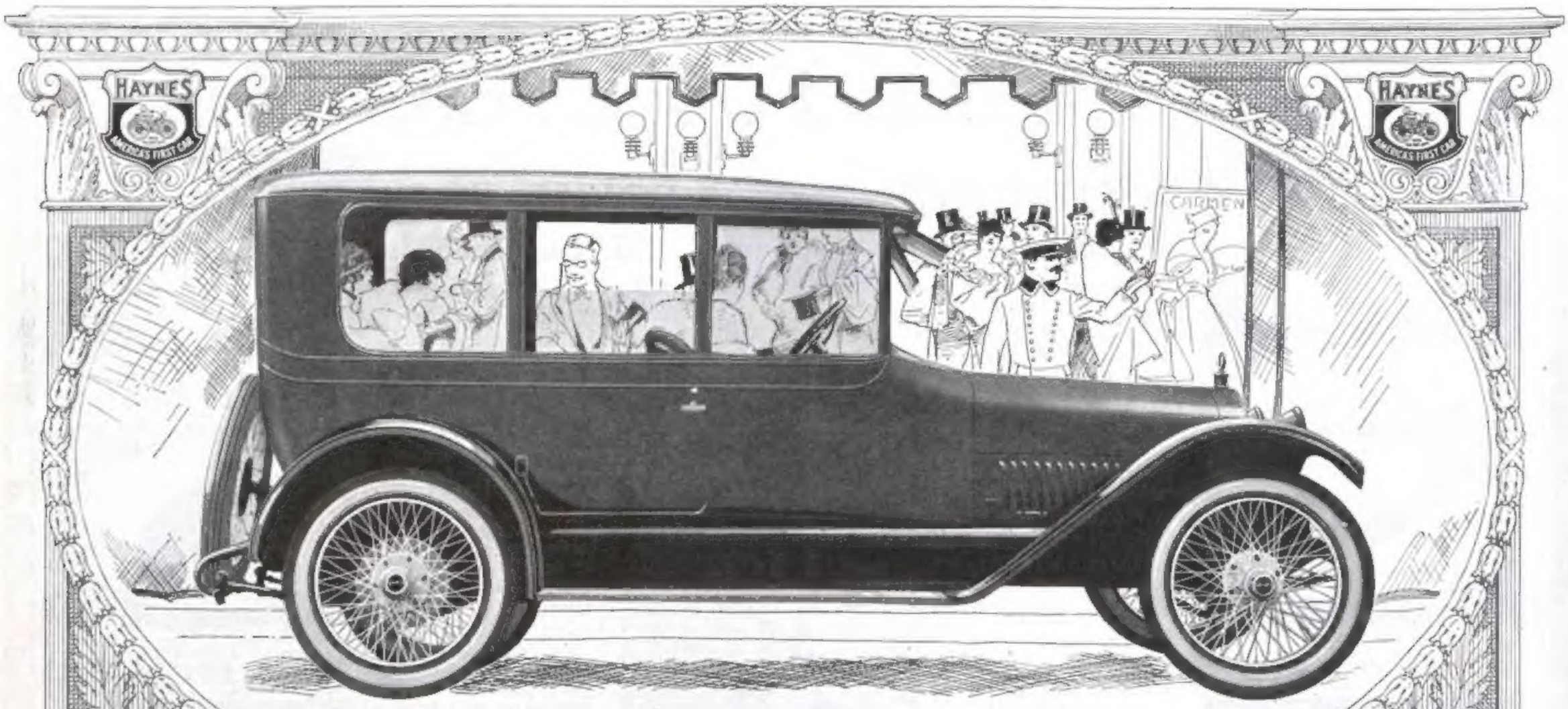
NATIONAL DAIRY COUNCIL, 130 N. Fifth Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

This Council is composed of 280,000 dairymen, dairy cattle breeders and representatives of all allied dairy interests. Its purposes are to build a greater and better American dairy agriculture—resulting in improved soil-fertility and better farm life—to encourage every American consumer to have a keener appreciation (like European nations) of the high food value of dairy products. The Council believes its mission is patriotic.

A wider use of dairy products on the tables and in the kitchens of our American homes will mean a healthier and cheaper fed nation. Our slogans are: "Drink and use more milk." "Eat and cook with more butter." "Ice cream is not alone an excellent dessert, but a real food." "Cheese is the staff of life of many nations; why not in U. S. A.?" "Dairy Products—palatable, nourishing, economical—are Nature's best food."

Name
Address

Send me your free book, "Fifty-one Dairy-Dish Recipes"; and your literature concerning the food-value and economy of milk and its effect upon growth.



"America's Greatest 'Light Six'"

HAYNES

"America's Greatest 'Light Twelve'"

All-weather comfort— at "touring car" upkeep

YOU'VE longed, no doubt, for the comfort and luxury of a limousine. But you haven't felt justified in maintaining two cars. You get your limousine and an open touring car as well—two cars in one, for one *moderate* investment—in the Haynes Touring Sedan.

For cold weather, it's a distinctive appearing and *perfectly appointed* limousine—with silk curtains, dome light, a commodious interior and seats as cozy as club chairs.

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Haynes motors are peculiarly adapted for touring sedan service. Both "Light Six" and "Light Twelve" deliver power a-plenty to easily handle the additional weight.

The pulling power and smooth, easy-riding qualities of the Haynes, make driving a pleasure over roads of all conditions.

Haynes Touring Sedans "get away" with the ease of a roadster—run with smoothness from the first touch of the starter button—and respond to the throttle with the readiness of a regular touring model.

With the Haynes Touring Sedan you not only ride in style in your drives around town—but you can get out in the country for those restful changes of scene, all winter long.

Why don't you consult your Haynes dealer and investigate this car that provides two cars at the price of one and for the upkeep of one?

Get your Haynes car now, for a full winter's enjoyment, instead of waiting till next spring.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, 40 S. Main St., Kokomo, Indiana

"Light Six"—Open Cars

Five-passenger Touring Car	$1485
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Seven-passengrr Touring Car	1585

Closed Cars

Five-passenger Sedan	$2150
Seven-passenger Sedan	2250

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All Prices F. O. B. Kokomo

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"Light Twelve"—Open Cars

Five-passenger Touring Car	$1985
Four-passenger Roadster	2085
Seven-passenger Touring Car	2085

Closed Cars

Five-passenger Sedan	$2650
Seven-passenger Sedan	2750

NO matter where the chills are, you can drive them out with a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater. It's built to carry anywhere. Clean, handsome, durable and dependable; it gives that extra heat an hour at a time or all day long just as you need it. The cheapest form of comfort insurance. More than 2,000,000 satisfied users are its best endorsement. Ask *your* dealer about it today.

THE CLEVELAND FOUNDRY COMPANY, *7361 Platt Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio*

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CONGOLEUM RUG BORDERS

Household Beauty and Economy

"HOW nice your new hardwood floors look. I wish I could afford to have them in my house." "The joke is on you, Jane, those are not hardwood floors at all; they are Congoleum Rug Borders—some people call them Rug Surrounds."

"Why, I can hardly believe you. They look exactly like hardwood and they feel the same underfoot. What kind of stuff is it?"

"It's a tough, waterproof fabric. They put the grain on it by using real wood as a printing plate so as to get a real duplication of the grain of the wood. Then it's varnished on top of that and we treat it just like a varnished wood floor."

"Well, I thought it was expensive quartered oak. I suppose it cost much less than a hardwood floor."

"Goodness, yes! A real hardwood floor in this room would have cost $50.00. The Congoleum Rug Border cost us $7.00."

"Is it glued down to the floor?"

"No, it lies flat and firm without nailing or glue. It doesn't show the slightest inclination to curl up. John disliked the idea of having an imitation, but I told him it was much better than painting or staining the border. It works perfectly. Everyone takes it for a hardwood floor, same as you did."

In thousands of homes, conversations like the above have occurred. Congoleum Rug Borders are unlike anything else of the sort you ever saw.

The surface has distinctness and smoothness and freedom from wrinkling or buckling, while the imitation of the graining of the wood will stand even a microscope.

Congoleum Rug Borders are waterproof. To keep them clean and sanitary simply mop them; no dusty sweeping required.

Congoleum Rug Borders are made in three styles: Golden Oak, narrow plank; Light Oak, narrow plank; Golden Oak, wide plank. These styles may be had in either bright or dull finish, according to the individual taste. Made in 36-inch and 24-inch widths at 50c. and 40c. a yard respectively. (Prices are higher in far West and Canada.) Your dealer will sell you any length required.

Booklet Free

We have a handsome illustrated booklet which tells all about Congoleum Rug Borders and shows how they actually look in use. This booklet is full of money-saving facts. We will mail you a copy free on receipt of your name and address. Write for Congoleum Rug Border Book.

Congoleum Rugs

Our famous Congoleum Rugs are made in two grades: Art-Rugs and Utility-Rugs. The Art-Rugs are made in especially artistic designs and rich colorings. They come only in the larger sizes and are very moderate in price.

Congoleum Utility-Rugs are made in a greater variety of patterns and sizes, and are even lower in price.

All Congoleum Rugs are washable, waterproof and sanitary; lie flat without fastening. Send for Rug Color Chart.

Congoleum By-The-Yard

Here is a floor covering, unequalled in its class. It is economical, waterproof, sanitary and requires no fastening. Made in 72-inch width.

Look for the Name "Congoleum"

Insist upon seeing the name "Congoleum" on the back of every piece you buy. Congoleum products are manufactured in accordance with United States and foreign patents, with numerous other patents pending both in the United States and Foreign Countries.

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Department of

Philadelphia Chicago Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver — The Barrett Company — Boston San Francisco Toronto St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

Golden Oak Narrow Plank

Light Oak Narrow Plank

Golden Oak Wide Plank

"Those are not hardwood floors at all; they are Congoleum Rug Borders."

Congoleum Rug Border, Golden Oak, Wide Plank, is shown on floor.